

NAPOLEON .

THE  
DISTINGUISHED MARSHALS  
OF  
NAPOLEON.

BY  
THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

WITH  
THE LIFE AND CHARACTER  
OF  
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

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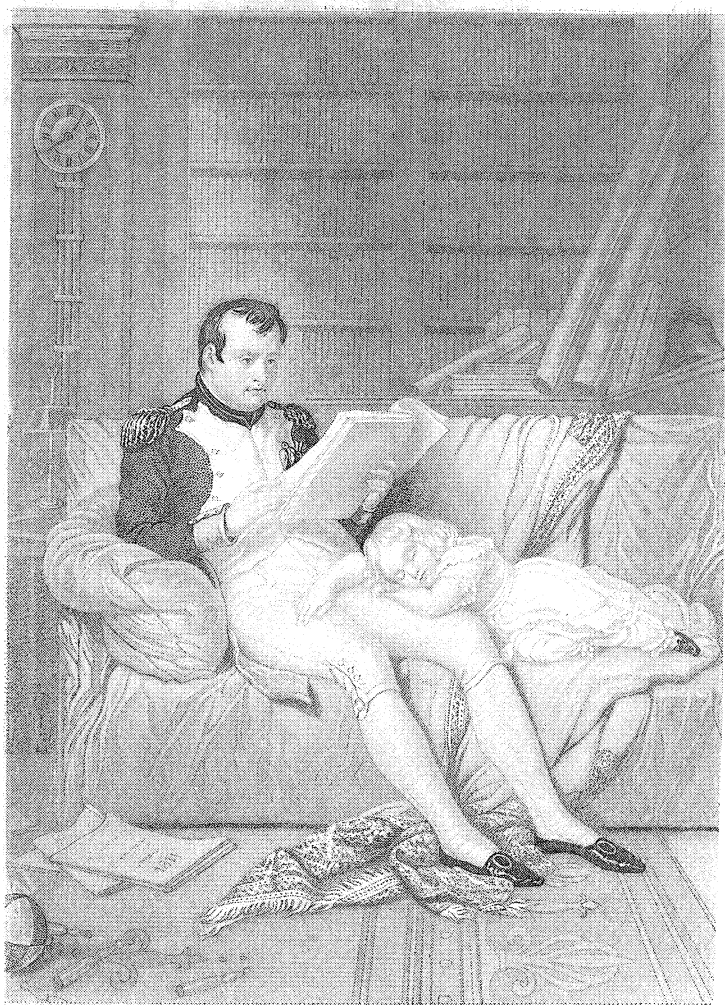
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THE EMPEROR & HIS SON.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER  
OF  
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(HIS LIFE: BY ANOTHER HAND.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, August 15, 1769. He was the second son of Carlo Bonaparte and Letizia Ramolino, both natives of Corsica. Before the birth of Napoleon, his father had served under Paoli, in defence of Corsica against the French, to whom the Genoese had sold the island. The entire submission of Corsica to France took place in June, 1769, about a month before Napoleon's birth, who therefore, legally speaking, was born a subject of France. In the following September, when Count Marbœuf, French commissioner, convoked the States of Corsica, consisting of three orders—nobility, clergy, and commons—the family of Bonaparte, having shown their titles, were registered among the nobility; and Carlo, some years afterwards, repaired to Paris as member of a deputation of his order to Louis XVI. He was soon afterwards appointed assessor to the

judicial court of Ajaccio. He was then in straitened circumstances, and through Count Marbœuf's interest he obtained the admission of his son Napoleon to the military school of Brienne as a king's pensioner. Napoleon left Corsica for Brienne when he was in his tenth year, in April, 1779. At Brienne, where he passed five years and a half, he made great progress in mathematics, but showed less disposition for literature and the study of languages. There was nothing extraordinary in young Napoleon's school life; he was a clever, steady, studious boy, and nothing more.

Napoleon left Brienne, October 17, 1784, for the military school at Paris, there to continue his course of studies till he had attained the age required for entering the army. He left the school in September, 1785, and received his commission as sub-lieutenant in the regiment of artillery de la Fere, and was soon afterwards promoted to a first lieutenancy in the artillery regiment of Grenoble, stationed at Valence. His father had just previously died, at Montpellier, of cancer in the stomach. An old great-uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien of Ajaccio, now acted as father to the family; he was rich, and Carlo had left his children poor. Napoleon's eldest brother Joseph, after receiving his education at the College of Autun in Burgundy, returned to Corsica, where his mother, sisters, and younger brother resided. Napoleon, while at Valence with his regiment, was allowed twelve hundred francs yearly from his family, probably from the archdeacon, which, added to his pay, enabled him to

live comfortably and to go into good society. While at Valence, he wrote a dissertation in answer to Raynal's question, "What are the principles and institutions by which mankind can obtain the greatest possible happiness?" He sent his MS. anonymously to the Academy of Lyons, which adjudged to him the prize attached to the best essay on the subject. Many years afterwards, when at the height of his power, he happened to mention the circumstance, and Talleyrand, having sought the forgotten MS. among the archives of the academy, presented it to him one morning. Napoleon, after reading a few pages of it, threw it into the fire, and, no copy having been taken of it, we do not know what his early ideas might have been about the happiness of mankind. (Las Casas, "Journal," vol. i.) When the Revolution first broke out, he was at Valence with his regiment. He took the popular side, and in 1792 became a captain in the regiment of Grenoble artillery. (Las Casas, "Journal," vol. i.) By others it is stated that he was made a captain in July, 1793, after his return from Corsica. He was at Paris, however, in 1792, and witnessed the attack on the Tuileries, on the 20th of June, 1792, when he exclaimed to his friend Bourienne, "How could they allow those despicable wretches to enter the palace! Why, a few discharges of grape-shot amongst them would have made them all take to their heels; they would be running yet at this moment!" He witnessed also the scenes of the 10th of August, after which he left Paris to return to his family in Corsica. General Paoli then held the chief

authority in that island from the king and the French National Assembly, and Napoleon was appointed by him to the temporary command of a battalion of National Guards. In January, 1793, a French fleet, under Admiral Truguet, sailed from Toulon, for the purpose of attacking the island of Sardinia. Napoleon, with his battalion, was ordered to make a diversion by taking possession of the small islands which lie off the northern coast of Sardinia, which he effected; but Truguet's fleet having been repulsed in the attack upon Cagliari, Napoleon returned to Corsica with his men. Paoli had at this time renounced all obedience to the French Convention, and called upon his countrymen to shake off its yoke. Napoleon, on the contrary, rallied with the French troops under Lacombe St. Michel and Saliceti. The English fleet soon afterwards appeared on the coast, and the French were obliged to quit the island. Napoleon left it about May, 1793, and his mother and sisters with him. After seeing them safe to Marseille, he went to join the 4th regiment of artillery, which was stationed at Nice with the army intended to act against Italy.

Bonaparte was at Paris in September, 1793. Being known as a good artillery officer, he was sent to join the besieging army before Toulon, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel of artillery. Napoleon constructed his batteries with great skill, and the works which commanded the harbor were carried by the French, after a sharp resistance from the English, in which the British commander, General O'Hara,

was taken prisoner, and Bonaparte received a bayonet wound. Upon this, the evacuation of the place was resolved upon by the allies.

In consequence of his services at the taking of Toulon, Bonaparte was raised by General Dugommier to the rank of brigadier-general of artillery, in February, 1794, with the chief command of that department of the army of the south. He then joined the army under General Dumorbion, which was stationed at the foot of the Maritime Alps, and with which he made the campaign of 1794, against the Piedmontese troops.

On the 13th July, 1794, the Deputies of the Convention sent Bonaparte to examine the fortifications of Genoa, and also to observe the conduct of the Genoese government. These instructions were dated Loano, and signed Ricord. Ricord and the younger Robespierre were then commissioners. Meantime the revolution of the 19th and 20th Thermidor (27th and 28th July) took place, when Robespierre fell, and his party was proscribed. On Bonaparte's return from Genoa to head-quarters, he was placed under arrest, but was released in a fortnight.

After the close of the campaign of 1794, Bonaparte repaired to Marseille, where his family then was. Early in the following year he was at Paris, where for some time he had nothing to do, but he was at length employed by Barras to defend the Convention on the 13th Vendemiaire (4th October, 1795), a task which he successfully executed.

About this time Bonaparte became acquainted with

Josephine Beauharnois, a native of Martinique, and the widow of the Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnois. He married her, March 9, 1796. Barras and Carnot approved of the match, and in the February preceding had appointed Bonaparte to the command of the army in Italy, whither he proceeded a few days after the marriage. The army at his disposal consisted of about fifty thousand men, of whom only two-thirds were fit for the field. With these, he had to contend against the Piedmontese and Austrian combined army, commanded by Beaulieu, a veteran past seventy years of age. The army was posted along the ridge of the Apennines, at the foot of which the French were advancing. Bonaparte, in his dispatches to the Directory, stated the allied armies at seventy-five thousand-men, and his own effective troops at thirty-five thousand. On the 27th of March, he arrived at Nice, and after some manœuvring and skirmishing succeeded in winning the battle of Dego (more properly of Magliani), the last of a series of combats which opened to Bonaparte the road into the plains of North Italy. Beaulieu retired to the Po, with the intention of defending the Milanese territory, leaving the Piedmontese to their fate. A peace was afterwards made between the king of Sardinia and the Directory, by which the other Piedmontese fortresses, and all the passes of the Alps, were given up to the French, and Piedmont, in fact, was surrendered at discretion. This defection of the king of Sardinia insured the success of the French army.

Being now safe with regard to Piedmont, Bonaparte



advanced to encounter Beaulieu, who had posted himself on the left bank of the Po, opposite to Valenza, his troops extending eastward as far as Pavia. Bonaparte resolved to dislodge Beaulieu from his new position, and accordingly he attacked the bridge of Lodi, on the Adda, which the Austrians defended with a numerous artillery. He carried it by the daring bravery of his grenadiers, and the bad dispositions of the Austrian commander, who had not placed his infantry near enough to support his guns. The Austrian army was panic-struck. Beaulieu attempted to defend the line of the Mincio, but he had only time to throw a garrison into Mantua, and then withdraw behind the Adige into the Tyrol. Bonaparte took possession of Milan, and of all Lombardy, with the exception of Mantua, which he blockaded. Thus ended the first Italian campaign of 1796.

The excesses of the French army led to insurrections in different parts of the country, in which French soldiers were killed by the peasantry. On the 23d of May, Pavia was in open insurrection. A strong body of French troops marched on Binasco, killed or dispersed the inhabitants, burned the place, and then marched against Pavia, which was taken; and Bonaparte then deliberately ordered Pavia to be given up to plunder for twenty-four hours. This order was publicly signified to the inhabitants and the troops, and during the rest of that day, 25th May, and the whole of that night, the soldiers rioted in plunder, debauchery, and every sort of violence, within the

houses of the unfortunate Pavese. Bonaparte then levied enormous contributions on the Duke of Parma, the Duke of Modena, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the pope. The Directory wanted money, and Bonaparte says that he sent, during his first Italian campaigns, fifty millions of francs from Italy to Paris, and also a great number of the best pictures and other works of art.

While these things were going on south of the Po, the court of Vienna was preparing a fresh army for the recovery of Lombardy. Marshal Wurmser, a veteran officer, was detached with thirty thousand men from the Austrian army of the Rhine, and marched into the Tyrol, where he collected the remains of Beaulieu's troops and the Tyrolese levies, forming altogether an army of between fifty and sixty thousand men. Bonaparte's army was not quite fifty thousand, of which part were stationed round Mantua to blockade that fortress, which was garrisoned by eight thousand Austrians. Towards the end of July, Wurmser, with the main body of his troops, advanced from Trento by the eastern shore of the Lake of Garda, towards Verona; while another corps, under Quosnadowich, marched by the western shore to Salò and Brescia, from which places they drove the French away. Wurmser was, however, beaten at Castiglione, and again at Bassano, though he at length succeeded in throwing himself into Mantua, with the wreck of his army, reduced to less than sixteen thousand men.

A third general and a third army were sent by Austria into Italy in the autumn of the same year.

Marshal Alvinzi advanced from Carinthia by the way of Belluno with thirty thousand men, while General Davidowich, with twenty thousand, descended from the Tyrol by the valley of the Adige. After several conflicts, in which they were on the whole successful, and by which Bonaparte was placed in a critical position, Bonaparte attacked them and won the battle of Arcole on the 14th of November, 1796, and two following days, the hardest-fought battle of any in the Italian campaigns. Alvinzi was compelled to retire to Vicenza and Bassano, and thus ended the third campaign of the year 1796.

Bonaparte had now some leisure to turn his attention to the internal affairs of the conquered countries. He allowed Modena, Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara, to form themselves into a republic, which was called Cispadana. As for the Milanese, the Directory wrote that it was not yet certain whether they should not be obliged to restore that country to the emperor of Austria at the peace.

The pope found that he could not agree to a peace with the Directory, whose conditions were too hard; and consequently, after paying five millions of livres, he stopped all further remittance. Bonaparte, after disapproving in his dispatches of the abruptness of the Directory, and saying that it was impolitic to make too many enemies at once, while Austria was still in the field, repaired to Bologna in January, 1797, to threaten the Roman States, when he heard that Alvinzi was preparing to move down again upon the Adige. The Austrian marshal had received reinforce-

ments which raised his army again to fifty thousand. Bonaparte learned, through a spy, that the main body of Alvinzi was moving down from the Tyrol along the right bank of the Adige upon Rivoli, where Joubert was posted. On the 13th of January Bonaparte hurried from Verona with Massena's division to Rivoli, and on the 14th won the battle of Rivoli. Another Austrian division, under General Provera, had meantime forced the passage of the Adige near Legnano, and arrived outside of Mantua, when Provera attacked the intrenchments of the besiegers, while Wurmser made a sortie with part of the garrison. Bonaparte hurried with Massena's division from Rivoli, and arrived just in time to prevent the junction of Provera and Wurmser. Soon afterwards, Wurmser being reduced to extremities for want of provisions, the garrison, having exhausted their last supply of horse-flesh, and being much reduced by disease, offered to capitulate. Bonaparte granted him honorable conditions, and behaved to the old marshal with the considerate regard due to his age and bravery.

Bonaparte, being now secure from the Austrians in the north, turned against the pope, who had refused the heavy terms imposed upon him by the Directory. About eight thousand papal troops were posted along the River Senio, between Imola and Faenza, but after a short resistance they gave way before the French, who immediately occupied Ancona and the Marches. Bonaparte advanced to Tolentino, where he received deputies from Pius VI., who sued for peace. The conditions dictated were

fifteen million livres, part in cash, part in diamonds, within one month, and as many again within two months, besides horses, cattle, &c., the possession of the town of Ancona till the general peace, and an additional number of paintings, statues, and MSS. On these terms, the pope was allowed to remain at Rome a little longer. The Directory wished at first to remove him altogether, but Bonaparte dissuaded them from pushing matters to extremes, and manifested in this affair a cool and considerate judgment very different from the revolutionary fanaticism of the times. He felt the importance of religious influence over nations; and he treated the pope's legate, Cardinal Mattei, with a courtesy that astonished the freethinking soldiers of the republic.

Austria had meantime assembled a new army on the frontiers of Italy, and the command was given to the Archduke Charles, who had acquired a military reputation in the campaigns of the Rhine. Bonaparte attacked the archduke on the River Tagliamento, the pass of which he forced. The archduke made a stout resistance at Tarvis, where he fought in person, but was at last obliged to retire, which he did slowly and in an orderly manner, being now intent only on gaining time to receive reinforcements and to defend the road to Vienna. Bonaparte, not feeling himself very secure concerning his rear, as he could not trust in the neutrality of Venice, wrote to the archduke from Klagenfurth a flattering letter, in which, after calling him the savior of Germany, he appealed to

his feelings in favor of humanity at large, and said, "Cannot we come to an amicable understanding? The French Directory wishes for peace." To this note the archduke returned a civil answer, saying he had no commission for treating of peace, but that he had written to Vienna to inform the emperor of his (Bonaparte's) overtures. Meantime Bonaparte continued to advance towards Vienna and the archduke to retire before him, without any regular engagement between them. Bonaparte at length arrived at Judenburg in Upper Styria, about eight days' march from Vienna. The cabinet of Vienna resolved for peace, and generals Bellegarde and Meerfeldt were sent to Bonaparte's head-quarters to arrange the preliminaries, which were signed by Bonaparte, April 18, 1797. Of the conditions of this convention some articles only were made known at the time, such as the cession by the emperor of the Austrian Netherlands and of Lombardy. The secret articles were, that Austria should have a compensation for the above losses out of the territory of neutral Venice. Bonaparte had seized upon the castles of Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, and other fortified places of the Venetian states; he made the country support his army, and favored the disaffected against the senate. The conduct of the French drove the people of Verona to desperation, and an insurrection broke out in April, 1797, which ended by Verona being plundered by the French. Bonaparte now insisted upon a total change in the Venetian government, and, French troops being surreptitiously introduced into Venice, the

Doge and all authorities resigned. A provisional government was then formed, but meantime Bonaparte bartered away Venice to Austria, and thus settled the account with both aristocrats and democrats. By the definitive treaty of peace signed at Campoformio near Udine, October 17, 1797, the emperor ceded to France the Netherlands and the left bank of the Rhine with the city of Mainz; he acknowledged the independence of the Milanese and Mantuan States under the name of the Cisalpine Republic; and he consented that the French Republic should have the Ionian Islands and the Venetian possessions in Albania. The French Republic, on its part, *consented* (such was the word) that the emperor should have Venice and its territory as far as the Adige, with Istria and Dalmatia. The provinces between the Adige and the Adda were to be incorporated with the Cisalpine Republic. The emperor was also to have an increase of territory at the expense of the Elector of Bavaria, and the Duke of Modena was to have the Brisgau.

During the several months that the negotiations for the peace lasted, Bonaparte had time to effect other changes in Italy. He began with Genoa. After encouraging a sedition against the senate, a sum of four millions of livres was exacted from the principal nobles, and the French placed a garrison within Genoa, and a constitution modeled upon that then existing in France, with councils of elders and juniors, a Directory, &c., was put in operation. The people of the neighboring valleys, who did not relish

these novelties, revolted, but were put down by the French troops; and many of the prisoners were tried by court-martial, and shot.

The King of Sardinia, by a treaty with the French Directory, remained for the present in possession of Piedmont. Insurrections broke out in several towns of Piedmont, which Bonaparte, however, openly discountenanced, professing, at the same time, a deep regard for the House of Savoy. His letters to the Marquis of St. Marsan, minister of the king, were made public, and the insurgents, having thus lost all hope of support from him, were easily subdued by the king's troops, and many of them were executed. Bonaparte thought proper to consolidate the Cisalpine Republic, and to give it a constitution after the model of France. The installation of the new authorities took place at Milan, on the 9th of July, with great solemnity. Bonaparte appointed the members of the legislative committees, of the Directory, the ministers, the magistrates, &c. The Republic consisted of the Milanese and Mantuan territories, of that part of the Venetian territory situated between the Adda and the Adige, of Modena, Massa, and Carrara, and of the papal provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Faenza, and Rimini, as far as the Rubicon. Tuscany, Parma, Rome, and Naples remained under their old princes; all, however, with the exception of Naples, in complete subjection to France.

After the treaty of Campoformio, Bonaparte was appointed minister plenipotentiary of the French Republic at the Congress of Rastadt for the settlement



of the questions concerning the German empire. He now took leave of Italy and of his fine army, who had become enthusiastically attached to him. His personal conduct while in Italy had been marked by frugality, regularity, and temperance. There is no evidence of his having shown himself personally fond of money; he had exacted millions, but it was to satisfy the craving of the Directory, and partly to support his army and to reward his friends.

He did not stop long at Rastadt, but proceeded to Paris, where he arrived in December, 1797. He was received with the greatest honor by the Directory. He was appointed general in chief of the "Army of England;" but, after a rapid inspection of the French coasts and of the troops stationed near them, he returned to Paris. The expedition of Egypt was then secretly contemplated by the Directory, and Bonaparte warmly approved of a plan which opened to his view the prospect of an independent command, while visions of an Eastern empire floated before his mind. The expedition having been got ready, Bonaparte repaired to Toulon, whence he sailed on board the admiral's ship *l'Orient* in the night of the 19th May, 1798, while Nelson's blockading fleet had been forced by violent winds to remove from that coast. The land force, of thirty thousand men, was chiefly from the army of Italy. The fleet arrived before Malta on the 9th of June. With his usual boldness, he summoned the Grand Master to surrender on the 11th, and the Grand Master obeyed the summons. After the usual spoliation of the churches, the alberghi,

and other establishments of the Order, the gold and silver of which were melted into bars and taken on board the French fleet, Bonaparte left a garrison at Malta under General Vaubois, and embarked on the 19th for Egypt. He escaped the English fleet under Nelson, and on the 29th of June Bonaparte came in sight of Alexandria, and landed a few miles from that city without any opposition. The garrison of Alexandria shut the gates and prepared for defence. The town, however, was easily taken; and Bonaparte issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Egypt, in which he told them that he came as the friend of the Sultan to deliver them from the oppression of the Mamelukes, and that he and his soldiers respected God, the prophet, and the Koran. On the 7th of July, the army moved on towards Cairo. They were much annoyed on the road by parties of Mamelukes and Arabs; but, after a harassing march, they arrived on the 21st in sight of the great pyramids, and saw the whole Mameluke force, under Mourad Bey and Ibrahim Bey, encamped before them at Embabeh. The Mamelukes formed a splendid cavalry of about five thousand men, besides the Arab auxiliaries; but their infantry, composed chiefly of Fellahs, was contemptible. They charged furiously, and for a moment disordered one of the French squares, but succeeded no further, having no guns to support them. They were easily defeated, and of the remnants of this fine cavalry part retreated towards Upper Egypt, and part crossed the Nile, and retreated towards Syria. This fight was called the Battle of the Pyramids. Bonaparte, two days after-

wards, entered Cairo without resistance, and assembled a divan or council of the principal Turks and Arab sheiks, who were to have the civil administration of the country. It is not true that he or any of his generals, except Menou, made profession of Islamism. While he was engaged in organizing the internal affairs of Egypt, the destruction of his fleet by Nelson took place in the roads of Aboukir, on the 1st and 2d of August, 1798. He was now shut out from all communication with Europe. A popular insurrection broke out at Cairo, on the 22d of September, when the French found in the streets were killed. Bonaparte, who was absent, returned quickly with troops, and a dreadful massacre ensued, even after all resistance had been abandoned. Five thousand Moslems were killed on that day.

In the month of December, Bonaparte went to Suez, where he received deputations from several Arab tribes. From Suez he crossed, at ebb tide, over the head of the gulf to the Arabian coast, where he received a deputation from the monks of Mount Sinai. When he was returning to Suez, he was overtaken by the rising tide, and was in some danger of being drowned. Meantime, the Turks were assembling forces in Syria, and Djezzar Pasha of Acre was appointed seraskier, or commander. Bonaparte resolved on an expedition to Syria. In February, 1799, he crossed the desert with ten thousand men, took El Arish and Gaza, and on the 7th March he stormed Jaffa, which was bravely defended by several thousand Turks. Fifteen hundred men

of the garrison held out in the fort and other buildings, until at last they surrendered as prisoners. They were then mustered, and, the natives of Egypt having been separated, the Turks and Arnaouts were put under a strong guard. Two days afterwards, on the 9th, this body of prisoners was marched out of Jaffa in the centre of a square battalion, commanded by General Bon. They proceeded to the sand-hills S.E. of Jaffa, and, being there divided into small bodies, they were put to death in masses by volleys of musketry. Those who fell wounded were finished with the bayonet. The bodies were heaped up in the shape of a pyramid, and their bleached bones were still to be seen many years afterwards.

On the 14th of March, the army marched towards Acre, which they reached on the 17th. Djezzar Pasha, a cruel but resolute old Turk, had prepared himself for a siege. Sir Sidney Smith, with the *Tiger* and *Theseus* English ships of the line, after assisting him in repairing the old fortifications of the place, brought his ships close to the town, which projects into the sea, ready to take part in the defence. Colonel Philippeaux, a French officer of engineers, who had been Bonaparte's schoolfellow at Paris, but afterwards emigrated, directed the artillery of the garrison of Acre. Bonaparte was compelled to batter the walls with only twelve-pounders, but, by the 28th of March, he had effected a breach. The month of April was spent in useless attempts to storm the place. Philippeaux died on the 2d of May, of illness and over-exertion, but was replaced by

Colonel Douglas of the marines, assisted by Sir Sidney Smith and the other officers of the squadron. On the 20th of May, Bonaparte made a last effort, in which General Bon was killed, with most of the storming party. General Caffarelli had died before. Seven or eight assaults had been made, the trenches and ditches were filled with the slain, which the fire of the besieged prevented them from burying; and disease, assisted by the heat of the climate, was spreading fast in their camp. After fifty-four days from the opening of the trenches, Bonaparte saw himself under the necessity of raising the siege. Accordingly, he resolved to return to Egypt.

On the 21st of May, the French army broke up from before Acre, and began its retreat, taking their route through Jaffa, and burning everything behind them, harvest and all. Before leaving Jaffa, Bonaparte ordered the hospitals to be cleared, and all those who could be removed to be forwarded to Egypt by sea. There remained about twenty patients, chiefly suffering from the plague, who were in a desperate condition, and could not be removed. To leave them behind would have exposed them to the barbarity of the Turks. Napoleon—some say another officer—asked Desgenettes, the chief physician, whether it would not be an act of humanity to administer opium to them. Desgenettes replied, that “his business was to cure, and not to kill.” All the patients were dead, except one or two, when Jaffa fell into the hands of the English, and a report was propagated that the sick had been really poisoned,

which was believed both in France and in England for many years afterwards. Bonaparte reached Cairo on the 14th of June.

Towards the end of July, Bonaparte, being informed that the Turkish fleet had landed eighteen thousand men at Aboukir, under Seid Mustapha Pasha, immediately assembled his army and marched to attack them. The victory of Aboukir, fought July 25, 1799, in which ten thousand of the Turks are said to have perished either by the bayonet or in the sea, closed Bonaparte's Egyptian campaign. He learnt the disasters of the French armies, the loss of Italy, the general dissatisfaction prevailing in France against the Directory, and the intrigues and animosities among the directors themselves, and between them and the legislative councils. He determined at once to return to France. He kept it, however, a secret from the army, and with a few favorite officers embarked at Alexandria on the 23d of August, leaving Kleber in command of the troops in Egypt, which amounted to about twenty thousand men. He escaped the English cruisers, and anchored, on October 9, in the Gulf of Frejus, to the eastward of Toulon. On arriving at Paris, Bonaparte found himself courted by the various parties. He decided on joining Sieyes, and giving him his military support; and the day for attempting a proposed change in the constitution was fixed between them and their friends.

The Council of Elders met at six o'clock in the morning of the 18th Brumaire (October 9, 1799) at the Tuileries; and in a few days and without bloodshed

the revolution, known as that of Brumaire, was effected, by which the Directory was abolished, and the executive vested in three provisional consuls, Sieyes, Ducos, and Bonaparte.

At the first sitting of the three consuls, Sieyes having said something about a president, Ducos immediately replied, "The general takes the chair, of course." Sieyes perceived that his own influence was at an end: he told his friends that they had given themselves a master, and that Bonaparte could and would manage everything himself and in his own way. The three consuls, in conjunction with the commission appointed by the councils, framed a new constitution, which was called the constitution of the year VIII. Under this constitution Bonaparte was appointed chief consul, with the right of nominating two other consuls, as advisers or assistants, notwithstanding the opposition of Sieyes and others, who vainly attempted to moderate the power assumed by Bonaparte, who as first consul was to have the right of appointing to all public offices, and of proposing all public measures, such as war or peace, with the command of the forces of every description, and the management of the internal and foreign departments of the state, &c.

Bonaparte, being thus appointed, or rather confirmed, in his office of first consul or chief magistrate, appointed Cambacères and Lebrun second and third consuls. They, together with Sieyes and Ducos, late consuls, appointed the majority of the members of the senate, who themselves appointed the remainder. The senate next named the one hundred tribunes and

the three hundred members of the legislative body; and thus the whole legislature was filled up at once, under the pretence that there was no time to wait for the lists of candidates to be named by the departments. The constitution was submitted to the acceptance of the people in every commune, and registers were opened for the purpose at the offices of the various local authorities: three millions, twelve thousand, five hundred and sixty-nine voters were registered, out of which number fifteen hundred and sixty-two rejected, and three millions, eleven thousand and seven accepted the new constitution, which was solemnly proclaimed December 24, 1799. Fouché was retained as minister of police. Berthier was made minister at war. The churches, which had been closed by the Convention, were re-opened, and Christian worship was allowed to be performed all over France. The Sabbath was again recognized as a day of rest, the law of the Decades was repealed, and the computation by weeks resumed. At the same time the sentence of transportation passed on the 19th Brumaire on fifty-nine members of the former Council of Five Hundred was changed into their remaining at a distance from Paris, under the surveillance of the police.

France was still at war with Austria, England, and the Porte. Bonaparte sent Duroc on a mission to Berlin, by which he confirmed Prussia in its neutrality. Bonaparte now wrote a letter to the King of England, expressing a wish for peace between the two nations. Lord Grenville, secretary of state for foreign affairs,



returned an evasive answer, expressing doubts as to the stability of the present government of France, an uncertainty which would affect the security of the negotiations. Bonaparte had made the overture in compliance with the general wish for peace; but he himself says that he was not sorry it was rejected. He at the same time succeeded in putting an end to the civil war in La Vendée: he offered a complete amnesty for the past, and the principal of the Vendean chiefs, Chatillon, D'Autichamp, the Abbé Bernier, Bourmont, and others, at length made their peace with the government by the treaty of Montluçon in January, 1800. Georges capitulated to General Brune, and the Vendean war was at an end.

Bonaparte now turned all his attention to the war against Austria. He gave to Moreau the command of the army of the Rhine, and himself assumed the direction of that of Italy. He repaired to Lausanne on May 13, 1800, and marched, with about thirty-six thousand men and forty pieces of cannon, up the Great St. Bernard, which had till then been considered impracticable for the passage of an army, and especially for artillery. The cannons were dismounted, put into hollow trunks of trees, and dragged by the soldiers; the carriages were taken to pieces, and carried on mules. The French army descended to Aosta, turned the fort of Bard, and found itself in the plains of Lombardy, in the rear of Melas's Austrian army. Bonaparte entered Milan on the 2d of June, without meeting with any opposition, and was there joined by other divisions which had passed by the Simplon

and the St. Gothard. He now marched to meet Melas, who had hastily assembled his army near Alessandria. Passing the Po at Piacenza, he drove back Melas's advanced guard at Casteggio near Voghera, and took a position in the plain of Marengo, on the right bank of the river Bormida in front of Alessandria. On the 14th of June the battle of Marengo was fought, and after a hard contest and immense slaughter the Austrians were defeated. An armistice was concluded on the 16th of June between the two armies, by which Melas gave up Piedmont and the Genoese territory, with all their fortresses, including Genoa and Alessandria, to the French.

Bonaparte, having established provisional governments at Milan, Turin, and Genoa, returned to Paris, where he arrived on the 3d of July, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Nevertheless, royalists and republicans were alike dissatisfied with the dictatorship of Napoleon, and several plots were formed against his life, the most serious of which was that of the "infernal machine," on December 24, 1800, from which he had a narrow escape, and for which many persons were executed. Negotiations commenced in this year between Austria and France; Austria, however, refused to treat without England, and Bonaparte demanded an armistice by sea as a preliminary to the negotiations with England. This was refused by England, and hostilities were resumed by sea and by land. Moreau defeated the Austrians commanded by the Archduke John, in the great battle of Hohenlinden, and advanced towards Vienna. The French

in Italy drove the Austrians beyond the Adige and the Brenta.

Austria was now obliged to make a separate peace with France. The treaty of Luneville, Feb. 9, 1801, was arranged by the two plenipotentiaries, Count Cobentzel and Joseph Bonaparte. In the course of the same year negotiations were begun with England, where Mr. Addington had succeeded Mr. Pitt as prime minister. Egypt and Malta having surrendered to the English, the chief obstacles to peace were removed. The preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris, October 10, 1801, and the definitive treaty was signed at Amiens, March 27, 1802. The principal conditions were, that Malta should be restored to the Knights of St. John, and the forts be occupied by a Neapolitan garrison. The independence of the Cisalpine, Batavian, Helvetic, and Ligurian republics was guaranteed. Egypt was restored to the Sultan, the Cape of Good Hope to Holland, and the French West India Islands to France. England retained the island of Ceylon.

In April, 1801, a general amnesty had been granted, with certain exceptions, to all emigrants who chose to return to France and take the oath of fidelity to the government within a certain period; and the property of the returned emigrants which had not been sold was restored to them. Another conciliatory measure was the concordat concluded between Joseph Bonaparte and Cardinal Consalvi, which was signed by Pius VII. in September, 1801. The Pope made several concessions seldom if ever granted by his predecessors.

He suppressed many bishoprics, he sanctioned the sale of church property which had taken place, and confirmed the total abolition of convents. On Easter Sunday, 1802, the concordat was published at Paris, together with a decree of regulations upon matters of discipline, which were so expressed as to make them appear part of the text of the original concordat. The Pope made remonstrances, to which Bonaparte turned a deaf ear. Regulations concerning the discipline of the Protestant churches in France were issued at the same time with those concerning the Catholic church. The Protestant ministers were also paid by the state.

In January, 1802, Bonaparte convoked together at Lyons the members of the provisional government of the Cisalpine Republic, together with deputations of the bishops, of the courts of justice, of the universities and academies, of the several towns and departments, and the national guards, which, after some deliberation, requested that the First Consul would assume the chief direction of its affairs. Bonaparte then repaired to the hall of the deputies, delivered a speech, and the new constitution was promulgated. He himself assumed the direction of affairs, with the title of President of the Italian Republic. The principal difference between this new Italian constitution and that of France was in the composition of the electoral colleges, which were selected in Italy by classes, and in France by communes and departments, without distinction of classes; and also that in Italy there

was no tribunate to discuss the projects of law proposed by the executive. The president was for ten years, and might be re-elected. Bonaparte appointed Melzi d'Eril as vice-president, to reside at Milan in his absence. Bonaparte gave also a new constitution to the Ligurian or Genoese Republic, similar to that of the Italian Republic; he did not assume the chief magistracy himself, but placed a native doge at the head of the state.

On the 2d of August, 1802, Bonaparte was proclaimed consul for life by a decree of the senate, which was sanctioned by the votes of the people in the departments to the number of three millions and a half. A few days afterwards another decree of the senate appeared, which altered the formation of the electoral bodies, reduced the tribunate to fifty members, and paved the way in fact for absolute power.

In 1802 also Bonaparte established an order of knighthood, both for military men and civilians, which he called the Legion of Honor.

Switzerland was at this time distracted by civil war. The French troops had evacuated the country after the peace of Amiens, but the spirit of dissension among the different cantons remained. Bonaparte called to Paris deputations from every part of Switzerland, and the new Helvetic federation was formed of nineteen cantons, on the principle of equal rights between towns and country, the respective constitutions varying, however, according to localities. The general diets of the confederation were re-established. Bonaparte assumed the title of Mediator of the Hel-

vetic League. He retained, however, Geneva and the bishopric of Basel, which had been seized by the Directory; and he separated the Valais, which he afterwards joined to France. To the end of his reign Bonaparte respected the boundaries of Switzerland, as settled by the act of mediation; that and the little republic of San Marino were the only republics in Europe whose independence he maintained.

Bonaparte had directed a communion of lawyers of the first eminence under the presidency of Cambacères to frame or digest a code of civil law for France. The civil code constitutes perhaps the most useful bequest of Bonaparte's reign. Bonaparte also provided for the public instruction. Scientific education was given in the special schools in the chief towns of France, such as the schools of law and of medicine, the college of France, and the polytechnic school at Paris, the military school at Fontainebleau, the school of artillery and engineers at Mainz, that of bridges and highways, or civil engineers, the schools for the mines, &c. Speculative, philosophical, and political studies met with little encouragement under Bonaparte's administration.

The provincial administration of France, was now organized upon one uniform plan, and was made entirely dependent on the central power or executive. Each department had a prefect, who had the chief civil authority. He was generally a stranger to the department, received a large salary, and was removed or dismissed at the will of Bonaparte. The mayors of the towns of five thousand inhabitants and upwards

were appointed by Bonaparte; those of the communes under five thousand inhabitants, as well as all the members of the municipal councils, were appointed by the respective prefects. Thus all remains of municipal or communal liberty and popular election were quietly abrogated in France.

After the peace with England, Bonaparte sent a fleet and an army under his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, to St. Domingo, to reduce the blacks, who had revolted. A dreadful war ensued, which was marked by atrocities on both sides, and ended in the destruction of the French force, and the total emancipation of the blacks. At the same time he re-established the slavery of the blacks in Guadeloupe and Martinique, and authorized afresh the slave-trade. By a treaty with Spain, that country gave up Louisiana to France, which France afterwards sold to the United States for fifteen millions of dollars. By another treaty with Portugal, France acquired Portuguese Guiana. In Italy, France took possession of the duchy of Parma, at the death of the Duke Ferdinand in October 1802, and likewise of the island of Elba, by an agreement with Naples and Tuscany. The annexation of Piedmont to France next filled up the measure of alarm of the other powers at Bonaparte's encroachments. England refused to deliver up Malta, as a Neapolitan garrison would have been a poor security against a sudden visit of the French. Lord Whitworth had a long and stormy conference with Bonaparte at the Tuileries on this subject. He dismissed the English minister, and prepared for hostili-

ties. On the 18th of May, 1803, England declared war against France, and laid an embargo upon all French vessels in her ports. In retaliation for this, a decree of the 22d May ordered that all the English, of whatever condition, found on the territory of France should be detained as prisoners of war. General Mortier was sent to occupy the Electorate of Hanover, which belonged to the King of Great Britain. In the following September a decree of the consuls, "in order," as it is stated, "to secure the liberty of the press," forbade any bookseller to publish any work until he had submitted a copy of it to the commission of revision. Journals had already been placed under still greater restrictions.

In February, 1804, the police discovered the conspiracy of Pichegru, Moreau, and Georges, and it was also asserted that the Duc d'Enghien was concerned in the conspiracy. Georges, Pichegru, and Moreau were arrested in Paris, and on the 14th of March, a party of gendarmes from Strasburg crossed the Rhine, entered the neutral territory of Baden, surrounded the château of Ettenheim, seized the Duc d'Enghien and his attendants, and took him to the citadel of Strasburg. On the morning of the 18th the duke was put into a carriage, and taken under an escort to the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, where he arrived in the evening of the 20th. A military court of seven members was ordered by the First Consul to assemble at Vincennes that very night. The members were appointed by General Murat, commandant of Paris. General Hulin was president.



After a trial, in which the duke's connection with the conspiracy was by no means clearly established, he was sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was executed on the 21st of March by torch-light in the castle ditch of Vincennes. On the 6th of April Pichegru was found dead in his prison. About the same time, Captain Wright, of the English navy, who, having been employed in landing Pichegru and the other emigrants in Brittany, was afterwards captured by the French, and brought to Paris for the purpose of being examined concerning the conspiracy, was likewise reported to have been found dead. The death of these two men is still involved in mystery. Bonaparte has positively denied any knowledge of Captain Wright's death, and has asserted his belief that Pichegru really strangled himself, as was reported.

In the meantime a motion was made in the tribunate, by one Curée, to bestow upon Napoleon Bonaparte the title of emperor, with the hereditary succession in his family. Carnot alone spoke against the motion, which, however, was passed by a great majority on the 3d of May. The resolution of the tribunate was confirmed by the senate, and then submitted to the votes of the people in the departments. Above three millions of the registered votes were favorable, and between three and four thousand contrary. However, even before the votes were collected, Napoleon assumed the title of emperor at St. Cloud, May 18, 1804. On the 19th he issued a decree appointing eighteen of his first generals marshals of

the French empire. The first decrees of the new sovereign were headed—"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the constitution of the Republic, Emperor of the French," &c.; but the name of the republic was soon afterwards dropped altogether.

In the month of June the trial of Moreau, Georges, and the others concerned in the conspiracy, took place before a special court. Twenty of the accused, with Georges at their head, were condemned to death; Moreau, with four more, to two years' imprisonment. Rivière, Polignac, and some others who had been condemned to death, were reprieved by Napoleon through the entreaties of his wife and sisters. Georges and some of his more stubborn friends were executed. Moreau had his sentence of imprisonment exchanged for perpetual banishment, and sailed for the United States.

On the 2d of December, 1804, Napoleon was crowned by the Pope at Paris; and on the 26th of May, 1805, in consequence of a request from the senate of the Italian Republic, he was crowned King of Italy at Milan by the archbishop of that city; but it was stipulated that the two crowns of France and Italy should remain united only on Napoleon's head, and that he should appoint a separate successor to the Italian kingdom. He appointed his stepson, Eugene Beauharnois, his viceroy of the kingdom of Italy. A decree of Napoleon, of the 9th of June, united Genoa to France; and Lucca was transformed into a principality, and given to Elisa, Napoleon's sister, and her husband Baciocchi, to be holden as a

fief of the French empire. Thus two more Italian republics disappeared. San Marino alone remained.

In the preceding year (1804), Napoleon had assembled a large force on the shores of the British Channel, with a flotilla at Boulogne, and had given it the name of "the army of England." The invasion of England and the plunder of London were confidently talked of among his soldiers, but the attempt was not made.

While his army was assembled near Boulogne, a new storm burst on the side of Germany. Austria had remonstrated against the never-ending encroachments of Napoleon in Italy. The Emperor of Russia, and Gustavus, King of Sweden, also remonstrated against his aggressions, but their complaints remained unheeded. A new coalition was formed in the summer of 1805 between England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden. Prussia was urged to join it. She hesitated, increased her armies, but remained neutral. Austria, without waiting for the arrival of the Russians, who were assembling on the frontiers of Galicia, marched an army into the electorate of Bavaria; and, on the elector refusing to join the coalition, they entered Munich. General Mack, who had given sufficient proofs of incapacity in the field while commanding the Neapolitans in 1798, was by some strange influence placed at the head of the great Austrian army. The Archduke Charles commanded the Austrian forces on the side of Italy. Napoleon directed his army of England to march quickly to the Rhine: other troops from Holland, Hanover, and the interior of France, were ordered to march to the

same quarter. He appointed Massena to command the army in Italy.

On the 23d of September, 1805, Bonaparte went in state to the senate, where he delivered a speech on the occasion of the war. He then repaired to Mainz, where he took the command of the Grand Army,—a name which was afterwards always applied to the army while he commanded in person. We cannot enter into the details of the campaign of 1805, and we must refer our readers to the professional statements of military men of both sides who were in it, such as Stutterheim's "Campaign of Austerlitz;" Rapps "Memoirs," &c. General Mack allowed himself to be surrounded at Ulm, and then surrendered on the 17th of October, without fighting, with more than twenty thousand men, all his staff, artillery, &c. The other Austrian divisions, being now scattered about, could make no effectual resistance, and the French entered Vienna on the 13th of November. The Russian army had by this time assembled in Moravia, under the Emperor Alexander in person. Being joined by some Austrian divisions, it amounted to about eighty thousand men. The great battle of Austerlitz was fought on the 2d of December, 1805. The two armies were nearly equal in number. The Russians extended their line too much. Bonaparte broke through it, and separated their divisions, which, after a stout resistance, were routed in detail. The loss of the allies was tremendous. Thousands were drowned in the frozen lakes in the rear of their position. The Emperor of Austria had an interview with Napoleon the day after, and an armistice was

concluded, by which the remaining Russian troops were allowed to retire to their own country. Peace between Austria and France was signed at Presburg on the 26th of December. Austria gave up the Venetian provinces and Dalmatia to the kingdom of Italy, Tyrol to the Elector of Bavaria, and other districts, besides a contribution of one hundred millions of francs. Napoleon also raised the electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg to the rank of kings, and placed himself at the head of all the smaller states, which he formed into the Confederation of the Rhine, under his protection. The old German empire was thus dissolved. Soon afterwards, the Emperor Francis formally renounced his title of Emperor of Germany, and assumed the title of Francis I., Emperor of Austria and of his other hereditary states.

The King of Naples had allowed a Russian and English army to land in his dominions, during the great struggle that was going forward in Germany. Napoleon sent an army to Naples in February, 1806, and King Ferdinand took refuge in Sicily. A decree of Napoleon, March, 1806, appointed his brother Joseph, King of Naples and of Sicily. On the 6th of June following, he appointed, by another decree, his brother Louis King of Holland, thus transforming by a stroke of the pen the republic of Holland into a kingdom dependent on France. His brother-in-law, Murat, was made Grand Duke of Berg.

During his victorious progress in Germany, Napoleon received the news of the total destruction of the French and Spanish fleets by Nelson at the bat-

tle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805. He threw all the blame on his unfortunate admiral, Villeneuve, who soon afterwards killed himself. From this time Napoleon applied himself to destroy all English trade and correspondence with the Continent. Some attempts at negotiation were made during the administration of Fox, but they were unsuccessful, and the death of Fox put a total end to them.

Prussia had been a long time wavering; and to keep her in good humor, Napoleon had made Hanover over to her, which, though at peace with England, she had accepted: but at length, on the 2d of October, 1806, her minister at Paris had demanded the withdrawal of the French troops from Germany. Bonaparte sneeringly refused, saying that "to provoke the enmity of France was as senseless a course as to pretend to withstand the waves of the ocean." The King of Prussia issued a long manifesto from his head-quarters at Erfurt, on the 9th of October, 1806, in which he recapitulated the long series of Napoleon's encroachments. Napoleon was speedily in the field; and the double battle of Auerstädt and Jena (October 16) decided the campaign. In a few weeks nearly the whole of the fortified places in the kingdom were in his possession. He entered Berlin on the 21st of October. He dispatched Mortier to occupy Hamburg, and seize all English property there. On the 21st of November, 1806, Napoleon issued his well-known Berlin Decree against British commerce. The English government retaliated by its Orders in Council, 11th November, 1807.

Meantime the King of Prussia had fled to Königsberg, and the Russian armies advanced to the Vistula. The French occupied Warsaw. Napoleon received at his head-quarters at Posen numerous addresses from various parts of Poland, entreating him to restore that country to its independence. His answers were cold and cautious. He began his winter campaign against the Russians by the battle of Pultusk (December 28), in which the French, experiencing a severe check, retired towards the Vistula; but on the 8th of February, 1807, the great battle of Eylau was fought between the two grand armies. General Beningsen commanded the Russians. The battle lasted till near ten o'clock at night. The loss on both sides has been roughly estimated at fifty thousand men. On the 13th of June the battle of Friedland took place, in which, after an obstinate struggle, the Russians were at last worsted. They were driven beyond the river Aller, and retreated to Tilsit, where an interview took place between Bonaparte and Alexander on a raft in the middle of the Niemen on the 25th of June, and soon afterwards a treaty of peace was finally signed. The King of Prussia was restored to about one-half of his former territories, as far as the Elbe. The duchy of Warsaw was given to the Elector of Saxony, who was made a king, and became the faithful ally of Napoleon. Russia made no sacrifices; on the contrary, she obtained a part of Prussian Poland. But there were secret articles to the treaty, by which France allowed Russia to take Finland from Sweden; and Russia on her part

promised to close her ports against British vessels. On the 9th of July, Napoleon left Tilsit to return to Paris.

On the 19th August a decree of the senate suppressed the tribunate, the only remains of a national deliberative body in France. It had been previously reduced to one-half of its original number. Three committees of administration, of legislation, and of finances, taken from the legislative body, discussed the projects of law in lieu of the tribunate.

Having stripped the Elector of Hesse Cassel of his dominions, under the plea that he had not joined him in the war against Prussia, as well as the Duke of Brunswick of his, on the ground that the duke had joined Prussia against him, Napoleon created out of these and other districts the kingdom of Westphalia, 18th August, 1807, and gave it to his brother Jerome, who took up his residence at Cassel. Soon after, the Prince Regent of Portugal having refused to enforce the Berlin decree against England, Napoleon sent Junot with thirty thousand men across Spain to take possession of Portugal. At the same time he published in the *Moniteur* that "the House of Braganza had ceased to reign in Europe." Junot entered Lisbon without opposition, Nov. 30, 1807, the prince regent and his court having just before embarked for Brazil. In December of the same year, Napoleon seized upon Tuscany, and added it to France, and then insisted on the Pope declaring war against England. The Pope answered that he was a sovereign of peace, and could not declare war



against any Christian power. Bonaparte insisted, and after a long and vexatious correspondence, in February, 1808, General Miollis entered Rome, occupied the Castle St. Angelo, and began to do military duty in that city. The general took the papal troops under his own command. The Pope remained in his palace with the mere shadow of a civil power, which he had no means to enforce.

We now come to another and most important transaction of Napoleon's reign—the invasion of Spain. The government of Spain was in a most corrupt state; but she had been the humble and submissive ally of France; notwithstanding which, Napoleon had taken possession of some of her strongest fortresses, and at length, by gross treachery, having got the king and queen, and Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, and who had been proclaimed king, into his power at Bayonne, Charles, the old king, was induced to resign his crown “in favor of his friend and ally the Emperor of the French,” and Ferdinand to resign his rights. Napoleon now issued a decree appointing “his dearly beloved brother, Joseph Napoleon, King of Naples and Sicily, to the crowns of Spain and the Indies.” By a subsequent decree, July 15, he appointed “his dearly beloved cousin, Joachim Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, to the throne of Naples and Sicily, which remained vacant by the accession of Joseph Napoleon to the kingdoms of Spain and the Indies.” The memorable events which resulted from these nefarious transactions may be read in the numerous works written expressly on the subject of

the Peninsular War. The number of French who perished during that war cannot be estimated at less than two hundred and fifty thousand, if it does not approach rather three hundred thousand. The loss of the Spaniards, soldiers and peasants, who were destroyed in detail on almost every spot in the Peninsula, cannot be calculated, but it must have been greater than that of the French.

In the year 1808 Napoleon re-established titles of nobility in France. Lefèbvre, who had taken Danzig the year before, was the first duke that he created. Many others, both military and civilians, received titles from towns in Italy and Germany, with an income charged upon the revenues or national domains of the conquered countries. Both the titles and the incomes attached to them were made hereditary.

Early in 1809 a new Austrian war broke out. This time Austria came single into the field. She had made astonishing exertions to recruit her armies to the number of nearly half a million of men. The Archduke Charles commanded the Austrian army of Germany, and the Archduke John that of Italy. The battles of Eckmühl, Aspern, and Wagram were fought; the French again took Vienna; and on the 14th of October the peace of Schönbrunn was concluded. Austria ceded Trieste, Carniola, and part of Croatia, Salzburg, Cracow, and Western Galicia, and several other districts, to the amount of about two millions and a half of inhabitants. The brave Tyrolese were abandoned to their fate. Hofer and

others of their chiefs were seized by the French, taken to Mantua, and there shot.

Soon after the return of Napoleon to Paris, he made known to his wife Josephine his determination to divorce her. A painful scene took place on this occasion, which is well described by De Bausset, prefect of the imperial household, in his "Mémoires Anecdotiques sur l'Intérieur du Palais." The divorce having been consented to by Josephine in presence of commissioners from the Senate, the act was solemnly passed and registered Dec. 16, 1809. On the 11th of March, 1810, Napoleon married by proxy the Archduchess Maria Louisa, who soon afterwards set off for Paris, and in the following March Maria Louisa was delivered of a son, who was saluted by Napoleon as "King of Rome,"—an ominous title to those Italians who still fancied that the crown of Italy was to be, according to Napoleon's promise, separated from that of France.

In 1811 the first symptoms of coolness between Alexander and Napoleon manifested themselves. The complaints of the Russian landholders against the continental system had induced Alexander to issue an ukase, December 31, 1810, by which colonial and other goods were allowed to be imported into the ports of Russia. This was a ground of complaint to Napoleon, while Alexander found many grounds of dissatisfaction in the territorial aggressions of Napoleon. At length, Davoust having seized on the island of Rügen in January, 1812, Bernadotte, the crown prince of Sweden, and Alexander, concluded a treaty of alliance in March.

Russia had not yet declared war, but she reinforced her armies, waiting to be attacked. Napoleon was pouring troops into Prussia, Pomerania, and the duchy of Warsaw. Some of the older and wiser counselors of Napoleon had the courage to remonstrate with him, not on the injustice, but on the impolicy of this new act of aggression. The events of the memorable Russian campaign of 1812 are described in the works of Segur, and of Colonel Boutourlin, aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, the Memoirs of Oginski, and the Italian account of Captain Laugier, "Gl' Italiani in Russia." It is enough here to say, that before Napoleon set off for Russia he made an unavailing attempt to procure a peace from Lord Castlereagh on the basis of giving Sicily to Ferdinand of Spain, leaving Portugal to the House of Braganza, and retaining Spain for his brother Joseph, all of which Lord Castlereagh declined.

After various battles at Witepsk, Mohilow, Smolensk, and Borodino, the French entered Moscow, September 14, 1814; but they found it deserted, except by the convicts and some of the lowest class, who lingered behind for the sake of plunder. On the evening of this day a fire broke out, but it was put down in the night. On the next day, the 15th, Napoleon took up his residence in the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Tzars. On the following night the fire burst out again, in different quarters of the city, and no exertions of the French could stop it: the wind spread the flames all over the city, and on the third day Napoleon was obliged to leave the Kremlin, where he was

in imminent danger. The fire raged till the 19th, when it abated, after destroying seven thousand six hundred and eighty-two houses, about four-fifths of the town.

Napoleon remained among the ruins of Moscow for five weeks. He had sent Lauriston to the Russian head-quarters with a letter for the Emperor Alexander; the letter was forwarded to Petersburg, but no answer was returned. Napoleon was deceived in his calculations upon the temper of Alexander and of the Russian people. At last, on the 19th October, seeing no chance of making peace, Napoleon began his retreat. The army left Moscow one hundred and twenty thousand strong, but was soon reduced to one-half that number of fighting men: the rest formed a confused and disorderly mass in the rear, with an immense train of baggage and artillery. In this condition they were overtaken on the 6th November by the Russian winter, which that year set in earlier than usual. The wretchedness and the sufferings of the retreat from Moscow must be read in the works already referred to. The French at last reached Smolensk, where they found their stores, which had come up so far. On the 14th November Napoleon left Smolensk with about forty thousand men able to carry arms. His rear divisions had now to sustain repeated attacks from the Russians, and when he arrived at Orsa, in Lithuania, he had only twelve thousand men with arms in their hands. Of forty thousand horses there were hardly three thousand left. In this plight he reached the banks of the Berezina, where he was joined by a corps of reserve of nearly fifty thousand men,

under Victor and Oudinot. The passage of the Berezina, 26th and 27th November, cost him about one-half of his army thus reinforced. On the 3d December Napoleon arrived at Malodeczno, whence he issued the famous 29th bulletin, which came like a clap of thunder to awaken Europe. This time he told the whole truth in all its sternness. Except the guards, he had no longer an army. At Smorgoni, where he arrived on the 5th December, he took leave of his generals, left the command of the army, such as it was, to Murat, and set off in a sledge with Caulaincourt to return to Paris. He arrived at Paris on the 18th December at night. The remains of his unfortunate army were collected by Murat on the line of the Vistula. The loss of the French and their auxiliaries in this campaign is reckoned by Boutourlin at one hundred and twenty-five thousand slain, one hundred and thirty-two thousand dead of fatigue, hunger, disease, and cold, and one hundred and ninety-three thousand prisoners, including three thousand officers and forty-eight generals. The French left behind nine hundred pieces of cannon, and twenty-five thousand wagons, cassoons, &c.

Napoleon, after his return to Paris, exerted himself to recruit his army by fresh conscriptions, by drafting the National Guards into his skeleton battalions, by recalling all the men he could spare from Spain, and by sending the sailors of his fleet to serve on land. He thus collected again in Germany, in the spring of 1813, an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men. The King of Prussia had now allied himself to Alexander, and the allies had advanced as far as the

Elbe. Austria remained neutral; she offered her mediation, but Napoleon would hear of no cession on his part, in either Germany, Italy, or Spain. He soon after repaired to Germany, where he fought and won the battle of Lützen, 2d May, 1813, from the Russians and Prussians united. On the 21st he attacked them again at Bautzen, and obliged them to retire.

An armistice was now agreed to on the 4th of June, and Bonaparte returned to Dresden, where Metternich came with fresh offers of mediation on the part of Austria. But Bonaparte refused to make any concessions. The armistice expired 10th August, and Austria joined the allies.

A series of battles were fought about Dresden on the 24th, 25th, and 27th August, between the Austrians and Prussians on one side, and the French on the other, in which the latter had the advantage; but several corps of the French army were defeated in various places, and at last, after a painful struggle between pride and necessity, Napoleon was obliged to begin his retreat upon Leipzig, followed by the allies. At Leipzig he determined to make a final stand. "One single victory," he said, "and Germany may still be mine." On the 16th October the first battle of Leipzig took place. It was fought gallantly on both sides, but the allies had now a great superiority in numbers; the French were driven close upon the ramparts of the town, and at length out of it. Bonaparte then commenced his retreat to the Rhine, which was nearly as disastrous as that from Moscow. His army was completely disorganized.

He was, however, able to fight his way at Hanau, October 30, through the Bavarians, his late allies, who now wanted to oppose his passage. At last he reached the Rhine, and passing over the seventy thousand or eighty thousand men, all that remained out of an army of three hundred and fifty thousand with which he had begun the campaign, he placed them on the left bank while he set off for Paris, where he arrived on the 9th November. (For the particulars of this hard-contested campaign of 1813, see Odeleben's narrative.) About eighty thousand men left in the Prussian garrisons Magdeburg, Danzig, Stettin, &c., surrendered to the allies. The enormous losses and reverses of the French armies, and the approach of the allies to the frontiers of France, produced a strong feeling of dissatisfaction in that country. The legislative body remonstrated, and caused their remonstrance to be printed. This was a proceeding which Napoleon had not been used to. He immediately ordered the doors of the hall of the legislative body to be closed and guarded by soldiers, and the copies of the report to be seized at the printer's. On the 31st an imperial decree adjourned the legislative body. The senate, more subservient, had already passed a decree for a new conscription of three hundred thousand men, including all those who had escaped the conscriptions of former years. The taxes were at the same time ordered to be doubled; but the people were weary of these never-ending sacrifices, and in many departments it was found difficult to collect either men or money. Napoleon's disposable army on the Rhine amounted to no more than from seventy thousand to



eighty thousand men. Meantime, conferences were held at Châtillon, in which the allies proposed to fix the limits of France as they were in 1792, that is to say, with the exclusion of Belgium; but Napoleon would not listen to this. It was his last chance of peace. At the end of January, 1814, Napoleon began the campaign, which has been considered by tacticians as that in which he most strikingly displayed his astonishing genius for military combinations, fertility of resources, and quickness of movements. For more than two months he held at bay the various armies of the allies, now beating one corps, and then flying to attack another; at times severely checked himself, and yet recovering his strength the next day. ("Memoirs of the Operations of the Allied Armies in 1813-14," London, 1822; Koch's "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Campagne de 1814.") But the odds were too many against him. While he, by a bold movement, placed himself in the rear of the allies, the latter marched upon Paris, and after a hard-fought battle, March 30, took possession of the whole line of defence which protected that city on the north-eastern side. The empress had left it for Blois, and Joseph Bonaparte, after the battle of the 30th, quitted Paris also. Marshal Marmont asked for an armistice; and this led to the capitulation of Paris, which city the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia entered on the 31st, amidst the loud acclamations of the Parisians. A provisional government was formed, consisting of Talleyrand, Bournonville, Dalberg, and others. Upon this, Bonaparte, after

much reluctance, and upon his generals refusing to join him in a last desperate attempt upon Paris, which he meditated, signed the act of abdication at Fontainebleau, on the 4th of April, 1814. The Emperor Alexander proposed that he should retain the title of emperor with the sovereignty of the Island of Elba, and a revenue of six millions of francs, to be paid by France. This was agreed to by Prussia and Austria; and England, though no party to the treaty, afterwards acceded to it. On the 20th April Napoleon left Fontainebleau for Elba, and on the 4th of May landed at Porto Ferrajo.

Napoleon remained in the Island of Elba about ten months. At first he seemed reconciled to his lot, set about making roads, improving the fortifications, &c.; but, after a few months, he was observed to become more reserved, gloomy, and frequently absent and lost in thought. He was in fact, at the time, engaged in secret correspondence with his friends in France and Italy.

On the 26th of February, 1815, Napoleon embarked with about one thousand men of his old guards, who had followed him to Elba, and landed on the 1st of March at Cannes, not far from Frejus. At Grenoble, the first defection of the army took place: Colonel Labedoyere, commanding the 7th regiment of the line, joined Napoleon. The rest of the march to Paris was a triumphant one. The Bourbons were abandoned by the whole army; and Marshal Ney, sent by Louis XVIII. to stop Napoleon's progress, went over to him. Macdonald and Marmont, and several other marshals remained faithful to the oath they had taken

to the king. Augereau also kept aloof from Napoleon; but the Bourbons had no troops they could depend upon. Napoleon arrived at the Tuileries on the 20th of March, Louis XVIII. having left the capital early in the morning by the road to Flanders.

The Congress of Vienna was still sitting, when Talleyrand laid before them the news of Bonaparte's landing at Cannes. They immediately agreed to join again their forces, in order to frustrate his attempt, and to maintain entire the execution of the treaty of Paris of May 30, 1814. The Austrian, Russian, and Prussian armies, which had evacuated France, resumed their march towards the frontiers of that country.

Napoleon found, on his return to Paris, that he could not resume the unlimited authority which he had before his abdication. The republicans and constitutionalists who had assisted or not opposed his return, with Carnot, Fouché, Benjamin Constant, and his own brother Lucien at their head, would support him only on condition of his reigning as a constitutional sovereign: he therefore proclaimed a constitution under the title of "Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire," which greatly resembled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. the year before.

The chambers opened on the 4th of June, while Napoleon prepared to march towards the frontiers of Flanders, where the allied English and Prussian armies were gathering. He assembled an army of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, chiefly old troops, of whom twenty-five thousand were cavalry, and three hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, with

which he advanced upon Charleroi on the 15th June. Ney, Soult, and Grouchy held commands under Napoleon. On the 16th Napoleon attacked in person Marshal Blücher, who was posted with eighty thousand men at Ligny, and drove him back with great loss. At the same time he sent Ney against part of the English army at Quatre Bras, which, after sustaining a severe attack, retained possession of the field. In the morning of the 17th, the Duke of Wellington, in consequence of Blücher's retreat, fell back with his army to the position of Waterloo. Napoleon followed him, after dispatching, on the 17th, Grouchy, with a body of thirty thousand men, to follow the retreat of the Prussians. On the 18th the battle of Waterloo took place. The events of the battle are well known. The French made several furious attacks with infantry and cavalry upon the British line, gained some advantages, took possession of La Haye Sainte, but all the efforts of their cavalry could not break the British squares. In these repeated attacks, the French cavalry was nearly destroyed. At six o'clock, Bulow's Prussian corps appeared on the field of battle, and soon afterwards Blücher came in person with two more corps. Napoleon now made a last desperate effort to break the English line before the Prussians could act: he directed his guard, which had not yet taken part in the action, to advance in two columns against the English. They were received with a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry; they attempted to deploy, but in so doing became confused, and at last gave way. Napoleon, who was following with his eye, through a telescope, the motions of his favorite guards,

turned pale, and exclaimed, "They are mixed together!" and galloped off the field.

The battle of Waterloo finally closed a war, or rather a succession of wars, which had lasted with little interruption for twenty-three years, beginning with 1792. After the defeat of Waterloo, Napoleon having given his brother Jerome directions to rally the remains of the army, hurried back to Paris. The House of Representatives declared itself permanent; and demanded his abdication. The House of Peers had adopted the same views as the Lower House. Napoleon signed his second abdication on the 22d of June; but this time it was of his own accord, and against the advice of his intimate friends, Carnot, Lucien Bonaparte, &c. The abdication was in favor of his son Napoleon II. A provisional government was appointed by the chambers, and they required that Napoleon should leave France, and embark at Rochefort for the United States. General Becker was appointed to escort him to Rochefort, where he arrived on the 3d of July. The allies, who entered Paris on the 7th July, refused to acknowledge Napoleon's right to abdicate in favor of his son, and on the following day Louis XVIII. re-entered the capital, and resumed the government.

Napoleon at Rochefort, seeing that the whole country around him was submitting to the Bourbons, went on board the *Bellerophon*, July 15, saying to Captain Maitland, "I come to place myself under the protection of your prince and your laws." On the 24th the ship entered Torbay. On the 31st of July,

Admiral Lord Keith and Sir Henry Bunbury, under secretary of state, came on board the *Bellerophon*, to announce to him the final resolution of the British government—that the island of St. Helena should be his future residence. On the 7th of August Napoleon removed from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland*, Sir George Cockburn's flag ship, which was appointed to carry him to St. Helena, where he landed on the 16th of October, 1815.

By a convention signed at Paris, 20th August, 1815, between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, the custody of Napoleon's person was intrusted to the British government, and commissioners were appointed by Russia, Austria, and France to reside at St. Helena to look after his safe detention. In July 1816, General Sir Hudson Lowe arrived at St. Helena as governor of the island. From the very first interview a series of petty squabbles ensued, which continued during the remainder of Napoleon's life. In September, 1818, his health began to be visibly affected; but he would take no medicine. In September, 1819, Dr. Antommarchi, of the University of Pisa, came to St. Helena as physician to Napoleon. Towards the end of 1820 he grew worse, and remained in a weak state until the following April, when the disease assumed an alarming character. It was then that Bonaparte said that he believed it was the same disorder which killed his father, namely, a cancer in the pylorus; and he desired Dr. Antommarchi to examine his stomach after his death. He made his will, leaving large bequests to his friends and attend-

ants ("Testament de Napoleon"), and on the 3d of May, 1821, the chaplain Vignali administered to him extreme unction. Napoleon stated "that he believed in God, and was of the religion of his father: that he was born a Catholic and would fulfil all the duties of the Catholic church." On the 5th of May, after being some time delirious, he breathed his last about eleven minutes before six o'clock in the evening. The following day the body was opened by Dr. Antommarchi, in presence of several British staff and medical officers, when a large ulcer was found to occupy the greater part of the stomach. On the 8th May his remains were interred with military honors in Slane's Valley, near a fountain overhung by weeping willows. This had been a favorite spot with Napoleon. The procession was followed to the grave by the governor, the admiral, Napoleon's attendants, and all the civil and military authorities. The grave was afterwards inclosed by a railing, but the body was removed to Paris and deposited with great pomp in the Hôtel des Invalides, December 15, 1840.

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"IN Paris I had nothing to do but stroll over the city and call on memory to bring back the terrible past. Bonaparte and the French Revolution are everywhere present to the wanderer over Paris. If he looks on the Tuileries or Louvre, it is to think of the unfortunate Louis, or perhaps to be shown the scars of cannon-shot on their solid sides, hurled there

by a maddened mob. If he sees an obelisk or fountain, it was placed there by Bonaparte, or to honor Bonaparte. Look on that beautiful palace standing close beside the Champs Elysée:—Robespierre used to sit there to watch the executions decreed by the bloody Revolutionary Tribunal. Cast your eye down to the Place Vendome, there rises a beautiful shaft far into the heavens, but Bonaparte is on the top in his everlasting surtout and plumeless chapeau, standing on the cannon taken by him in battle. This beautiful and lofty shaft is composed entirely of cannon which he captured during his military career, melted down to compose this column—while running around it in a spiral direction, from the base to the top, are beautiful bas reliefs, representing the different battles in which he was victor. From the palace of the Tuileries to the beautiful arch at the farther end of the Champs Elysée, it is all Bonaparte and the Revolution. Enter the Madeline Church, one of the most elegant structures in Paris, and you are reminded it was built by Napoleon for a temple of glory, and it resembles anything but a temple for worship. From one end of the Grecian colonnade that goes entirely around it, look across the Champs Elysée, to the Chamber of Deputies and the Hôtel des Invalides, the other side of the Seine, one of the most beautiful views of the kind we have ever seen, and the Revolution and Bonaparte are still before you. The obelisk, behind which the two fountains are gayly sending their spray into the air, stand on the very spot the guillotine occupied during the Reign



of Terror; and in the Hotel des Invalides, that terminates the prospect beyond the Seine, sleeps the mighty Conqueror himself, while around him tread the few surviving veterans that once followed him to battle. The reminiscences of popular power and fury that meet one at every turn, make him feel as if he were treading on the side of a volcano, that might at any moment begin to heave again and swallow all in its bosom of fire.

“But one morning as I strolled from the Hôtel de Meurice (the Astor House of Paris), in search of rooms, I stumbled on an object which for a moment held me by a deeper spell than anything I had seen in France. In the Rue Victoire, close beside the principal baths of the city, stands a small house several rods from the street, and approached by a narrow lane. It is situated in the midst of a garden and was the residence of Josephine when the young Napoleon first yielded his heart to her charms. The young soldier had then never dreamed of the wondrous destiny that awaited him, nor had surrendered his soul to that wasting ambition which consumed every generous quality of his nature, and every pure feeling of his heart. Filled with other thoughts than those of unlimited dominion, and dreaming of other things than fierce battle-fields, he would turn his footsteps hither, to pour the tale of his affections in Josephine’s ear. His heart throbbed more violently before a single look and a single voice, than it ever did amid the roar of artillery and the sound of falling armies. The eye before which the world

quailed at last, and the pride of kings went down, fell at the gaze of a single woman, and her flute-like voice stirred his youthful blood wilder than the shout of '*Vive l' Empereur!*' from the enthusiastic legions that cheered him as he advanced. Those were the purest days of his existence, and we believe the only happy ones he ever passed. When the crown of an emperor pressed his thoughtful forehead, he must have felt that it was better to be loved by one devoted heart, than be feared by a score of kings. As I stood before the humble dwelling, and thought of the monuments of Bonaparte's fame that covered France and the world, I could not but feel how poor a choice he made after all. Surrendering the pure joy that springs from affection, and the heaven of a quiet home for the tumult of armies and the crown of thorns which unholy ambition wears, he wrecked his own happiness and soul together. He made life one great battle-field, and drove his chariot of war over heaps of slain, and up to the axletrees in human blood, to gain at last—a grave. He could have had *that* without such labor, and one, too, over which does not hang such darkness and gloom as rest on his. How often, in the midst of his power, must that voice of singular melody, whose tones, it is said, would arrest him in the midst of the gayest assembly, have fallen on his ear like a rebuking spirit, telling him of his baseness, and bringing back faint echoes of that life he never could live again."

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“Bonaparte had some miserably mean traits of character, to say nothing of his wickedness. He could not bear to have one of his generals perform a greater feat than himself, and so he deliberately lied about this achievement of Macdonald’s. In his dispatches to the French government, he made it out a small affair, while he had the impudence to declare that this ‘march of Macdonald produced no good effect.’ Now one of three things is true: Bonaparte either was ignorant of his true situation, and commanded the passage of the Splugen to be made under a false alarm; or else it was a mere whim, in which his recklessness of the lives and comfort of his countrymen is deserving of greater condemnation than his ignorance; or else he has uttered a falsehood as gross as it is mean. The scourge of the world can take either horn of the dilemma he likes. The truth is, Bonaparte thought posterity could be cheated as easily as his cotemporaries. In the dazzling noon-day of his fame, he could make a flattering press say what he liked, and the world would believe it; but the tumult and false splendor of his life have passed away, and men begin to scrutinize this demi-god a little more closely; and we find that his word cannot be relied on in the least when speaking of the character and deeds of others. He is willing to have no planet cross his orbit, and will allow no glory except as it is reflected from him. But notwithstanding his efforts to detract from the merit of this act of Macdonald, posterity will put it in its true light, and every intelligent reader of the

accounts of the two passages of the St. Bernard and the Splugen, will perceive at a glance that Bonaparte's achievement is mere child's play beside Macdonald's.

“But there is another aspect in which this is to be viewed. Somebody is responsible for those one or two hundred men whose bones are bleaching amid the Alpine solitudes. It may seem a small number to perish when compared to the army of which they composed a part. One or two hundred men killed by a steamboat accident, or through the carelessness of a single man, calls for public investigation and public sympathy; but for the thousands mown down in battle, or destroyed in the toilsome march, no one is held responsible. We refer to these hundred sleeping in the abysses of the Alps, because they are a definite object, and fell not in battle, where the choice is to kill or be killed. No one thinks of them in their fearful resting-places, save the families and friends they left behind; and Bonaparte, when he beholds the clouds of witnesses rising from every battle-field of Europe to overwhelm him with their testimony, may forget these few hundred around the Alps, and yet the very motive which induced him to order the dangerous march that caused their ruin, may be one of the heaviest charges against him. It is difficult for us to discriminate rightly where the glory and the criminality of the action are constantly offsetting each other in our estimation. The passage of the Splugen was certainly a great achievement, and will for ever stand as a monument of man's

courage and hardihood. In a good cause, and for a good motive, such a feat would be worthy the highest praise that could be lavished upon it; and even in a bad cause, it shows what invincible resolution and a determined heart can accomplish in the world."

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"'Tis night, the roar of the far off cannon is heard at intervals, but here it is all quiet. The battle is hushed, and the conflicting legions have parted to meet no more. The full round moon is sailing quietly up the blue heavens, serene and peaceful as ever. The stars shine on as if they looked on no scene of wo. A weary form is slowly passing over the field. It is Wellington, weeping as he goes, for his horse's hoofs strike at every step in puddles of human blood, and the moonbeams fall on more than twenty thousand corpses strewed over the trampled ground. The groans of the dying and the shrieks of the suffering mingle together, while the sudden death-cry rings over all. And the unconscious moon is smiling on, painting the far off landscape in beauty. God in heaven! is this thy earth, and are those mangled mountains of flesh thy creatures? How little nature seems to sympathize with the scenes that transpire in her presence? It is true the grain lies trampled, and crushed, and red on the plain, but the wind passes as gently over it, stirring the tree-tops as it goes, as if no groans were mingled with its breath.

The full-orbed moon rides up her gorgeous pathway of stars, smiling down as sweetly on those crushed and shrieking masses, as if naught but the shepherd boy reclined on the field and gazed on her beauty. Nay, God himself seems not to notice this fierce attack on the happiness of his creatures, but lets nature, like a slumbering child, breathe peacefully on. And yet this is an awful night, and there is an aggregate of wo and agony here no mind can measure. And he, the author of it all, the haughty homicide who has strode like a demon over Europe and left his infatuated armies on three continents, where is he? A fugitive for his life; while the roar of the distant cannon coming faintly on his ear, tells him of the field and the power he has left behind. His race is run, that baleful star has gone down, and the nations can 'breathe free again.'

"Such were my thoughts as I stood on this greatest of human battle-fields. It is evident to an impartial observer, that if Grouchy had obeyed Bonaparte, as Blucher did Wellington; or had Blucher stayed away as did Grouchy, Bonaparte would have won the field, and no one could have told where that scourge of man would have stopped. But God had said, 'thus far and no farther,' and his chariot went down just as it was nearing the goal. The Christian cannot muse over such a field of blood without the deepest execration of Bonaparte's character. The warrior may recount the deeds wrought in that mighty conflict, but the Christian's eye looks farther—to the broken hearts it has made, and to the fearful retributions of the

judgment. We will not speak of the physical suffering crowded into this one day, for we cannot appreciate it. The sufferings of one single man with his shattered bones piercing him as he struggles in his pain; his suffocation, and thirst, and bitter prayers drowned amid the roar of battle; his mental agony as he thinks of his wife and children; his last death-shriek, are utterly inconceivable. Multiply the sum of this man's suffering by twenty thousand, and the aggregate who could tell? Then charge all this over to *one man's ambition* and who shall measure his guilt, or say how dark and terrible his doom should be? Bonaparte was a man of great intellect, but he stands charged with crimes that blacken and torture the soul for ever, and his accusers and their witnesses will rise from almost every field in Europe and come in crowds from the banks of the Nile. He met and conquered many armies, but never stood face to face with such a terrible array as when he shall be summoned from his grave to meet this host of witnesses. The murderous artillery, the terrific charge, and the headlong courage will then avail him nothing. Truth, and Justice, and Mercy, are the only helpers there, and *they* cannot help *him*. He trod them down in his pride and fury, and they shall tread him down for ever. He assaulted the peace and happiness of the earth, and the day of reckoning is sure. He put his glory above all human good or ill, and drove his chariot over a pathway of human hearts, and the God of the human heart shall avenge them and abase him. I care not what good he did in founding insti-

tutions and overturning rotten thrones; *good* was not his object, but personal glory. Besides, this sacking and burning down cities to build greater, has always been a favorite measure with conquerors and the favorite apology with their eulogizers. It is false in fact, and false if true in the inference drawn from it. It is not true that improvement was his purpose, nor does it exculpate him if it was. God does not permit man to produce happiness this way without a special command. When he wishes a corrupt nation or people to be swept away, he sends his earthquake or pestilence, or if man is to be his *anointed* instrument, he *anoints* him in the presence of the world. He may, and does, allow one wicked thing to scourge another, but the scourger is a criminal while he fulfils the design, for he acts not for the Deity, but for himself. The grand outline of Bonaparte's mental character—the great achievements he performed—the mighty power he wielded, and the awe with which he inspired the world, have blinded men to his true character, and he remains half apotheosised to this day, while the sadness of his fate—being sent to eat out his heart on a solitary rock in mid ocean—has created a morbid sympathy for him, anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we think has contributed to this wrong feeling. Dying amid an awful storm, while trees were falling and the sea flinging itself as if in convulsions far up on the island, have imparted something of the supernatural to him. And then his fierceness to the last, for though the night was wild



and terrible, a wilder night was over his heart, and his spirit, in its last fitful struggle, was watching the current of a heavy fight, and his last dying words were *tête d'armée*, 'head of the army.' He has gone, and his mighty armies with him, but the day shall come when the world shall read his history as they read that of Cæsar Borgia, and point to his tomb with a shudder."

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"No one visits Paris without going to the Hôtel des Invalides. This, it is well known, is the home of the old soldiers of Bonaparte. The poor and disabled fragments of his mighty legions rest here, at last, in peace. It was a bright summer evening, just at sunset, that I strolled over the Seine to this magnificent edifice. As I entered the outward gate into the yard, I saw the bowed and crippled veterans, in their old uniforms, limping around among the cannon that lay stretching their lazy length along the ground—the spoils of Napoleon's victories. I saw one beautiful gun, covered with bas reliefs and sculptured in almost every part with the greatest skill. As I stood looking on it, a soldier came up on crutches, appearing as if he were willing to satisfy my curiosity. I asked him where that cannon was taken. He replied, from Venice, and, if I remember right, added that it was a royal piece. I asked him if he ever saw Bonaparte. 'Oh yes,' he replied, 'I have seen him in battle.' He spoke with the

greatest affection of his old emperor, and I saw that even in death Napoleon held the same sway over the affections of his soldiers, he was accustomed to wield in the day of his power. Sacrificing his men with reckless prodigality, they nevertheless clung to him with the greatest devotion. As I strolled into the inner court, and looked on the place where the ashes of the conqueror slept, I could not but be impressed with the scene. The sun had gone down over the plains of France, and the dimness of twilight was already gathering over this sombre building. I was alone, near the tomb of the mighty dead. Condemn as we may the character of Napoleon, and who does not?—read the record an outraged world has written against him, till he stands a criminal before heaven and earth, still, one cannot find himself beside the form that once shook Europe with its tread, without the profoundest emotions. But the arm that ruled the world lies still, and the thoughtful forehead on which nations gazed to read their destiny, is now only a withered skull, and the bosom that was the home of such wild ambition, is full of ashes.

“Napoleon! years ago and that great word  
Compact of human breath, in hate, and dread,  
And exultation skied us overhead—  
An atmosphere, whose lightning was the sword  
Scathing the cedars of the world drawn down  
In burnings, by the metal of a crown.

“Napoleon! foemen, while they cursed that name,  
Shook at their own curse; and while others bore  
Its sound as of a trumpet, on before,

Brow fronted legions followed, sure of fame;  
 And dying men, from trampled battle-roads,  
 Near their last silence, uttered it for God's.

“Napoleon! sages, with high foreheads drooped,  
 Did use it for a problem, children small  
 Leapt up as hearing in't their manhood's call:  
 Priests blessed it, from their altars over-stooped  
 By meek-eyed Christs; and widows, with a moan,  
 Breathed it, when questioned why they sate alone.

“Napoleon! 'twas a name lifted high!  
 It met at last God's thunder, sent to clear  
 Our compassing and covering atmosphere,  
 And opens a clear sight, beyond the sky,  
 Of supreme empire! This of earth's was done—  
 And kings crept out again to feel the sun.”

“The grave is a reckless leveller, and he who ‘met at last God's thunder,’ is only one of the thousands he left on his battle-fields. His fierce onsets, and terrible passages, and wasting carnage, and Waterloo defeats are all over. Crumbling back to dust amid a few old soldiers, left as a mockery of the magnificent legions he was wont to lead to battle, he reads a silent, most impressive lesson on ambition to the world. I turned away in the deepening twilight, feeling that I would not sleep in Bonaparte's grave for Bonaparte's fame.”







NEY.

*Ney*  
*L. B.*

## MARSHAL NEY.

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NOTHING is more unfortunate for a great man than to be born beside a greater, and walk during life-time in his shadow. It is equally unfortunate to be great only in one department that is still better filled by another. Had Shakspeare not lived, Massinger might have stood at the head of English dramatists; and had Alfieri kept silent, a host of writers now almost unknown would have occupied the Italian stage. Had it not been for Cæsar, Brutus might have ruled the world; and were it not for Bonaparte, many a French general would occupy a separate place in that history of which they are now only transient figures. Great men, like birds, seem to come in flocks, and yet but *one* stands as the representative of his age. The peak which first catches the sunlight is crowned monarch of the hills; and the rest, however lofty, are but his body-guard. Much injustice has been done to Bonaparte's generals by not allowing for the influence of this principle. There is scarcely a historian that will allow to such men as Lannes, Davoust, Murat, and Ney, any dominant quality except bravery. Under

the guiding intellect of Napoleon they fought bravely, but if they had been left to their own resources would have miserably failed. Yet the simple truth is, being compelled, by their relative position, to let another plan for them, they could do little else than execute orders. A dependent mind is cramped and confined, and can exhibit its power only by the force and vigor with which it *executes* rather than *forms* plans.

The times were well calculated to produce such men as Bonaparte gathered round him.

A revolution, by its upturnings, brings to the surface materials of the existence of which no man dreamed before. Circumstances make men—who then usually return the compliment, and make circumstances. In ordinary times, as a general rule, the souls of men exhibit what force and fire they may contain, in those channels where birth has placed them. This is more especially true in all monarchical and aristocratical governments. The iron frame-work they stretch over the human race effectually presses down every throb that would otherwise send an undulation over the mass. No head can lift itself except in the legitimate way, while very *small* heads, that happen to hit the aperture aristocracy has kindly left open, may reach a high elevation. Revolution rends this frame-work as if it were a cobweb, and lets the struggling, panting mass beneath suddenly erect themselves to their full height, and fling abroad their arms in their full strength. The surface, which before kept its even plane, except where a star or decoration told the right of the wearer to overlook



his fellow, becomes all at once a wild waste of rolling billows. Then man is known by the force within him, and not by the pomp about him. There is also a prejudice and bigotry always attached to rank, which prevents it from seeing the worth below it, while it will not measure by a just standard, because that would depreciate its own excellence. Those, on the contrary, who obtain influence through the soul and force they carry within them, appreciate these things alone in others, and hence judge them by a true criterion.

Thus Bonaparte—himself sprung from the middle class of society—selected men to lead his armies from their personal qualities alone. This is the great secret of his astonishing victories. Dukes and princes led the allied armies, while *men* headed the battalions of France. Bonaparte judged men by what they could *do*, and not by their genealogy. He looked not at the decorations that adorned the breast, but the deeds that stamped the warrior—not at the learning that made the perfect tactician, but the real practical force that wrought out great achievements. Victorious battle-fields were to him the birthplace of titles, and the commencement of genealogies; and stars were hung on scarred and war-battered rather than noble breasts. Napoleon had learned the truth taught in every physical or moral revolution, that the great effective moulding characters of our race always spring from the middle and lower classes. All reformers, also, start there, and they always must; for, not only is their sight clearer and their judgment

more just, but their earnest language is adapted to the thoughts and sympathies of the many. Those men also who rise to power through themselves alone, feel it is by themselves alone they must stand; hence, the impelling motive is not so much greatness to be won, as the choice between it and their original nothingness. Bonaparte was aware of this, and of all his generals who have gone down to immortality with him, how few were taken from the upper classes. Augereau was the son of a grocer, Bernadotte of an attorney, and both commenced their career as private soldiers. Berthier, Bessières, St. Cyr, Jourdan, and the fiery Junot, all entered the army as privates. Kleber was an architect, the impetuous Lannes the son of a poor mechanic; Lefebvre, Loison, and the bold Scotchman, Macdonald, were all of humble parentage. The victorious Massena was an orphan sailor boy, and the reckless, chivalric Murat, the son of a country landlord.

Victor, Suchet, Pichegru, Oudinot, and the stern and steady Soult, were each and all of humble origin, and commenced their ascent from the lowest step of fame's ladder. And last of all NEY, the "bravest of the brave," was the son of a poor tradesman of Sarre-Louis. He was born in 1770, and at the age of thirteen became a notary of the village. The stirring events passing around him inflamed his youthful imagination, and at the age of seventeen he entered the army as a hussar, and commenced his military career. We do not design to follow him through all his history, but select out those acts

which illustrate the great and striking qualities he possessed. His air and bearing stamped him as a soldier, and made him, from the first, a great favorite in his corps. Being selected by them to challenge the fencing-master of another regiment, for some real or supposed insult, he gladly undertook the commission. The day was appointed to settle the difficulty, but, just as the combatants had crossed their sabres, they were arrested by their officers, and thrown into prison. As soon, however, as young Ney was released, he renewed the quarrel, and, having met his antagonist in a secret place, fought and wounded him in the hand, so that he was unable to practice his profession, and was consequently reduced to poverty. Ney did not forget him in the day of his greatness, and settled on the poor fencing-master a pension for life. In 1793, he was promoted for his bravery and skill; and the next year, being then twenty-four years of age, he was presented with a company. General Kleber, having noticed his admirable qualities, placed him at the head of a corps, composed of five hundred partisans, who received no pay, and lived on plunder. It was their duty to reconnoitre the enemy's position and cut off their convoys, which exposed them to many hair-breadth escapes, and adventures exceeding even those of romance. Young Ney, being resolved on promotion, brought to this perilous service all his mental and physical powers. His iron will seemed to compensate for the loss of sleep, and food, and rest. Daunted by no danger, exhausted by no toil, caught by no

stratagem, he acquired at the head of this bold band of warriors the sobriquet of the "Indefatigable." Three years after, he found occasion to distinguish himself in the engagements of Dierdorf, Altenkirchen, and Montabour. With one hundred cavalry he took two thousand prisoners, and obtained possession of Wurtzberg. He led two columns straight into the river, and forcing the opposite banks, though lined with cannon, made himself master of Forcheim. For these exploits he was appointed general of a brigade. At the battle of Neuwied, he had charge of the cavalry, and in a desperate charge passed entirely through the Austrian lines; but, being surrounded by a superior force, he was compelled to retreat, and, his horse having fallen under him, he was taken prisoner. Having been liberated by exchange, he was raised to the rank of general of division. For awhile after the peace of Leoben, he remained in Paris, and having joined the Clichian party became entangled in politics. But the commencement of hostilities in 1799, found Ney again in the field of battle, struggling with the allied forces on the banks of the Rhine. Here occurred one of those adventures that belong rather to the period of romance, than to the practical history of our times. The Rhine flowed between him and the city of Manheim, which was strongly garrisoned, and filled with stores of every kind. It was a matter of much discussion how this key of Germany should be taken. The generals of the army met in frequent consultation, on the best mode of attacking it. Ney, in the mean time, think-

ing it could be better taken by surprise, resolved to visit it in disguise, and ascertain its weak points. So one evening, assuming the garb of a peasant, he entered the city; and, after satisfying himself as to the best mode of attack, returned. Selecting a hundred and fifty brave men, he recrossed the river at eight in the evening, and at eleven made a furious assault on the outposts. A portion of the garrison having made a sally, he repulsed them; and following hard after the fugitives, entered the town with them, and after a short, but desperate engagement, captured it. This fixed his rising fame. At Worms, and Frankenthal, and Frankfort, and Stuttgart, and Zurich, he maintained the character he had gained. In 1802, we find him again in Paris, holding the office of inspector-general of cavalry. He there married Mademoiselle Augnè, an intimate friend of Hortense Beauharnais. Bonaparte presented him, at the nuptials, with a magnificent Egyptian sabre, which eventually cost the bold marshal his life. In '1803, he was sent as minister plenipotentiary into Switzerland, where he exhibited those higher qualities of justice and kindness so uniformly, that the Swiss Cantons presented him with a medal on his departure. The next year, Bonaparte made him a marshal. The year following this, he was created Duke of Elchingen, in honor of the battle he there fought. In the campaigns of 1806-7, he reached the height of his fame and power, and ever after Bonaparte regarded him as one of the strongest pillars of his power.

The three great distinguishing characteristics of Ney were great personal bravery, almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of peril, and an excellent judgment. In the first two, all writers are agreed, while the last is not generally conceded to him. No man can deny he was brave, for there can be no appeal from the decision of an army of heroes, who named him "bravest of the brave." Such a distinction among the men and in the times he lived, was not won by ordinary actions. In an army where Davoust, Junot, Macdonald, Murat, and Lannes commanded, to be crowned "bravest of the brave" was the highest honor a military chieftain could desire. But his courage was not the rashness of headlong excitement, like that of Junot and Murat. The enthusiasm born in the hour of battle, amid the tossing of plumes, the tramping of the host, the shout of trumpets, and roar of cannon, has always been found sufficient to hurl man into any scene of horror or peril. Junot could coolly sit and write to Bonaparte's dictation, while the shot whistled around him, and laughingly shake the paper as a cannon-ball, ploughing past him, threw the dirt over it; with the exclamation "This is lucky, I shall have no need of sand." Murat could ride on his magnificent steed up to a whole company of Cossacks, and disperse them by a single wave of the hand. Davoust could forage like the lion mid the foe at Montibello, while the cannon-shot wasted so awfully around him that he himself said afterwards, "I could hear the bones crash in my division like hailstones against a win-

dow." Yet each of these was but one among a thousand heroic acts, and gained for their authors no such title as that given to Ney. There was a reason for this. It was a heroism called forth by sudden emergencies, such as the commonest soldier often exhibits in the heat of battle. Ney's courage was something more than all this. It dared just as much without the least apparent excitement. His thoughts were just as clear, and his eye as quiet amid the falling ranks, as if he were standing on some far observatory and looking over the scene of slaughter. He would stand almost within the blaze of two hundred cannon, and while his horses were sinking under him, his guard falling around him, and whole companies melting like frost-work before his eyes, give orders as calmly as though manœuvering at a grand review. It was his wonderful, almost *marble calmness*, in the most sudden and extremest danger, that struck even heroes with astonishment. He would stand within musket-shot of a most terrific and hotly worked battery, and, while the storm of bullets swept where he stood, eye all its operations, and scan its assailable points with imperturbable quietness. The fierce shock of cavalry, and the terrific charge of English bayonets, could not for one moment divert his gaze, or disturb the clear and natural operations of his mind. The alarming cry through his own ranks, "*Sauve qui peut*," or the full belief that all was lost, could not shake his rock-fast steadiness. One would have thought him a marble man, strung with no ordinary nerves, had they not seen him in a desperate charge.

Then his eye glanced like an eagle's, and, with his form towering amid the smoke of battle and flash of sabres, he seemed an embodied hurricane sweeping over the field. Much of this, doubtless, was constitutional, and much was owing to the wonderful power of mental concentration. He could literally shut up his mind to the one object he had in view. The overthrow of the enemy absorbed every thought within him, and he had none to give to danger or death. Where he placed his mind he held it, and not all the uproar and confusion of battle could divert it. He would not *allow* himself to see anything else, and hence he was almost as insensible to the danger around him as a deaf, and dumb, and blind man would have been. He himself once expressed the true secret of his calmness, when after one of these exhibitions of composure, amid the most awful carnage, one of his officers asked him if he *never* felt fear, he replied, "I never had time." This was another way of saying that fear and danger had nothing to do with the object before him; and, therefore, he would not suffer his thoughts to rest on them for a single moment. It would not require much "*time*," we should think, to see the danger of marching straight into the flash of a hundred cannon, or to feel a thrill of terror, as the last discharge left him almost alone, amid his dead and dying guard. But he had trained his mind not to see these things for the time being. This devotion and concentration of all his powers, gave him great advantage in moments of peril, and when the fate of a battle was turning on a



single thought. Where other men would become confused in the confusion around them, he was as clear as ever; and hence, was able frequently to redeem everything, when everything seemed lost. *He would not be beat*, and in the last extremity, rallied like a dying man for a final blow, then planted it where the clearest practical wisdom would have done. His tenacity of resolution was equal to his bravery. He disputed every inch he yielded as if it were his last hope, and fought on the threshold of the next as if that were but the commencement of the struggle. So in encountering obstacles in the execution of any plan he had formed, he would scarcely admit their existence, and seemed to think he could wring the decree against him out of the iron hand of fate itself. These qualities rendered him an invaluable ally to Bonaparte in his great battles. Standing in his observatory, and looking over the conflict, Napoleon often saw where the whole issue turned on a single point. Such a column *must* be shaken—such a place in the lines broken, or a certain battery carried, or the day was lost. On such missions he always sent Ney, knowing if human skill and valor could avail it would be done. When he saw him start with his column, and move down towards the spot where the fate of the battle was vibrating, his countenance always wore a complacent look. Again and again did he fling his crown and France into Ney's keeping, and that of his legion; and, almost without fear, see them borne on into the smoke of battle. The bold marshal never disappointed him, and it was for

this reason Bonaparte placed his throne and empire into his hands, and saw them both go down in the last charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo. Even here Ney would have saved his master, if bravery and devotion could have done it.

During the whole campaign of 1806-7, Ney moves before us as some hero of former ages. We see him at Jena, when, borne on by his impetuous courage, he charged and took a battery, and the next instant found himself surrounded by an army that no other man would have thought of resisting. But though hemmed in, and apparently overwhelmed, instead of yielding, as prudence itself seemed to dictate, he immediately formed his men into squares, and kept up such a rolling, devouring fire, on every side, that the headlong masses fell by hundreds at every discharge. Bonaparte, seeing the imminent peril of his brave marshal, detached Bertrand with several regiments of horse to his relief. No sooner was he extricated, than he unrolled his men again into column, and with a firm and rapid step ascended the hill on which *Vierzehn Heiligen* stood, and, after a fierce conflict, took it. This was the centre of the enemy's position, and Napoleon saw, from a distance, with delight, his favorite marshal in the very heart of the Prussian lines. Repulsing for awhile with prodigious slaughter every attempt of the enemy to regain it, he again unrolled his column and marched through a most devouring fire, straight on the Prussians' right. The tempest of musketry and grape through which he advanced, drove, like a storm of sleet, in the face

of his men; but nothing could resist his impetuous charge, and the right line of the allies was swept away. Around the wall of Erfurt and Magdeburg—crossing the Vistula—at the terrible battle of Soldau—annihilating a Russian corps at Deppen, at Gustadt, and Amskerdorff—he is the same calm, determined, and terrible man. In the picture our imagination draws of the battle of Friedland, Ney always occupies the foreground. There, as usual, he was appointed to commence the action. The engagements with detached corps had ceased, and both armies were drawn up in battle array. For several hours there had been no firing, and, it being now four o'clock, the Russian general supposed there would be no engagement till morning. But, at five o'clock, the sudden discharge of twenty cannon from the French centre, the signal of attack, announced to the Russian army that the day was to end in blood. They were ordered to stand to their arms, and the next moment the head of Ney's mighty column was seen to emerge from the wood behind Posthenen, and stretch itself, like a huge anaconda, out into the open field. In close array, and quick time, it moved straight upon Friedland. The sun was stooping to the western horizon, as if hasting from the scene of carnage about to open—yet his departing light gave new splendor to the magnificent array. A forest of glittering steel seemed moving over the field. From the steeples and towers of Friedland, the countless thousands of those that still remained in the wood were visible. But all eyes were directed on Ney and his magnificent co-

lumn, that, crossing the field at a rapid step, scattered like a whirlwind everything that opposed their progress. Whole regiments of cavalry and Cossacks, the chasseurs of the guard, militia and all, went down, or were driven before the tide-like movement of that column. On every side, were seen flying horsemen and scattered infantry. The other divisions now advanced to the attack, but the victory seemed about to be won by Ney alone, for he was close upon Friedland, and a shout, rolling along the whole column, and heard above the roar of battle, announced that the town was about to be carried by assault. But, just at this crisis, the Russian Imperial Guard was ordered to advance. With fixed bayonets, this mass of living valor hurled itself on its adversary. The head of Ney's column went down before the terrific charge, and the whole body was rolled back over the field. But, falling on Victor's corps, rapidly advancing to sustain him, he rallied his broken ranks, and again pressed to the assault. Friedland was carried, after an obstinate resistance and immense slaughter, and soon the bridges in the rear over the Alle were in flames. The smoke rolled over the field of battle like that of a burning forest—the sun went down in gloom, and the dead were piled over the ground, and Ney had made Bonaparte again conqueror by his indomitable valor.

Napoleon's confidence in him was almost unbounded. During the battle of Bautzen, he lay on the ground, sheltered by a height in front of the town, at his breakfast, when suddenly he heard the sound of Ney's

guns thundering on the left. At the same instant, a bomb burst over his head. Without noticing the bursting shell, he sat down and wrote to Marie Louise that the victory was gained. He waited only to learn that Ney was where the crisis turned, to be sure of victory.

Yet Ney has been often accused of wanting generalship. Mr. Alison makes him a brave man, and no more. This decision is based on a single declaration of Bonaparte—speaking once of Ney, he said, “He was the bravest of men; there terminated all his faculties.” Now we do not place the least confidence in this assertion of Napoleon. His opinion of his generals changed with their success. A brilliant achievement brought down on them the most extravagant encomiums from the emperor; a defeat, on the contrary, his bitterest invectives. This disparagement of Ney was, doubtless, made after contemplating some failure in which the marshal was implicated. Besides, Bonaparte was the last man we should choose to estimate the character of his own officers. He rated all military leaders low but himself. Accustomed to plan for his generals, he came to think they could not plan for themselves. So also their achievements, when put in comparison with his own, he invariably depreciated. Bonaparte made the pass of St. Bernard, and he wished it to stand alone beside that of Hannibal’s: so that Macdonald’s passage of the Splügen, to which his own was mere child’s play, he declared repeatedly to have been no great affair, and so reported it to the French government at home.

The whole history of Bonaparte's career—the confidence he everywhere reposed in Ney's skill as well as bravery, pronounce this declaration false, while the manner in which he managed the rear-guard, in that awful and disastrous retreat of the grand army from Russia, shows the injustice of the charge in every way. Something more than bravery was needed to cover the retreat of the French there, and Bonaparte knew it. He never placed Ney at the head of the army in invading Russia, and in the rear when retreating from it, simply because he was a *brave* man. His actions and statements here contradict each other, and the former is more likely to be honest than the latter. The two great and ruinous errors of Bonaparte's ambitious career would have been prevented had he listened to Ney's counsel. The conquest of Spain brought nothing but disaster, and the invasion of Russia overturned his throne. Against both these Ney urged his strenuous remonstrance as long as it seemed of any avail, and then did his utmost to prevent the ruin he knew must follow. One day, at Madrid, Napoleon entered the room where Ney and several other officers were standing, and said, in great glee, "Everything goes on well; Romana will be reduced in a fortnight; the English are defeated, and will be unable to advance; in three months the war will be finished." The officers to whom this was addressed made no reply; but Ney, shaking his head, said, with his characteristic bluntness, "Sire, this war has lasted long already, and our affairs are not improved. These people are obstinate, even their wo-

men and children fight; they massacre our men in detail. To-day we cut the enemy in pieces, to-morrow we have to oppose another twice as numerous. It is not an army we have to fight, it is a whole nation; I see no end to this business." Bonaparte followed his own inclinations, and was eventually defeated. Ney saw the difference between conquering an army and a people. Though engaged in no general battle while in Spain, he exhibited his wonted skill and bravery in Austria.

But it is in the Russian campaign that he displayed his greatest qualities as a commander. The history of the Grand Army in its invasion of Russia, and retreat from it, combines more of glory and of gloom than anything of its kind in the annals of man. The contrast between that army of near three hundred thousand men, crossing the Niemen in presence of Napoleon, as he sat in his tower and saw those glorious legions move in beautiful order and high spirits before him; and the remnant of that scattered army in rags, wan and ghastly, following their iron-hearted leader as he strode on foot over the same river, always fills one with the profoundest melancholy. At Smolensko, Ney made a last effort to dissuade the emperor from pressing into Russia so late in the season. But neither he nor the other generals that formed his council could divert his purpose. The battles of Valentini and Krasnoi soon followed, and last of all came Borodino, in which Ney "outdid himself," and earned the title Napoleon gave him on the spot, of "Prince of Moskwa." At the commence-

ment of that action, Bonaparte kept Ney close beside him, and would not for a long time allow him to take any part in the conflict. There they stood, within hailing distance of each other, and gazed on the battle that raged on the right. At length Napoleon called Ney to him and gave his last orders. The drums beat their wild and hurried charge, and Ney, with his three divisions, hurled themselves on the foe. The enemy's artillery swept within a certain limit every inch of ground, and it seemed impossible that a body of men could stand there a single moment. Bonaparte watched the progress of the column till it at length entered the storm of grape-shot, when the head of it sunk down and disappeared like snow when it meets the river. Yet Ney still towered unhurt amid his falling column, and, without faltering a moment, led the remnant of his divisions straight through the destructive fire, up to the very intrenchments, and carried them. Then commenced that terrific struggle for the heights of Demenowskoie. Davoust and Ney strove together with more than human valor to gain the eminence. After four hours of steady, unparalleled effort against superior force, and in the midst of incessant discharges of artillery, Ney sent to Bonaparte for help. The Young Guard and the reserve cavalry were ordered down, while Napoleon wheeled four hundred cannon on the redoubt. Under cover of this terrible fire, the mighty columns of cavalry and infantry moved to the assault. The Russian artillery from the batteries stretched whole battalions on the field at every dis-



charge. But it was all in vain. The rent columns closed again as before, "each treading where his comrade stood," and pressed on like the in-rolling wave of the sea. Finding the French were gaining ground, the Russian commander ordered his whole left wing to leave the intrenchments and meet the French in the plain below. The shock was awful. Eighty thousand men were crowded into a small space, and for more than an hour raged against each other in all the ferocity of war, while seven hundred pieces of cannon played incessantly upon the dense masses of living flesh. Ney moved amid this wild storm the same calm and determined man as ever. His uniform riddled with balls, and his face begrimed with powder and smoke, he still, with his clear clarion voice, cheered on his troops, and with his cool bravery held his exhausted men to the encounter with a tenacity that could not be overcome, and which saved Bonaparte that day from a ruinous defeat.

Napoleon often gazed with astonishment on the movements of his favorite marshal. The quiet determination with which he set out to execute the most hopeless order—the progress he would make against the most desperate odds, and the victory he would wring from defeat itself, brought even from Napoleon bursts of admiration.

The blazing towers of Moscow, the turning point of Napoleon's invasion and his fortune, have scarcely crumbled to ashes before the fated army turn their faces homeward. We should like to be made acquainted with the conversations of Napoleon and Ney

as they sat together in the Kremlin and talked over the disastrous issue they had met, and the only way of escape from total annihilation. The fiery and impetuous harangues of the former, and the blunt characteristic replies of the latter, while the crackling of the flames and the falling of columns and walls without were borne to their ears, must have been in the highest degree dramatic. From the heap of ruins, and from the solitude which was more prophetic than the uproar of the storm, Ney was appointed to cover the retreat; and this act of Napoleon utters more distinctly his opinion of that marshal's generalship than language *can* do. The whole history of Ney's conduct during that memorable retreat seems to belong rather to some hero of romance than an actual man. The marvelous details appear incredible, and would not be believed if the evidence was not incontestable. With a mere handful of men he placed himself between the French and Russian armies, and, by his incredible exertions, desperate valor, and exhaustless ingenuity, saved a portion of that host which would otherwise have been totally annihilated. That retreat alone would make him immortal. With all the fault found with his generalship, there was not a commander among either the French or allied forces during the whole war, that ever did or ever could accomplish what Ney performed in that memorable flight. Had he fallen we believe Bonaparte would have fallen also, and the former *really* saved the army, which the latter never could have done. Without provisions, almost without arms, he

battled the well-trying and countless legions of Russia back from his beloved emperor—and over the wintery fields of snow, and amid the driving storm, with a heart untamed and a will unsubdued, he hovered like a protecting spirit around the divided and flying ranks of his countrymen. The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snow-drifts, and lay down by thousands to die. Cold, benumbed, and famine-struck, this ghost of an army straggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pines swaying and roaring mournfully in the blast for landmarks to the glazing eye, while an enraged and well-disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dusky forms glanced like spirits through the snow-filled air, croaked over the falling columns, while troops of dogs, that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by as the soldiers sunk at night in the snow to rest, many to rise no more, while the morning sun, if it shone at all, looked cold and dimly down through the flying clouds of a northern sky. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet note broke the muffled tread of the staggering legions. On the rear of such an army, and in sight of such horrors, did Ney combat. Nothing but a spirit unconquerable as fate itself could have sustained him, or kept alive the flagging courage of his troops. Stumbling every moment over the dead bodies of their comrades who had marched but a few hours in advance of them, thousands threw away

their arms in despair, and wandered off into the wilderness to die with cold, or be slain by the Cossacks. Yet Ney kept a firm band around him, that all the power of Russia could not conquer. Now ordering his march with the skill of a general, and now with musket in hand fighting like a common soldier, the moral force of his example accomplished what authority alone never could have done. At length, the brave and heroic commander seemed to have reached the crisis of his fate, and there was no escape from the doom that hung over him. The Russians had finally placed themselves between the French army and that rear-guard, now dwindled to a few thousand. Ignorant of his danger, Ney was leading his columns through a dense fog to the banks of the Lossmina, on which were strewed the dead bodies of his countrymen, when a battery of forty cannon suddenly poured a destructive storm of grape-shot into the very heart of his ranks. The next moment, the heights before him and on either side appeared lined with dense columns of infantry and artillery. Ney had done all that man could do, and here his career seemed about to close. He was ordered to capitulate. He replied, "A marshal of France never surrenders," and closing his columns marched straight upon the batteries. Vain valor. His noble and devoted followers proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader, but after a loss of half their number they were compelled to retire. Finding the army gradually extending itself on every side to hem him in, he returned back towards Smolensko for an hour, then,

forming a body of four thousand men, turned north towards the Dnieper. Having reached the stream in safety, he arranged his fragment of an army so as to march over the ice at a moment's warning, and then waited *three hours* before crossing to allow the weak and wounded stragglers to come in. Pressed by the most appalling dangers he still yielded to the dictates of mercy. There on the banks of the frozen river, and during this time of intense anxiety, did this strange indomitable man lie down with his martial cloak around him, and sleep. Bonaparte, far in advance, struggling forward on foot with a birch stick in his hand to keep him from falling on the ice, surrounded by his few exhausted yet faithful followers, was pressed with anxiety for the fate of Ney—his now last remaining hope. But the marshal, with only three thousand men, had still a wilderness between him and his emperor, and that wilderness was filled with Cossacks. For sixty miles he struggled on with his weary columns amid six thousand of these wild warriors. At one time they got in advance of him, and fell unexpectedly upon his advanced posts, which were immediately driven in, and all was given up as lost. But Ney ordered the trumpets to sound the charge, and with the cheering words, "Comrades, now is the moment; forward, they are ours," rallied their courage to the assault, and the Cossacks fled. Thinking their general saw what they did not see, and that the enemy were cut off, the soldiers pressed forward where otherwise they would have yielded and fled. At length, with only *fifteen hundred* men out of the

forty thousand with which he had started, he arrived near Orcha, and near the French army. When Bonaparte heard of it, he exclaimed, "I have three hundred millions in my coffers in the Tuileries, I would willingly have given them to save Marshal Ney." Well he might, and half his empire with it, for without him he had been a throneless emperor. The meeting of Bonaparte and his brave marshal shows the profound impression the conduct of the latter had made on him. As his eye fell on the worn yet still proud unconquerable veteran, he exclaimed, "What a man, what a soldier!" But words failed to express his admiration, and he clasped the stern warrior to his bosom and embraced him with all the rapture one hero embraces another.

But Ney's exhausting efforts were not yet over. Bonaparte dared not relieve him from his dangerous and important post. Though the rear-guard had melted away again and again under his command, he still renewed its ranks, and presented the same determined front to the enemy. At the awful passage of the Beresina, he stood again between the army and destruction. At length, the scattered remnants of the French Legions reached the Niemen, the boundary of the Russian territory. Ney arrived destitute of troops—the rear-guard had again melted away. Collecting in haste a few hundred men, whom he found in the town (Wilna), he planted twenty-four cannon on the redoubts, and kept back the enemy all day, while the army was retiring. The next morning, he continued his defence, but the soldiers, seeing

their comrades bending their footsteps towards France, and away from the bullets of the Russians, began to follow after, till he was left almost alone. Still true to his duty, he continued to cover the retreat of the army he had so often saved. All had not yet passed the Niemen, and by dint of persuasion, and threats, and promises, he collected *thirty* men around him, and with musket in hand defended with this handful the gate of Wilna. At length, when the last soldier was over, he slowly retired through the streets with his face to the enemy, and, crossing the river, "*was the last of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory.*"

Gumbinnen was the first place in Germany, after crossing the river, at which rest could be obtained. General Dumas, who was sick, had just entered the house of a French physician in this town, when a man accosted him whom he took to be a perfect stranger. His powerful form was wrapped in a large military cloak—his beard was long and untrimmed—his countenance begrimed with powder, and his whiskers half-burned off, while his emaciated face spoke of toils and privations of no common magnitude. But his eye still burned with that lustre no one ever forgot who once saw it in battle. "What," said the stranger, "General Dumas, do you not know me?" "No," replied Dumas, "who are you?" "I am the rear-guard of the grand army, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown into the Nieman the last of our arms; and I have walked hither as you see me

across the forests." He had done all that man could do—fought till his army was annihilated, then formed another, created means where they did not exist—sustained the sinking courage of his followers when all before him was blank and hopeless—struggled at last with a few hundred, and then thirty, and then alone, as rear-guard of the army, and finally on foot, and almost unattended, crossed the forests to the remnant of that army.

We cannot follow him through the campaign of 1813. He fought beside the emperor, though his fortunes were evidently declining. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, Denonewitz, Leipzic, and many other places, he exhibited his accustomed skill and bravery. After the abdication of Napoleon, he lived in Paris in almost entire seclusion. Too rough for the polished society of the French capital, and too stern and grave to be dissipated, he dwelt by himself. His palace was elegantly furnished; and his wife, fond of gayety and luxury, entertained her friends there, while he would be dining by himself, musing over the stormy and adventurous life he had led. Sick of the inactive, monotonous life of Paris, he retired to his country-seat, where, in the sports of the field, he could find some relief to his restlessness. It was here he received his unexpected order to join the Sixth Military Division. On arriving at Paris, he learned to his astonishment that Bonaparte had left Elba, and was on his way to the capital. Here we approach the only dark spot in his history. The defence his own friends make for him fails to exculpate him. Bona-



parte's star had apparently set for ever at his exile, and Ney did perfectly right to sustain the government of France; but he had no right to betray the trust his monarch reposed in him, and go over with his army to the side of the invader. He, by this act, became a traitor; but his treason had more excuses than the like crime ever had before. At first, he regarded the descent of Napoleon on the shores of France, as the most extravagant rashness, and designed, as he declared, to bring him a prisoner to Paris. But he had hardly set out on his expedition before Bonaparte began to ply him with those arts he knew so well how to use. He had made Ney what he was, and he appealed to the gratitude of the noble-hearted veteran. He had stood by his side in the smoke and thunder of battle, and he recalled these scenes to his imagination. They had been warriors together in danger, and Bonaparte excited him with those recollections, so calculated to move a heart like his. He kept his emissaries constantly about him, representing to him the utter feebleness and imbecility of the Bourbon throne—he called him again the “bravest of the brave,” and entreated him not to fight against his old companion and king. At the same time he promised peace to France, and all that Ney could desire. A plain blunt soldier—with a heart full of great affections for heroes like himself, what wonder is it that his constancy shook! Added to all this, the emissaries of Bonaparte had at length affected the fidelity of the army, and while Ney was wavering, his soldiers had already deter-

mined for Napoleon. He felt he could not resist the tide if he would, while he evidently had lost all desire to do so. His act of treason has many palliations; still it was unworthy of him. If his old affections and his gratitude were too strong to allow him to fight against his *former* monarch, his honor should have prevented him from fighting against his *new* one. He should have returned and resigned his command, and retired from the contest. He himself afterwards felt so. The excitement and enthusiasm under which he had acted had passed away, and he saw the transaction in a clear and just light. It weighed on his heart, and he grew melancholy and spiritless. He had lost his self-respect: and his honor, which he heretofore had kept bright as his sword, was tarnished. Kindly feelings had conquered him whom no enemy could subdue, and now the eye no danger could daunt or hardship dim, became dull and lustreless. That glorious forehead, that had been the terror of so many hundred battles, had a spot upon it, and Ney felt feebler than in the hour of extremest peril. Remorse knawed at his heart, and the feeling of personal dignity was gone for ever. He became morose and restless, and not until ordered by Bonaparte to Lille, "if he would see the first battle," did he evince any of his old fire. This single fact is the greatest apology we could offer for him. It shows that, whatever his *act* may be, his *heart* was not that of a traitor. It was not the deliberate treason of a villain, but the sudden impulse of a man too frequently governed by his feelings. He afterwards

doubtless hoped, in the excitement of battle, to rid himself of his remorse, and perhaps by his valor to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on his name.

His last charge at Waterloo, showed that the firmness and bravery of the man were undiminished. It is true, the Old Guard was not what it had been. It required the experience and training of the veterans that fell, in the snow-drifts of Russia. But still it was "the Old Guard," which had ever regarded itself the prop and pride of Bonaparte. It was the same that had gained him so many battles—the same that at Krasnoi, in the retreat from Russia, when reduced to a little band, closed round their emperor and marched past the Russian batteries; playing in the hottest of the fire the popular air, "*Ou peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*" It was the "unconquerable guard."

From eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon the battle had raged, while victory perched on neither standard. The heavy French cavalry had charged the English squares in vain. Jerome Bonaparte had left fourteen hundred men around Hougoumont. The centre of the English lines had not yielded an inch, yet, exhausted and worn, they stood less firmly in their places. The Old Guard had remained passive spectators of the scene during the whole day, being reserved for the last moment to complete the victory. At this juncture, the head of the Prussian columns appeared on the field. Fifty thousand fresh troops added to the English army would make the odds too great. Instead of retiring, till Grouchy could come

up and restore the balance, Bonaparte took the rash and desperate resolution of bringing his entire reserve into the field, and with one awful charge break the centre, and prevent the threatened junction of the two armies. For this purpose he called up the Old Guard, and placing himself at their head marched down the slope, and, halting in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, vehement manner. He told them everything rested on their valor. They answered with the shout "*Vive l'Empereur*," that was heard all along the British lines. He then placed them under Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power Ney carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole battalion. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of Macdonald, we do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he. The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, now blazing out in its

ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to put Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. We almost forget Napoleon's ambition and guilt in our sympathy with him in this critical moment of his life. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, "*La garde recule,*" "*La garde recule,*" make us for the moment almost wish he had gained the day. Ney felt the immense responsibility resting upon him. He felt the pressure of an empire on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines. Without the beating of a drum or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole columns disappearing one after

another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The column closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till *five* had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But the sudden firing of that hitherto unseen rank into their very faces, pouring a sheet of flame into their bosoms, was too much for human courage. They reeled, shook, turned, and fled. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him back, he would have stood alone and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares and endeavored to stem the terrific tide, and would have done so, had it not been for the fifty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time they stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though we believe Ney did what no other man in Europe could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had

blazed so balefully over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

We now come to the expiation of his treason by a public execution. The allies, after they assembled in Paris, demanded some victims to appease their anger. Many were selected, but better counsel prevailed, and they were saved. Ney was a prominent example; he had routed their armies too frequently, and too nearly wrested their crowns from them at Waterloo, to be forgiven. Though no more guilty than Marshal Soult, and many others, it was impossible to save him. It was intended at first to try him by martial law, but the marshals of France refused to sit in judgment on so brave, generous, and heroic a warrior. By a royal ordinance, the Chamber of Peers was directed to try him. Scorning to take advantage of any technicalities of law, he was speedily found guilty and condemned to death, by a majority of a hundred and fifty-two. Seventeen only were found to vote in his favor. That he was guilty of treason, in the letter of the charge, is evident, but not to that extent which demanded his death. No man had done more for France than he, or loved her honor and glory with a higher affection; and his ignominious death is a lasting disgrace to the French nation. Justice was the *excuse* not the *ground* of his condemnation. To have carried out

the principle on which his sentence was based, would have ended in a public massacre. Ney and Labeledoyere were the only victims offered up to appease an unjust hatred. Wellington should have interfered to save so gallant an enemy at the hazard of his own life; but honor was forgotten in the public clamor, and the sentence, which might at least have been commuted into banishment, was carried out to the letter. *Ney was publicly shot by Frenchmen.* His last moments did not disgrace his life. He was called from his bed to hear his sentence read. As the preamble went on enumerating his many titles, he hastily broke in—"Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier and soon a heap of dust?" The last interview with his wife and children shook his stern heart more than all the battles he had passed through, or his approaching death. This over, he resumed his wonted calmness. In reply to one of his sentinels, who said, "Marshal, you should now think of death," he replied, "Do you suppose any one should teach me to die?" But recollecting himself, he added in a milder tone, "Comrade, you are right, send for the curate of St. Sulpice; I will die as becomes a Christian!" The place is still shown in the gardens of the Luxembourg where he was executed. As he alighted from the coach, he advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the same calm mien he was wont to exhibit on the field of battle. An officer stepping forward to bandage his eyes, he stopped him with the proud interrogation, "Are you ignorant



that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?" He then took off his hat, and with his eagle eye, now subdued and solemn, turned towards heaven, said, with the same calm and decided voice that had turned the tide of so many battles, "I declare, before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy, *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and gazing on them a moment, struck one hand upon his heart and said, "My comrades, fire on me." Ten balls entered him, and he fell dead. Shame upon his judges, that for a single act could condemn one braver and nobler than them all, to so base a death. If France never has a worse traitor, the day of her betrayal will never come, and if she never has a worse defender, disgrace will never visit her armies. Says Colonel Napier, in speaking of his death, "thus he who had fought *five hundred battles* for France—not *one* against her—was shot as a traitor."

His father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and the glory of his name, was never told of his ignominious death. He was at this time eighty-eight years of age, and lived to be a hundred years old. He saw by the mourning weeds on his family that some catastrophe had happened, and his father's heart told but too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no inquiries, and, though he lived twelve years after, never mentioned his son's name, and was never told of his fate. He knew he was dead, but he asked not how or where he died.

The great fault in Ney's character was indolence. Unless his energies were summoned from their repose by some pressing danger, he was inclined to inactivity. Yet this tendency, which has so often been severely censured, is almost necessarily associated with the prodigious power and resolution he possessed. The lion is not easily roused, and strength is always immobile till there is a call equal to its capacity. The heavy English squares can never be converted into light troops without losing their invincible tenacity. Bonaparte possessed in an extraordinary degree the strange combination of high nervous excitement—constant activity and headlong impetuosity—with unconquerable endurance, steady courage, and clear and comprehensive judgment. In this, he was unlike almost any other man in history. Ney had not this combination, and we would like to have those who criticise his character point to one besides Napoleon that has.

He was also plain and direct, even to bluntness, and often offended his friends by the freedom with which he spoke of their errors. He never lost sight of his low origin, and was never ashamed of it. To some young officers, boasting of their rank, titles, etc., he said, "Gentlemen, I was less fortunate than you. I got nothing from my family, and I esteemed myself rich at Metz, when I had two loaves of bread on my table." Simple and austere in his habits, he reminds one of an old Greek or Roman hero. The vacillation of feeling which caused him to commit the great error of his life, adds to our sympathy for him, while

it injures the perfection of his character. It led him to be a humane soldier, and when second in command frequently to disobey orders for the execution of criminals. He was a kind yet fearless commander, an untiring and skillful leader, and a warm-hearted and noble man.

## MARSHAL MURAT.\*

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ACHILLE, the eldest son of Murat, formerly King of the Two Sicilies, is now a planter in Florida. Fleeing from France he came to our country, and found an asylum on our shores, the place of refuge to so many of those stern and restless spirits that once unsettled Europe from her repose. Kings, and princes, and marshals, and nobles, have in turn been forced to take shelter under our eagle, to escape imprisonment and death at home. The life and fate of Murat were forcibly recalled to us not long since, as we stood in his palace, near Naples—left just as he furnished it, and gazed on his portrait, still hanging where he placed it. It is singular that we have no good biographies of Bonaparte's distinguished generals. Many of them being men of striking intellectual qualities, great military ability, heroic courage, and with lives filled with great actions and thrilling adventures, they furnish materials for most lively and interesting sketches,

\* *Vie publique et privée de JOACHIM MURAT, composée d'après des matériaux authentiques la plupart inconnue, et contenant des particularités inédites sur ses premières années.* PARIS.



MURAT.

*J. M. Russett*



which notwithstanding have never been written. The French Revolution brought strange beings to the surface, of whose existence man never dreamed before. Demagogues, and statesmen, and orators, rose in turn from the heretofore despised mass, and disputed with kings, as if accustomed their life long to such encounters. And as the Revolution called out what intellectual force was in the French people, so did Bonaparte's wonderful career bring into the field whatever military talent and genius the nation possessed. The young Corsican, rising steadily by his great achievements from a subaltern in the artillery to the commander-in-chief of the French army, drew all eyes and hearts after him. Besides, the same causes which called out the energies of Napoleon, brought forth also those of other men. The formation of a republican army, led by republican generals, left the field of fame open to every aspirant, and thousands rushed on it, some to succeed and many to fall. This sudden removal of all privileges and prerogatives, and appealing simply to the entire native force and talent of a people, develop strength and power that are absolutely awful. The almost miraculous growth of our own country exhibits the extent and greatness of this power exerted in the peaceful channels of commerce and internal improvements; while the empire of France, overshadowing Europe and making playthings of thrones, illustrates the force of this hidden strength when concentrated into armies. The utter breaking up of old systems and old ranks, and the summoning to the battle-field, by a continent in

arms, exhausted the entire military talent of France. Three classes of men especially rejoiced in the state of things that made great military deeds the sure road to fame and fortune. The first was composed of those stern and powerful men whose whole inherent force must out in action or slumber on for ever. In peaceful times they make but common men, for there is nothing on which they can expend the prodigious active energy they possess; but in agitated times, when a throne can be won by a strong arm and a daring spirit, they arouse themselves, and move amid the tumult completely at home. At the head of this class stands Marshal Ney—the proud, stern, invincible soldier, who acquired the title of “the bravest of the brave.”

A second class of reckless, daring spirits, who love the excitement of danger, and the still greater excitement of gaining or losing everything on a single throw, always flourish in great commotions. In times of peace, they would be distinguished only as roving adventurers, or reckless, dissipated youth of some country village. In war, they often perform desperate deeds, and by their headlong valor secure for themselves a place among those who go down to immortality. At the head of this class stands Marshal Junot, who acquired the sobriquet of “*La tempête*,” The tempest.”

A third class is composed of the few men left of a chivalric age. They have an innate love of glory from their youth, and live more by imagination in the days of knighthood, than amid the practical scenes



that surround them. Longing for the field where great *deeds* are to be done, they cannot be forced into the severe and steady mental labor necessary to success in ordinary times. To them life is worthless destitute of brilliant achievements, and there is nothing brilliant that is not *outwardly* so. In peace, such men simply do nothing, and dream away half their life, while the other half is made up of blunders, and good and bad impulses. But in turbulent times, they are your decided characters. The doubts and opposing reasons that distract others have no influence over them. Following their impulses, they move to a higher feeling than the mere calculator of good and evil. At the head of this class stands, as a patriot, the lazy Patrick Henry, and as a warrior, the chivalric Murat. The latter, however, was an *active* rather than a *passive* dreamer—pursuing, rather than contemplating, a fancied good, and *he* acquired the name of the "*Preux chevalier*."

Joachim Murat was born March 25th, 1767, in Bastide, a little village, twelve miles from Cahors. His father was the landlord of a little tavern in the place. He was honest and industrious, with a large family, differing in no way from the children of any other country landlord, with the exception of Joachim, who was regarded the most reckless, daring boy in the place. He rode a horse like a young Bedouin, and it was around his father's stable he first acquired that firm and easy seat in the saddle, that afterwards made him the most remarkable horseman of his age. The high and fiery spirit of the boy marked him out

at an early age as a child of promise, and he became the Benjamin of his parents. The father had once been a steward in the Talleyrand family, and through its influence young Murat was received, at nine years of age, into the college of Cahors, and entered on a course of studies, preparatory to the church.

Young Murat was destined by his parents to the priestly office, for which he was about as much fitted by nature as Talleyrand himself. But nothing could make a scholar of him. Neglecting his studies and engaged in every frolic, he was disliked by his instructors and beloved by his companions. The "Abbé Murat," as he was jocularly termed, did nothing that corresponded to his title, but on the contrary everything opposed to it. His teachers prophesied evil of him, and declared him, at length, fit for nothing but a soldier, and they, for once, were right. Leaving Cahors, he entered the college at Toulouse, no wiser than when he commenced his ecclesiastical education. Many adventures are told of him while at the latter place, which, whether apocryphal or not, were all worthy of the reckless young libertine. At length, falling in love with a pretty girl of the city, he fought for her, and carrying off his prize lived with her concealed till the last sous was gone, and then appeared among his companions again. This put an end to his clerical hopes, and, throwing off his professional garb, he enlisted in a fit of desperation into a regiment of chasseurs that happened at that time to be passing through the city. Becoming tired of the restraint of the camp, he wrote

to his brother to obtain his dismissal, which was promised, on condition he would resume his theological studies. The promise was given, and he returned to his books, but the ennui of such a life was greater than that of a camp, and he soon left school and went to his father's house, and again employed himself in the stables. Disgusted with the business of an ostler, he again entered the army. The third time he became sick of his employment, and asked for his dismissal. It was about this time he cheated an old miser out of a hundred francs, by passing off a gilded snuff-box for a gold one. But money was not the motive that prompted him to this trick. A young friend had enlisted in the army, and had no way of escape except by raising a certain sum of money, which was out of his power to do. It was to obtain this for his friend, Murat cheated the old man. But the Revolution beginning now to agitate Paris, Murat's spirit took fire, and having obtained a situation in the constitutional guard of Louis Sixteenth, he hastened with young Bessières, born in the same village, to the capital, and there laid the foundation of his after career, which made him the most distinguished of Napoleon's marshals. An ultra-republican, his sentiments, of which he made no secret, often brought him into difficulty, so that it is said he fought six duels in a single month. At this time he was twenty-two years of age, tall, handsome, and almost perfectly formed, and with a gait and bearing that made him the admiration of every beholder.

During the Reign of Terror, he was a violent repub-

lican, and advanced through the grades of lieutenant and captain to that of major. In 1795, having been of some service to Napoleon in Paris, the latter, when he was appointed to command the army in Italy, made him a member of his personal staff. Here, beside the rising Corsican, commenced his brilliant career. With the words, "Honor and the ladies," engraved on the blade of his sword—words characteristic of the chivalric spirit of the man, he passed through the Italian campaign second only to Bonaparte in the valorous deeds that were wrought. At Montenotte, Miliesimo, Dego, Mondovi, Rivoli, &c., he proved the clear-sightedness of Napoleon in selecting him for a companion in the perilous path he had marked out for himself. He was made the bearer of the colors taken in this campaign, to the Directory, and was promoted to the rank of general of brigade. He soon after accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, where he grew weary and discontented in the new warfare he had to encounter. In the first place, cavalry was less efficient than infantry against the wild Mamelukes. When twenty thousand of those fierce warriors, mounted on the fleet steeds of the desert, came flying down on their mad gallop, nothing but the close and serried ranks of infantry, and the fixed bayonet, could arrest their progress. Besides, what was a charge of cavalry against those fleet horsemen, whose onset and retreat were too rapid for the heavy-armed French cuirassiers to return or pursue. Murat grew desperate in such a position, and was seen with Lannes once to tear off his cockade

and trample it in anger under his feet. Besides, the taking of pyramids and deserts was not the kind of victory that suited his nature.

But at Aboukir, where he was appointed by Napoleon to force the centre of the Turkish lines, he showed what wild work he could make with his cavalry. He rode straight through the Turkish ranks, and drove column after column into the sea; and in one of his fierce charges dashed into the camp of Mustapha Pacha, and, reining up his magnificent steed beside him, made him prisoner with his own hands. His brilliant achievements in this battle fixed him for ever in the affections of Napoleon, who soon after made him one of the few who were to return with him to France. During that long and anxious voyage Murat was by his side, and when the vessel in which they sailed was forced by adverse winds into the port of Ajaccio, he visited with the bold Corsican the scenes of his childhood.

In the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which placed Bonaparte in supreme power, Joachim took a conspicuous part, and did perhaps more than any other single general for the usurper. In that crisis of Napoleon's life when he stalked into the Council of the Five Hundred, already thrown into tumultuous excitement by the news of his usurpation, and the startling cry, "Down with the tyrant," met his ear, Murat was by to save him. "Charge bayonets," said he to the battalion of soldiers under him, and with firm step and leveled pieces they marched into the hall and dissolved the Assembly. Soon after, being at the

time thirty-three years of age, he married Caroline Bonaparte, the youngest sister of the emperor, then in all the bloom and freshness of eighteen. The handsome person and dashing manners of Murat pleased her more than the higher-born Moreau. In a fortnight after his marriage he was on his way with his brother-in-law to cross the St. Bernard into Italy. At Marengo, he commanded the cavalry, and, for his great exploits in this important battle, received from the consular government a magnificent sword. Bonaparte, as emperor, never ceased lavishing honors on his favorite brother-in-law. He went up from General of Brigade to General of Division, then to Commander of the National Guard, Marshal, Grand Admiral, Prince of the Empire, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, and was finally made King of Naples.

The "Abbé Murat" had gone through some changes since he was studying theology at Toulouse.

It is not our design to enter in detail into the history of Murat, but having given the steps by which he ascended to greatness, speak only of those acts which illustrate the great points of his character. In the campaign of 1805—at Wertingen, Vienna, and Austerlitz, and other fields of fame—in 1806-7 at Jena, Lubeck, Eylau, and Friedland—in 1808, overthrowing the Spanish Bourbons, and placing the crown in Napoleon's hands, he is the same victorious leader and intrepid man.

His three distinguishing characteristics were, high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and almost

unparalleled coolness in the hour of extremest peril. Added to all this, Nature had lavished her gifts on the mere physical man. His form was tall and finely proportioned—his tread like that of a king—his face striking and noble, while his piercing glance few men could bear. This was Murat on foot, but place him on horseback, and he was still more imposing. He never mounted a steed that was not worthy of the boldest knight of ancient days, and his incomparable seat made both horse and rider an object of universal admiration. The English invariably condemn the theatrical costume he always wore, as an evidence of folly, but we think it is all in keeping with his character. He was not a man of deep thought and compact mind, but he was an oriental in his tastes, and loved everything gorgeous and imposing. He usually wore a rich Polish dress, with the collar ornamented with gold brocade, ample pantaloons, scarlet or purple, and embroidered with gold; boots of yellow leather, while a straight diamond-hilted sword, like that worn by the ancient Romans, hanging from a girdle of gold brocade, completed his dashing exterior. He wore heavy black whiskers, and long black locks, which streamed over his shoulders and contrasted singularly with his fiery blue eye. On his head he wore a three-cornered chapeau, from which rose a magnificent white plume that bent under the profusion of ostrich feathers, while beside it, and in the same gold band, towered away a splendid heron plume. Over all this brilliant costume he wore, in cold weather, a pelisse of green velvet, lined and fringed with the costliest

sables. Neither did he forget his horse in this gorgeous appareling, but had him adorned with the rich Turkish stirrup and bridle, and almost covered with azure-colored trappings. Had all this finery been piled on a diminutive man, or an indifferent rider like Bonaparte, it would have appeared ridiculous; but on the splendid charger and still more majestic figure and bearing of Murat, it seemed all in place and keeping. This dazzling exterior always made him a mark for the enemy's bullets in battle, and it is a wonder that so conspicuous an object was never shot down. Perhaps there never was a greater contrast between two men than between Murat and Napoleon, when they rode together along the lines previous to battle. The square figure, plain three-cornered hat, leather breeches, brown surtout, and careless seat of Napoleon, were the direct counterpart of the magnificent display and imposing attitude of his chivalric brother-in-law. To see Murat decked out in this extravagant costume at a review, might create a smile; but whoever once saw that gayly-caparisoned steed with its commanding rider in the front rank of battle, plunging like a thunderbolt through the broken ranks, or watched the progress of that towering white plume, as floating high over the tens of thousands that struggled behind it—a constant mark to the cannon-balls that whistled like hailstones around it—never felt like smiling again at Murat. Especially would he forget those gilded trappings when he saw him return from a charge, with his diamond-hilted sword dripping with blood, his gay uniform riddled with balls and singed



and blackened with powder, while his strong war-horse was streaked with foam and blood, and reeking with sweat. That white plume was the banner to the host he led, and, while it continued fluttering over the field of the slain, hope was never relinquished. Many a time has Napoleon seen it glancing like a beam of light to the charge, and watched its progress like the star of his destiny, as it struggled for awhile in the hottest of the fight, and then smiled in joy as he beheld it burst through the thick ranks of infantry, scattering them from his path like chaff before the wind.

We said the three great distinguishing traits of Murat were high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and wonderful coolness in the hour of danger. Napoleon once said, that in battle he was probably the bravest man in the world. There was something more than mere success to him in a battle. He invested it with a sort of glory in itself—threw an air of romance about it all, and fought frequently, we believe, almost in an imaginary world. The device on his sword, so like the knights of old—his very costume, copied from those warriors who lived in more chivalric days, and his heroic manner and bearing as he led his troops into battle, prove him to be wholly unlike all other generals of that time. In his person, at least, he restored the days of knight-hood. He himself unconsciously lets out this peculiarity, in speaking of his battle on Mount Tabor, with the Turks. On the top of this hill, Kleber, with five thousand men, found himself hemmed in by

thirty thousand Turks. Fifteen thousand cavalry first came thundering down on this band of five thousand, arranged in the form of a square. For six hours they maintained that unequal combat, when Napoleon arrived with succor on a neighboring hill. As he looked down on Mount Tabor, he could see nothing but a countless multitude covering the summit of the hill, and swaying and tossing amid the smoke that curtained them in. It was only by the steady volleys and simultaneous flashes of musketry, that he could distinguish where his own brave soldiers maintained their ground. The shot of a solitary twelve-pounder, which he fired toward the mountain, first announced to his exhausted countrymen that relief was at hand. The ranks then, for the first time, ceased acting on the defensive, and, extending themselves, charged bayonet. It was against such terrible odds Murat loved to fight, and in this engagement he outdid himself. He regarded it the greatest battle he ever fought. Once he was nearly alone in the centre of a large body of Turkish cavalry. All around, nothing was visible but a mass of turbaned heads and flashing cimeters, except in the centre, where was seen a single white plume tossing like a rent banner over the throng. For awhile the battle thickened where it stooped and rose, as Murat's strong war-horse reared and plunged amid the sabre-strokes that fell like lightning on every side—and then the multitude surged back, as a single rider burst through covered with his own blood and that of his foes, and his arm red to the elbow that grasped his dripping

sword. His steed staggered under him and seemed ready to fall, while the blood poured in streams from his sides. But Murat's eye seemed to burn with fourfold lustre, and with a shout those who surrounded him never forgot to their latest day, he wheeled his exhausted steed on the foe, and at the head of a body of his own cavalry trampled everything down that opposed his progress. Speaking of this terrible fight, Murat said that, in the hottest of it, he thought of Christ, and his transfiguration on that same spot nearly two thousand years before, and it gave him tenfold courage and strength. Covered with wounds, he was promoted in rank on the spot. This single fact throws a flood of light on Murat's character, and shows what visions of glory often rose before him in battle, giving to his whole movement and aspect a greatness and dignity that could not be assumed.

None could appreciate this chivalrous bearing of Murat more than the wild Cossacks. In the memorable Russian campaign, he was called from his throne at Naples to take command of the cavalry, and performed prodigies of valor in that disastrous war. When the steeples and towers of Moscow at length rose on the sight, Murat, looking at his soiled and battle-worn garments, declared them unbecoming so great an occasion as the triumphal entrance into the Russian capital, and retired and dressed himself in his most magnificent costume, and thus appareled rode at the head of his squadrons into the deserted city. The Cossacks had never seen a man that would compare with Murat in the splendor of his garb, the beauty of

his horsemanship, and, more than all, in his incredible daring in battle. Those wild children of the desert would often stop, amazed, and gaze in silent admiration, as they saw him dash, single-handed, into the thickest of their ranks, and scatter a score of their most renowned warriors from his path, as if he were a bolt from heaven. His effect upon these children of nature, and the prodigies he wrought among them, seem to belong to the age of romance rather than to our practical times. They never saw him on his magnificent steed, sweeping to the charge, his tall white plume streaming behind him, without sending up a shout of admiration before they closed in conflict.

In approaching Moscow, Murat, with a few troops, had left Gjatz somewhat in advance of the grand army, and finding himself constantly annoyed by the hordes of Cossacks that hovered around him, now wheeling away in the distance, and now dashing up to his columns, compelling them to deploy, lost all patience, and obeying one of those chivalric impulses that so often hurled him into the most desperate straits, put spurs to his horse, and galloping all alone up to the astonished squadrons, halted right in front of them, and cried out in a tone of command, "Clear the way, reptiles!" Awed by his manner and voice, they immediately dispersed. During the armistice, while the Russians were evacuating Moscow, these sons of the wilderness flocked by thousands around him. As they saw him reining his high-spirited steed towards them, they sent up a shout of applause, and rushed forward to gaze on one they had seen carry-

ing such terrors through their ranks. They called him their "hetman,"—the highest honor they could confer on him—and kept up an incessant jargon as they examined him and his richly caparisoned horse. They would now point to his steed—now to his costume, and then to his white plume, while they fairly recoiled before his piercing glance. Murat was so much pleased by the homage of these simple-hearted warriors, that he distributed among them all the money he had, and all he could borrow from the officers about him, and finally his watch, and then the watches of his friends. He had made many presents to them before; for often, in battle, he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunging directly into the midst of the enemy engage him single-handed, and take him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck or some other rich ornament attached to his person.

We said, also, he was a good general, though we know this is often disputed. Nothing is more common than the belief that an impulsive, headlong man cannot be clear-headed, while history proves that few others ever accomplish anything. From Alexander down to Bonaparte, your impetuous beings have always had the grandest plans, and executed them. Yet, men will retain their prejudices, and you cannot convince them that the silent, grave owl is not wiser than the talkative parrot, though the reverse is indisputably true. There could hardly be a more impetuous man than Bonaparte, and he had a clearer

head and a sounder judgment than all his generals put together. Murat's impulses were often stronger than his reason, and in that way detracted from his generalship. Besides, he was *too* brave, and never counted his enemy. He seemed to think he was not made to be killed in battle, or to be defeated. Bonaparte had great confidence in his judgment when he was cool, and consulted him perhaps more than any other of his generals upon the plan of an anticipated battle. On these occasions, Murat never flattered, but expressed his opinions in the plainest, most direct language, and often differed materially from his brother-in-law. Perhaps no one ever had greater skill than Napoleon in judging of the position of the enemy; and in the midst of battle, and in the confusion of conflicting columns, his perceptions were like lightning. Yet, in these great qualities, Murat was nearly his equal. His *plans* were never reckless, but the manner he carried them out was desperation itself. Said Bonaparte of him, "He was my right arm—he was a paladin in the field—the best cavalry officer in the world." Murat loved Bonaparte with supreme devotion, and bore with his impatience and irascibility, and even dissipated them by his good-humor. Once, however, Bonaparte irritated him beyond endurance. Murat foresaw the result of a march to Moscow, and expostulated with his brother-in-law on the perilous undertaking. The dispute ran high, and Murat pointed to the lateness of the season and the inevitable ruin in which the winter, so close at hand, would involve the army. Bonaparte, more

passionate than usual, because he felt that Murat had the right of it, as he had a few days before, when he besought him not to attack Smolensko because the Russians would evacuate it of their own accord, made some reply which was heard only by the latter, but which stung him so to the quick that he simply replied, "A march to Moscow will be the destruction of the army," and spurred his horse straight into the fire of a Russian battery. Bonaparte had touched him in some sore spot, and he determined to wipe out the disgrace by his death. He ordered all his guard to leave him, and sat there on his magnificent steed with his piercing eye turned full on the battery, calmly waiting the ball that should shatter him. A more striking subject for a picture was scarce ever furnished than he exhibited in that attitude. There stood his high-mettled and richly caparisoned charger, with arching neck and dilated eye, giving ever and anon a slight shiver at each explosion of the artillery that ploughed up the turf at his feet, while Murat, in his splendid attire, sat calmy on his back, with his ample breast turned full on the fire, and his proud lip curled in defiance, and his tall white plume waving to and fro in the air, as the bullets whistled by it—the impersonation of calm courage and heroic daring. At length, casting his eye round, he saw General Belliard still by his side. He asked him why he did not withdraw. "Every man," he replied, "is master of his own life, and as your majesty seems determined to dispose of your own, I must be allowed to fall beside you." This fidelity and love struck the generous

heart of Murat, and he turned his horse and galloped out of the fire. The affection of a single man could conquer him, at any time, whom the enemy seemed unable to overcome. His own life was nothing, but the life of a friend was surpassingly dear to him.

As proof that he was an able general as well as a brave man, we need only refer to the campaign of 1805. He commenced this campaign by the victory of Wertingen—took three thousand prisoners at Langenau, advanced upon Neresheim, charged the enemy and made three thousand prisoners, marched to Norlingen and compelled the whole division of Weernes to surrender, beat Prince Ferdinand, and, hurrying after the enemy, overtook the rear-guard of the Austrians, charged them and took five hundred prisoners—took Ems, and again beat the enemy on the heights of Amstetten, and made eighteen hundred prisoners—pushed on to Saint Polten, entered Vienna, and, without stopping, pressed on after the Russians, and, overtaking their rear-guard, made two thousand prisoners, and crowned his rapid, brilliant career with prodigies of valor that filled all Europe with admiration, on the field of Austerlitz. In that battle, Murat, as usual, was stationed behind the lines with the cavalry. It was to him that Bonaparte always looked to complete his victories. It is hard to describe the conflicts of cavalry, for it is a succession of shocks, each lasting but a short time, while the infantry will struggle for hours, enabling one to view and describe every step and stage of the contest. Hence it is



that, in descriptions of battles, the separate deeds of cavalry officers are slightly passed over—the shock and the overthrow prevent the proper appreciation of individual acts. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scene on which the “sun of Austerlitz” arose. A hundred and fifty-five thousand men met in mortal combat. From sunrise till nightfall, the battle raged and victory wavered, while the rapidly falling columns, and the ensanguined, cumbered field, told how awful was the carnage. But amid the roar of a thousand cannon and the incessant discharge of musketry, the muffled sound of Murat’s terrible shocks of cavalry was heard, making the battle-field tremble beneath their feet. Nothing, it is said, could be more awful than this dull, heavy sound of his charging squadrons, rising at regular intervals over the roar of combat.

Bonaparte usually put fifteen or twenty thousand cavalry under Murat, and placed them in reserve behind the lines, and when he ordered the charge he was almost certain of victory. After a long and wasting fight, in which the infantry struggled with almost equal success, and separate bodies of cavalry had effected but little, Bonaparte would order him down with his enormous weight of cavalry. It is said that his eye always brightened as he saw that magnificent body begin to move, and he watched the progress of that single white plume, which was always visible above the ranks, with the intensest interest. *Where* it went he knew were broken ranks and trampled men, and *while* it went he knew that

defeat was impossible. Like Ney, he carried immense moral force with him. Not only were his followers inspired by his personal appearance and incredible daring, but he had acquired the reputation of being invincible, and when he ordered the charge, every man, both friend and foe, knew it was to be the most desperate one human power could make. And then the appearance of twenty thousand horsemen coming down on the dead gallop, led by such a man, was enough to send terror through any infantry.

The battle of Valentina exhibited an instance of this moral force of Murat. He had ordered Junot to cross a marshy flat and charge the flank of the Russians while he poured his strong cuirassiers on the centre. Charging like a storm with his own men, he was surprised to find that Junot had not obeyed his command. Without waiting for his guard he wheeled his horse, and galloping alone through the wasting fire, rode up to him and demanded why he had not obeyed his order. Junot replied that he could not induce the Westphalian cavalry to stir, so dreadful was the fire where they were ordered to advance. Murat made no reply, but reining his steed up in front of the squadron, waved his sword over his head and dashed straight into the sharp shooters, followed by that hitherto wavering cavalry as if they had forgotten there was such a thing as danger. The Russians were scattered like pebbles from his path; then turning to Junot, he said, "There, thy marshal's staff is half earned for thee; do the rest thyself."

At Jena, after the Prussians began their retreat in an orderly manner, and no efforts of the infantry could break their array, Bonaparte ordered Murat to charge. With twelve thousand horsemen following hard after him, cheering as they came, he fell on the exhausted columns, and trampled them like grass beneath his feet, and although Ruchel with his reserve just then came up in battle array, nothing could resist the fury of Murat's successive onsets, and the defeat was changed into a general rout. We find him also, at Friedland, bursting with his impetuous charges through the allied ranks. But it is at Eylau that he always appears to us in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in midwinter, in 1807, was the most important and dreadful one that had yet occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a *complete* victory, on either side, would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all—no victory was ever so like a defeat, and Murat alone saved him. The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-five thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the field of snow on which they had slept the night of the 7th of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left, was utterly routed early in the morning. Advancing through a snow-storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon, fired half at random, mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire,

while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances, before they were visible through the driving snow. Hemmed about and overthrown, the whole division, composed of sixteen thousand men, with the exception of fifteen hundred, were captured or slain. Just then, the snow-storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the remnant of Augereau's division, scattered and flying over the field, while four thousand Russians were close to the hill on which he stood with only a hundred men around him. Saving himself from being made prisoner by his cool self-possession, he saw, at a glance, the peril to which he was brought by the destruction of Augereau and the defeat of Soult, and immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was farther from Bonaparte's wishes or expectations than the bringing of his reserve cavalry into the engagement at this early stage of the battle—but there was no other resource left him. Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself for the hundredth time worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle-field at this moment. Bonaparte and the empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. *Seventy squadrons*, making in all fourteen thousand well-mounted men, began to move over the slope. Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as

he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, and then break into a full gallop, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow-storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance. The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost-work before it. Then commenced one of those protracted fights of hand-to-hand, and sword-to-sword, so seldom witnessed in cavalry. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of a thousand anvils, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together.

The Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce cavalry, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again and again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping through a broken host that, gathering into knots, still disputed with unparalleled bravery the ensanguined field. It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with tenfold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, and falling of sabre-strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glancing through the smoke of battle, the star of hope

to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted, and striking for an empire. He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe; and his eye, always terrible in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the tumult of the strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that had kept up a devouring fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their leveled muskets. A few of his guard, that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized the bridle in his teeth, and with a pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, he burst in a headlong gallop upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by.

Though the cavalry were at length compelled to retire, the Russians had received a check that alone saved the day. Previously, without bringing up their reserve, they were steadily advancing over the field, but now they were glad to cease the combat and wait for further reinforcements under Lesboeg, before they renewed the battle. We need not speak of the progress of the contest during the day. Prodigies of valor were performed on all sides, and men slain by tens of thousands, till night at length closed the awful scene, and the Russians began to retire from the field.

Such was the battle of Eylau, fought in the midst of a piercing snow-storm. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by

him will ever furnish themes for the poet and painter. But let the enthusiast go over the scene on the morning after the battle, if he would find a cure for his love of glory. *Fifty-two thousand men* lay piled across each other in the short space of six miles, while the snow giving back the stain of blood, made the field look like one great slaughter-house. The frosts of a wintery morning were all unheeded in the burning fever of ghastly wounds, and the air was loaded with cries for help, and groans, and blasphemies, and cursings. Six thousand horses lay amid the slain, some stiff and cold in death, others rendering the scene still more awful by their shrill cries of pain. The cold heavens looked down on this fallen multitude, while the pale faces of the thousands that were already stiff in death, looked still more appalling in their vast winding-sheet of snow. Foemen had fallen across each other as they fought, and lay like brothers clasped in the last embrace; while dismembered limbs and disemboweled corpses were scattered thick as autumn leaves over the field. Every form of wound, and every modification of woe, were here visible. No modern war had hitherto exhibited such carnage, and where Murat's cavalry had charged, there the slain lay thickest.

That Bonaparte had confidence in Murat's generalship, is seen in the command he intrusted him with in Spain, and also in appointing him commander-in-chief of the Grand Army in its retreat from Russia. We have said little of his conquest of Spain, because it was done without effort. The sudden rising of the

population of Madrid, in which were slaughtered seven hundred Frenchmen, was followed by the public execution of forty of the mob. Much effort has been made to fix a stain on Murat by this execution, and the destruction of some hundred previously, in the attempt to quell the insurrection, by calling it a premeditated massacre. But it was evidently not so. Murat was imprudent, there is no doubt, and acted with duplicity, nay, treachery, in all his dealings with the royal family of Spain, but we also believe he acted under instructions. He doubtless hoped to receive the crown of Spain, but Bonaparte forced it on his brother Joseph, then King of Naples, and put Murat in his place. Of his civil administration we cannot say much in praise. He was too ignorant for a king, and was worthless in the cabinet. The diplomacy of a battle-field he understood, and the management of twenty thousand cavalry was an easier thing than the superintendence of a province. Strength of resolution, courage, and military skill he was not wanting in, while in the qualities necessary to the administration of a government he was utterly deficient. He was conscious of his inferiority here, and knew that his imperial brother-in-law, who gazed on him in admiration, almost in awe, in the midst of battle, made sport of him as a king. These things, together with some unsuccessful efforts of his own, exasperated him to such a degree that he became sick and irresolute. Four years of his life passed away in comparative idleness, and it was only the extensive preparations of Napoleon in 1812 to invade



Russia, that roused him to be his former self. Bonaparte's treatment of him while occupying his throne at Naples, together with some things that transpired in the Russian campaign, conspired to embitter Murat's feelings towards his imperious brother-in-law; for his affection, which till that time was unwavering, began then to vacillate.

We think that it had been more than hinted to him by his brother-in-law that he intended to deprive him of his crown. At least, not long after Bonaparte left the wreck of the Grand Army in its retreat from Russia in his hands, he abandoned his post, and traveled night and day till he reached Naples. It is also said by an acquaintance of Murat, that Bonaparte, at the birth of the young Duke of Parma, announced to the King of Naples, who had come to Paris to congratulate him, that he must lay down his crown. Murat asked to be allowed to give his reply the next morning, but no sooner was he out of the emperor's presence than he mounted his horse and started for his kingdom. He rode night and day till he reached Naples, where he immediately set on foot preparations for the defence of his throne. Being summoned anew by a marshal of France, sent to him for that purpose, to give up his sceptre, he replied, "Go, tell your master to come and take it, and he shall find how well sixty thousand men can defend it." Rather than come to open conflict with one of his bravest generals, he abandoned the project, and let Murat occupy his throne. If this be true, it accounts for the estrangement and final desertion of Napoleon by his brother-

in-law. In 1814, he concluded a treaty with Austria, by which he was to retain his crown on the condition he would furnish thirty thousand troops for the common cause. Bonaparte could not at first credit this defection of the husband of his sister, and wrote to him twice on the subject. The truth is, we believe, Bonaparte tampered with the affection of Murat. The latter had so often yielded to him on points where they differed, and had followed him through his wondrous career with such constant devotion, that Napoleon believed he could twist him round his finger as he liked, and became utterly reckless of his feelings. But he found the intrepid soldier could be trifled with too far, and came to his senses barely in time to prevent an utter estrangement. Shortly after, Napoleon abdicated, and was sent to Elba. But before the different powers of Europe had decided whether they should allow Murat to retain his throne, Europe was thrown into consternation by the announcement that Bonaparte was again on the shores of France. Joachim immediately declared in favor of his brother-in-law, and attempted to rouse Italy. But his army deserted him, and hastening back to Naples he threw himself into the arms of his wife, exclaiming, "All is lost, Caroline, but my life, and that I have not been able to cast away." Finding himself betrayed on every side, he fled in disguise to Ischia. Sailing from thence to France, he landed at Cannes, and dispatched a courier to Fouché, requesting him to inform Napoleon of his arrival. Bonaparte, irritated at his former defection, and still

more vexed that he had precipitated things so in Italy, contrary to his express directions, sent back the simple reply, "to remain where he was until the emperor's pleasure with regard to him was known." This cold answer threw Murat into a tempest of passion. He railed against his brother-in-law, loading him with accusations, for whom, he said, he had lost his throne and kingdom. Wishing, however, to be nearer Paris, he started for Lyons, and, while changing horses at Aubagne, near Marseilles, he was told of the disastrous battle of Waterloo.

Hastening back to Toulon, he lay concealed in a house near the city, to await the result of this last overthrow of Napoleon. When he was informed of his abdication, he scarcely knew what to do. At first, he wished to get to Paris, to treat personally with the allied sovereigns for his safety. Being unable to do this, he thought of flying to England, but hesitating to do this also, without a promise of protection from that government, he finally, through Fouché, obtained permission of the Emperor of Austria to settle in his dominions. But while he was preparing to set out, he was told that a band of men were on the way to seize him, in order to get the forty thousand francs which the Bourbons had offered for his head; and he fled with a single servant to a desolate place on the sea-shore near Toulon. Thither his friends from the city secretly visited him, and informed him what were the designs respecting him. Resolving at last to proceed to Paris by sea, he engaged the captain of a vessel bound to Havre, to send

a boat at night to take him off. But, by some strange fatality, the seamen could not find Murat, nor he the seamen, though searching for each other half the night; and the sea beginning to rise, the boat was compelled to return to the ship without him. As the morning broke over the coast, the dejected wanderer saw the vessel, with all her sails set, standing boldly out to sea. He gazed for awhile on the lessening masts, and then fled to the woods, where he wandered about for two days, without rest or food. At length, drenched with rain, exhausted and weary, he stumbled on a miserable cabin, where he found an old woman, who kindly gave him food and shelter. He gave himself out as belonging to the garrison at Toulon, and he looked worn and haggard enough to be the commonest soldier. The white plume was gone, that had floated over so many battle-fields, and the dazzling costume, that had glanced like a meteor through the cloud of war, was exchanged for the soiled garments of an outcast. Not even his good steed was left, that had borne him through so many dangers; and as that tall and majestic form stooped to enter the low door of the cabin, he felt how changeable was human fortune. The fields of his fame were far away—his throne was gone, and the wife of his bosom ignorant of the fate of her lord. While he sat at his humble fare, the owner of the cabin, a soldier belonging to the garrison of Toulon, entered, and bade him welcome. But there was something about the wanderer's face that struck him, and at length remembering to have seen those features

on some French coin, he fell on his knees before him, and called him King Murat. His wife followed his example. Murat, astonished at the discovery, and then overwhelmed at the evidence of affection these poor, unknown people offered him, raised them to his bosom, and gave them his blessing. Forty thousand francs were no temptation to this honest soldier and his wife. Here he lay concealed, till one night the old woman saw lights approaching the cabin, and immediately suspecting the cause, aroused Murat, and hastening him into the garden, thrust him into a hole, and piled him over with vine branches. She then returned to the house, and arranged the couch from which Murat had escaped, and began herself to undress for bed, as if nothing had occurred to disturb her ordinary household arrangements. In a few moments sixty gend'armes entered, and ransacked the house and garden, passing again and again by the spot where Murat was concealed. Foiled in their search, they at length went away. But such a spirit as Murat's could not long endure this mode of existence, and he determined to put to sea. Having, through his friends at Toulon, obtained a skiff, he on the night of August 22, with only three attendants, boldly pushed his frail boat from the beach, and launched out into the broad Mediterranean, and steered for Corsica. When about thirty miles from the shore, they saw and hailed a vessel, but she passed without noticing them. The wind now began to rise, and amid the deepening gloom was heard the moaning of the sea, as it gathers itself for the tem-

pest. The foam-crested waves leaped by, deluging the frail skiff, that struggled almost hopelessly with the perils that environed it. The haughty chieftain saw dangers gathering round him that no charge of cavalry could scatter, and he sat and looked out on the rising deep with the same composure he so often had sat on his gallant steed, when the artillery was mowing down everything at his side. At length the post-office packet-vessel for Corsica was seen advancing towards them. Scarcely had Murat and his three faithful followers stepped aboard of it, before the frail skiff sunk to the bottom. It would have been better for him had it sunk sooner. He landed at Corsica in the disguise of a common soldier. The mayor of the Commune of Bastia, the port where the vessel anchored, seeing a man at his door, with a black silk bonnet over his brows, his beard neglected, and coarsely clad, was about to question him, when the man looked up, and "judge of my astonishment," says he, "when I discovered that this was Joachim, the splendid King of Naples! I uttered a cry, and fell on my knees." Yes, this was Murat—the plume exchanged for the old silk bonnet, and the gold brocade for the coarse gaiters of a common soldier.

The Corsicans received him with enthusiasm, and as he entered Ajaccio, the troops on the ramparts and the populace received him with deafening cheers. But this last shadow of his old glory consummated his ruin. It brought back to his memory the shouts that were wont to rend Naples when he returned from the army to his kingdom, loaded with honors and heralded

by great deeds. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he resolved to return to Naples, and make another stand for his throne. At this critical period, the passports of the Emperor of Austria arrived. Murat was promised a safe passage into Austria, and an unmolested residence in any city of Bohemia, with the title of Count, if he, in return, would renounce the throne of Naples, and live in obedience to the laws. Disdaining the conditions he would a few weeks before have gladly accepted, he madly resolved to return to Naples. With two hundred and fifty recruits and a few small vessels, he sailed for his dominions. The little fleet, beat back by adverse winds, that seemed rebuking the rash attempt, did not arrive in sight of Calabria till the sixth of October, or eight days after his embarkation. On that very night a storm scattered the vessels, and when the morning broke, Murat's bark was the only one seen standing in for land. Two others at length joined him, but that night one of the captains deserted him, and returned with fifty of his best soldiers to Corsica. His remaining followers, seeing that this desertion rendered their cause hopeless, besought him to abandon his project and sail for Trieste, and accept the terms of Austria. He consented, and throwing the proclamations he had designed for the Neapolitans into the sea, ordered the captain to steer for the Adriatic. He refused, on the ground that he was not sufficiently provisioned for so long a voyage. He promised, however, to obtain stores at Pizzo, but refused to go on shore without the Austrian passports, which Murat still had in his

possession, to use in case of need. This irritated Murat to such a degree that he resolved to go on shore himself, and ordering his officers to dress in full uniform, they approached Pizzo. His officers wished to land first, to feel the pulse of the people, but Murat, with his accustomed chivalric feeling, stopped them, and with the exclamation, "I must be the first on shore!" sprang to land, followed by twenty-eight soldiers and three domestics. Some few mariners cried out, "Long live King Joachim!" and Murat advanced to the principal square of the town, where the soldiers were exercising, while his followers unfurled his standard, and shouted, "Joachim for ever!" but the soldiers made no response. Had Murat been less infatuated, this would have sufficed to convince him of the hopelessness of his cause. He pressed on, however to Monte Leone, the capital of the province, but had not gone far before he found himself pursued by a large company of *gensd'armes*. Hoping to subdue them by his presence, he turned towards them and addressed them. The only answer he received was a volley of musketry. Forbidding his followers to return the fire, with the declaration that his landing should not cost the blood of one of his people, he turned to flee to the shore. Leaping from rock to rock and crag to crag, while the bullets whistled about him, he at length reached the beach, when lo! the vessel that landed him had disappeared. The infamous captain had purposely left him to perish. A fishing-boat lay on the sand, and Murat sprang against it to shove it off, but it was fast. His



few followers now came up, but before the boat could be launched they were surrounded by the blood-thirsty populace. Seeing it was all over, Murat advanced towards them, and holding out his sword, said, "People of Pizzo! take this sword, which has been so often drawn at the head of armies, but spare the lives of the brave men with me." But they heeded him not, and kept up a rapid discharge of musketry; and though every bullet was aimed at Murat, not one touched him, while almost every man by his side was shot down. Being at length seized, he was hurried away to prison. Soon after, an order came from Naples to have him tried on the spot. One adjutant-general, one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, and the same number of captains and lieutenants, constituted the commission to try a king. Murat refused to appear before such a tribunal, and disdained to make any defence.

During the trial, he conversed in prison with his friends in a manner worthy of his great reputation. He exhibited a loftiness of thought and character that surprised even his friends that had known him longest. At length, after a pause, he said: "Both in the court and camp, the national welfare has been my sole object. I have used the public revenues for the public service alone. I did nothing for myself, and now, at my death, I have no wealth but my actions. They are all my glory and my consolation." After talking in this strain for some time, the door opened, and one of the commissioners entered and read the sentence. Murat showed no agitation, but immedi-

ately sat down and calmly wrote to his wife the following letter:—

MY DEAR CAROLINE—My last hour has arrived; in a few moments more I shall have ceased to live—in a few moments more you will have no husband. Never forget me; my life has been stained by no injustice. Farewell, my Achille; farewell, my Letitia; farewell, my Lucien; farewell, my Louise. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of the multitude of my enemies. Be always united: prove yourselves superior to misfortune; remember what you are and what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory. Believe that my greatest suffering in my last moments is dying far from my children. Receive your father's blessing; receive my embraces and my tears.

Keep always present to you the memory of your unfortunate father.

JOACHIM NAPOLEON.

*Pizzo, 13th October, 1815.*

Having then inclosed some locks of his hair to his wife and given his watch to his faithful valet, Amand, he walked out to the place of execution. His tall form was drawn up to its loftiest height, and that piercing blue eye, that had flashed so brightly over more than a hundred battle-fields, was now calmly turned on the soldiers who were to fire on him. Not a breath of agitation disturbed the perfect composure of his face, and, when all was ready, he kissed a cor-

nelian he held in his hand, on which was cut the head of his wife, and then fixing his eyes steadily upon it, said, "Save my face, aim at my heart!" A volley of musketry answered, and Murat was no more.

He had fought two hundred battles, and exposed himself to death more frequently than any other officer in Napoleon's army. Notwithstanding his white plume and gorgeous costume were a constant mark for the enemy's bullets, he always plunged into the thickest dangers, and it seems almost a miracle that he escaped death. His self-composure was wonderful, especially when we remember what a creature of impulse he was. In the most appalling dangers, under the fire of the most terrific battery, all alone amid his dead followers, while the bullets were piercing his uniform, and whistling in an incessant shower around his head, he would sit on his steed and eye every discharge with the coolness of an iron statue. A lofty feeling in the hour of danger bore him above all fear; and through clouds of smoke, and the roar of five hundred cannon, he would detect at a glance the weak point of the enemy, and charge like fire upon it.

As a general, he failed frequently, as has been remarked, from yielding his judgment to his impulses. As a man and king he did the same thing, and hence was generous to a fault, and liberal and indulgent to his people. But his want of education in early life rendered him unfit for a statesman. Yet his impulses, had they been less strong, would not have made him the officer he was. His cavalry

was the terror of Europe. Besides, in obeying his generous feelings, he performed many of those deeds of heroism—exposing his life for others, and sacrificing everything he had, to render those happy around him—which make us love his character. He was romantic even till his death, and lived in an atmosphere of his own creation. But unlike Ney, he was ashamed of his low origin, and took every method to conceal it. He loved his wife, and children, and country, with the most devoted affections. His life was the strangest romance ever written, and his ignominious death an everlasting blot on Ferdinand's character.

The book to which we referred at the head of this article is utterly unworthy its title. Written by a believer in "the divine right of kings," and a scorner of plebeian blood, he can find no better name for Murat than "the butcher of the army." Not deigning to describe a single battle, half the book is taken up with incidents of Murat's early life, and the other half with an account of his amorous adventures after his marriage with Caroline Bonaparte. He puts a great many silly speeches into his mouth, and describes a great many amours, for the truth of which we have his assertions alone. That the moral character of Murat could not be very correct according to our standard, is evident from the fact that his life was spent in the camp. The only way to judge of such a man, is to balance his actions, and see whether the good or evil preponderates.

But whatever his faults were, it will be a long time before the world will see such another man.





MACDONALD.

*macdonald*

## MARSHAL MACDONALD.

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PASSING between Rome and Florence, we crossed the Tiber one morning, and wound for some distance up as beautiful a valley as the sun ever smiled upon. It is apparently not over a mile wide, and lies deep down among the hills that rise in parallel ridges on either side. It was a bright May morning in which we trotted through it, and as we rose one of the ridges to pass down on the other side, and away from the Tiber, we stopped to survey the enchanting prospect. The green meadows went gently up to the sparkling Tiber that here was dwindled to a mere brook, and kept winding and turning as if it loved and strove to linger in the lovely landscape, while over all bent the blue sky of Italy, and swept the sweet breeze that seemed born amid vineyards and gardens. To this delicious spot the artists of Rome flock in mid-summer to escape the heat and malaria of the Eternal City, and dream away the hours amid its cool shades and healthful breezes. Turning to our guide-book, as we sat on the hill-side and looked down on this charming valley, we saw it stated that up its narrow

inclosures, Macdonald, with an army of twenty thousand men, cut his way through the enemy, though they outnumbered him two to one, in his retreat from Naples to Tuscany, whither he had been ordered to form a junction with Moreau. We confess that we had no definite idea of this Macdonald, except that he was a general in the French army. Being linked by association in our memory with that sweet valley, we afterwards took pains to trace out his history through the progress of the French Revolution, and the French empire, to Bonaparte's overthrow, and we found him one of the most remarkable men that lived in that remarkable time. He did two things, at least, which, of their kind, we believe were never surpassed. We refer to his awful charge at Wagram, and his desperate passage of the Splugen in midwinter.

It is astonishing to see what resolute and iron men Bonaparte gathered around him. Everything that came near him seemed to run in his mould, or rather, perhaps, he would confide in no one who did not partake more or less of his character. Some, as much unlike him as men could well be, and worthy of no regard, he had around him because he could use them, but to none such did he trust his armies or commit the fate of a battle. Those whom he trusted with his fate and fortunes, he knew by stern experience to be men that never flinched in the hour of peril, and were earth-fast rocks amid the tumult of a battle-field. He *tried* every man before he committed the success of his great plans to him. Rank and fortune bought no places of trust from him. He



promoted his officers on the field of the slain, and made his marshals amid the dead that cumbered the ground on which they had proved themselves heroes by great deeds. When Bonaparte rode over one of his bloody yet victorious battle-fields, as was ever his custom the morning after the conflict, he saw from the spots on which the dead lay piled in largest heaps where the heat and crisis of the battle had been. From his observatory he had watched the whole progress of the strife, and when next morning he rode over the plain, it was not difficult to tell what column had fought bravest, or what leader had proved himself worthiest of confidence, and on the spot where they *earned* their reward he *gave* it, and made the place where they struggled bravest and suffered most, the birthplace of their renown. This custom of his furnished the greatest of all incitements to desperate valor in battle. Every officer knew that the glass of his emperor swept the field where he fought, and the quick eye that glanced like lightning over every object was constantly on him, and as his deeds were, so would his honors be. This strung the energies of every ambitious man—and Bonaparte would have no others to lead his battalions—to their utmost tension. What wonder is it, then, that great deeds were wrought, and Europe stood awe-struck before enemies that seemed never to dream of defeat?

Macdonald was one of those stern men Bonaparte loved to have in his army. He knew what Macdonald attempted to do he would never relinquish till

he himself fell, or his men fled. There was as much iron and steel in this bold Scotchman, as in Bonaparte himself. He had all his tenacity and invincibility without having his genius.

Macdonald was the son of a Scotchman, of the family of Clanronald, who fought under the standard of Prince Charles Edward, on the fatal field of Culloden, and after its disastrous issue fled to France, and settled in Sancerre. There the subject of our sketch was born, in November, 1765, and received the name of Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre Macdonald. He belonged to the army before the Revolution, and during its progress took the republican side. He was an aide-de-camp in the first republican army that advanced on the Rhine at the declaration of war, and distinguished himself throughout that miserably conducted campaign. At the battle of Jemappé, he fought with such bravery that he was promoted to the rank of colonel. Engaged in almost every battle in the low countries, he was appointed to lead the van of the army at the north, and, in the winter campaign of 1794, performed one of those deeds of daring for which he was afterwards so distinguished. The batteries of Nimeguen swept the river Waal, so that it was deemed impossible to cross it with any considerable force, yet Macdonald led his column over the smooth ice and through the storm of lead that devoured his ranks, and routed the enemy. For this gallant deed he was made general of brigade. In 1796, at Cologne and Dusseldorf, he commanded

the army, and soon after was sent by the Convention into Italy.

After the conquest of the Papal States, in 1798, he was made governor of Rome. In his new capacity, he exhibited other talents than those of a military leader. He could scarcely have been placed in a more trying position than the one he occupied as governor of the Eternal City. The two factions, one of which acted with the Revolution and the other against it, kept the population in a perpetual ferment. Insurrections and popular outbreaks occurred almost every day, while the indignity that had been offered the pope, and the indiscriminate pillage of the Vatican, palaces, and churches, exasperated the upper classes beyond control, and it required a strong arm to maintain French authority in the city. Macdonald did as well, perhaps, as any one could have done in his *circumstances*. An insurrection having broken out at Frosinone, which he found himself unable to quell, except with the destruction of a large number of his own men, he ordered the houses to be fired and the insurgents massacred. Mack at length drove him from the city, but being in turn compelled to evacuate it, Macdonald re-entered, and finally left it to conquer Naples. The entrance of the French into that city was over mountains of corpses, for the inhabitants of every class, down to the miserable lazzaroni, fought with the desperation of madmen for their homes. And even after the army had entered within the walls, it could advance only by blowing up the houses, and finally conquered by obtaining,

through the treachery of a Neapolitan, the castle of St. Elmo, from whence they could bring their artillery to bear on the town below. The famous Parthenopeian republic was immediately established, and Macdonald intrusted with the supreme command. Mack, who had charge of the army opposed to the French, was an inefficient man. His forces outnumbered those of the French three to one, but he lacked the nerve to contend with Bonaparte's generals. When Nelson heard of his appointment as commander-in-chief of the forces in the south of Italy, he remarked, "Mack cannot travel without five carriages. I have formed my opinion of him."

That was the great difficulty with many of the continental generals—they could not submit to the hardships, and exposures, and constant toil, that such men as Ney, and Macdonald, and Napoleon, cheerfully encountered. The latter upset all the rules of ordinary warfare by his desperate winter campaigns;—and by his forced marches and rapid locomotion showed for the first time how much the human frame could endure, and the human will execute. But another man soon led his armies into southern Italy. The invincible Suwarrow, who had never yet turned his back on a human foe, began to sweep down through the peninsula. Macdonald could not contend with the superior force now brought against him, and commenced that masterly retreat toward Tuscany, to which we have referred, and which tested his skill as a general more than any other act of his life. To a watchfulness that never slept, and a spirit that

never tired, he added exertion that overcame the most insurmountable difficulties, and baffled the plans of all his enemies. All of Bonaparte's generals were distinguished for their wonderful tenacity, and Macdonald, with the exception, perhaps, of Ney, more than all the rest. He seemed to be unconscious of fatigue, and never for a moment indulged in that lassitude which is so epidemic in an army, and so often insures its destruction. We cannot put our finger on the spot in the man's life where he acted as if he felt discouraged or ready to abandon everything in despair. He seemed to lack enthusiasm, but had in its place a dogged resolution that was still more resistless. He quietly saw what was to be done, and then commenced doing it in the best possible manner, without the thought of failing in his designs. He was conscious of the mighty force of will, and knew by experience how difficulties vanished by pushing against them.

In the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which overthrew the Directory and made Bonaparte First Consul, Macdonald was by his side; and with Murat, Lefebvre, Marmont, Lannes, and others, passed the power of France over into his hands.

For the service he rendered on this occasion, Napoleon appointed him to the command of the army in the Grisons. A letter from him to General Regnier, then with the army in Egypt, shows his exalted views of Napoleon. In an extract, he says: "Since you left, we have been compelled to lament over the capriciousness of fortune, and have been defeated everywhere,

owing to the impotence of the old tyrannical Directory. At last Bonaparte appeared—upset the audacious government, and seizing the reins, now directs with a steady hand the car of the Revolution to that goal all good men have long waited to see it reach. Undismayed by the burden laid upon him, this wonderful man reforms the armies—calls back the proscribed citizens—flings open the prison in which innocence has pined—abolishes the old revolutionary laws—restores public confidence—protects industry—revives commerce, and, making the Republic triumphant by his arms, places it in that high rank assigned it by Heaven.”

In 1802, he was sent as ambassador to Copenhagen, where he remained a year. On his return, he was appointed Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. But soon after, he incurred the displeasure of Bonaparte by his severe condemnation of the trial and sentence of Moreau. Macdonald had fought beside the hero of Hohenlinden. They had planned and counseled together, and he felt keenly the wrong and disgrace inflicted on his old companion in arms. Fearless in court as he was in battle, he never condescended to flatter, nor refrained from expressing his indignation against meanness and injustice. His words, which were uttered without disguise, and couched in the plain, blunt terms of a soldier, were repeated to Napoleon, who afterwards treated him with marked coldness. Too proud to go where he was not received as became his rank, and equally disdainful to make any efforts to produce a reconciliation

when he had told the simple truth, he kept away from court altogether.

Bonaparte seemed to have forgotten him, and let him remain inactive while Europe was resounding with the heroic deeds of the generals that were leading his victorious armies over the continent. Macdonald felt this keenly. He who had fought so manfully the bloody battle of the Trebbia, performed such prodigies of valor in Italy, and, finally, to the astonishment of the world, led his army in midwinter over the awful pass of the Splugen, amid hurricanes of snow and falling avalanches, did not deserve this neglect from one whom he had served so faithfully, and in whose hands he had helped place the supreme power of France. Bonaparte, in his towering and unjust pride, allowed a single expression—strictly true, and springing from the very excellences of that character which made him the prop of his throne—to outweigh the *years* of service he had rendered and the glorious victories he had brought to his standard. Shame on his injustice to this old soldier who had never deserted him. Bonaparte's conduct in this matter is convincing proof to us that he was conscious of having acted the part of a villain in the trial and condemnation of Moreau.

The campaign of Austerlitz, with its "Sun" of glory—Jena, and its victories—Eylau, and its awful carnage and doubtful issue—Friedland, with its deeds of renown and richly bestowed honors, passed by and left Macdonald unnoticed and uncalled for. Thus years of glory rolled away. But in 1807, Bonaparte,

who either thought that he had sufficiently punished him, or felt that he could dispense no longer with his powerful aid, gave him command of a corps under Eugene Beauharnois. He advanced into Styria, fought and captured the Austrian general, Meerfeldt—helped to gain the victory of Raab, and soon afterwards saved Napoleon and the empire at Wagram, by one of the most desperate charges recorded in the annals of man. Created marshal on the field of battle, he was next appointed to the government of Gratz, where he exhibited the nobler qualities of justice and mercy. The bold denouncer of injustice in his emperor was not likely to commit it himself. By the severe discipline he maintained among the troops, preventing them from violating the homes and property of the inhabitants, and by the equity and moderation with which he administered the government intrusted to him, he so gained the love and respect of the people, that on his departure they made him a present of one hundred thousand francs, or nearly twenty thousand dollars, and a costly box of jewels, as a wedding gift for one of his daughters. But he refused them both, replying, “Gentlemen, if you consider yourselves under any obligation to me, repay it by taking care of the three hundred sick soldiers I am compelled to leave with you.”

Macdonald was a noble man in every feature of his character. No ferocity marked his battles—no indiscriminate slaughter, made in moments of excitement, stained any part of his career.

Not long after, he was made Duke of Tarentum, and



in 1810 was appointed to command the army of Augereau in Catalonia, who had been recalled in disgrace. In 1812, he commanded the tenth corps of the Grand Army in its victorious march into Russia, and was one of the surviving few who, after performing prodigies of valor, and patiently enduring unheard-of sufferings in that disastrous and awful retreat, struggled so nobly at Bautzen, and Lutzen, and Leipsic, to sustain the tottering throne of Napoleon. He never faltered in his attachment or refused his aid till Bonaparte's abdication and exile to Elba. He was strongly opposed to his mad attempts to relieve Paris, which ended in his immediate overthrow. He declared to Berthier, that the emperor should retire to Lens, and there fall back on Augereau, and, choosing out a field where he could make the best stand, give the enemy battle. "Then," he said, "if Providence has decreed our final hour, we shall at least die with honor." Unwavering in his attachment to the last, when the allies had determined on the emperor's abdication, he used every effort to obtain the most favorable terms for him and his family. This generous conduct, so unlike what Bonaparte might have expected from one whom he had treated so unjustly and meanly, affected him deeply. He saw him alone at Fontainebleau, and in their private interview previous to his departure for Elba, acknowledged his indebtedness to Macdonald, expressed his high regard for his character, and regretted that he had not appreciated his great worth sooner. At parting, he wished to give him some memorial of his esteem, and handing him a beautiful Turkish sabre, presented

him by Ibrahim Bey when in Egypt, said, "It is only the present of a soldier to his comrade."

When the Bourbons reascended the throne, Macdonald was made a Peer of France, and never after broke his oath of allegiance. Unlike Murat, and Ney, and Soult, and others of Napoleon's generals, he considered his solemn oath sacred, and though, when sent to repel the invader, his soldiers deserted him at the first cry of "*Vive l'Empereur*," he did not, like Ney, follow their example, but making his escape hastened to Paris to defend Louis. After the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, he was promoted from one post of honor to another, till he was made governor of the 21st Military Division and major-general of the Royal Guard. He visited Scotland soon after, and, hunting up his poor relatives, bestowed presents upon them, and finally, on the overthrow and abdication of Charles X., gave his allegiance to Louis Phillippe.

We have given this brief outline of his history at the commencement, in order to speak more fully of the three great acts of his life. When commanding the army in the Grisons, Macdonald was commanded by Napoleon to pass the Splugen with his forces, in order to form the left wing of his army in Italy. This was in the campaign of Italy, after Bonaparte's return from Egypt. Though no braver or bolder man than Macdonald ever lived, he felt that the execution of the First Consul's commands was well-nigh impossible, and sent General Dumas to represent to him the hopelessness of such an undertaking. Bonaparte heard

him through, and then, with his usual recklessness of difficulties, replied, "I will make no change in my dispositions. Return quickly, and tell Macdonald that an army can always pass in every season where two men can place their feet." Like an obedient officer, he immediately set about preparations for the Herculean task before him.

The present pass over this mountain is a very different thing from the one which Macdonald and his fifteen thousand men traversed. There is now a carriage way across, cut in sixteen zig-zags along the breast of the mountain. But the road he was compelled to go was a mere bridle-path, going through the gorge of the *Cardinel*. To understand some of the difficulties that beset him and his army, imagine an awful defile leading up to the height of *six thousand five hundred feet* above the level of the sea, while the raging of an Alpine storm and the mighty sweep of avalanches across it add tenfold horror to the wintery scene. First comes the deep dark defile called the *Via Mala*, made by the Rhine, here a mere rivulet, and overhung by mountains often three thousand feet high. Along the precipices that stoop over this mad torrent the path is cut in the solid rock, now hugging the mountain wall like a mere thread, and now shooting in a single arch over the gorge that sinks three hundred feet below. Strangely silent snow-peaks pierce the heavens in every direction, while from the slender bridges, that spring from precipice to precipice over the turbulent stream, the roar of the vexed waters can scarcely be heard. After leaving this defile, the

road passes through the valley of Schams, then winding up the pine-covered cliffs of La Raffla, strikes on to the bare face of the mountain, going sometimes at an angle of forty-five degrees, and finally reaches the naked summit, standing bleak and cold in the wintery heavens. This was the Splugen-pass Macdonald was commanded to lead his army of fifteen thousand men over in midwinter.

It was on the 20th of November he commenced his preparations. A constant succession of snow-storms had filled up the entire path, so that a single man on foot would not have thought of making the attempt. But, when Macdonald had made up his mind to do a thing, that was the end of all impossibilities. The cannon were dismounted, and placed on sleds, to which oxen were attached—the ammunition divided about on the backs of mules, while every soldier had to carry, besides his usual arms, five packets of cartridges and five days' provisions. The guides went in advance, and stuck down long black poles, to indicate the course of the path beneath, while, behind them, came the workmen, clearing away the snow, and, behind them still, the mounted dragoons, with the most powerful horses of the army, to beat down the way. The first company had advanced in this manner nearly half-way to the summit, and were approaching the hospice, when a low moaning was heard among the hills, like the voice of the sea before a storm. The guides understood too well its meaning, and gazed on each other in alarm. The ominous sound grew louder every moment, till

suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept in a cloud of snow over the breast of the mountain, and howled like an unchained demon through the gorge below. In an instant, all was confusion, and blindness, and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest, that threatened to lift the rock-rooted pines that shrieked above them from their places, and bring down the very Alps themselves. But suddenly another still more alarming sound was heard amid the storm—"An avalanche! an avalanche!" shrieked the guides, and the next moment an awful white form came leaping down the mountain, and, striking the column that was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses along with it in its wild plunge. The black form of a steed and its rider was seen for one moment suspended in mid-heavens, and the next disappeared among the ice and crags below. The head of the column immediately pushed on, and reached the hospice in safety; while the rear, separated from it by the avalanche, and struck dumb by this sudden apparition crossing their path with such lightning-like velocity, and bearing to such an awful death their brave comrades, refused to proceed, and turned back to the village of Splügen. For three days the storm raged amid the mountains, filling the heavens with snow, and hurling avalanches into the path, till it became so filled up that the guides declared it would take fifteen days to open it again so as to make it at all passable. But

fifteen days Macdonald could not spare. Independent of the urgency of his commands, there was no way to provision his army in these savage solitudes, and he *must* proceed. He ordered four of the strongest oxen that could be found to be led in advance by the best guides. Forty peasants followed behind, clearing away and beating down the snow, and two companies of sappers came after, to give still greater consistency to the track, while on their heels marched the remnant of the company of the dragoons, part of which had been borne away by the avalanche, three days before. The post of danger was given them at their own request. They presented a strange sight amid those Alpine solitudes. Those oxen, with their horns just peering above the snow, toiled slowly on, pushing their unwieldy bodies through the drifts, while the soldiers, up to their armpits, struggled behind. Not a drum nor bugle-note cheered the solitude, or awoke the echoes of those snow-covered peaks. The footfall gave back no sound in the soft snow, and the words of command seemed smothered in the very atmosphere. Silently, noiselessly, the mighty but disordered column stretched itself upward, with naught to break the deep stillness of the wintery noon, save the fierce pantings of the horses and animals, as, with reeking sides, they strained up the ascent. This day and the next being clear, frosty days, the separate columns passed in safety, with the exception of those who sunk in their footsteps, overcome by the cold and the frost. The successful passage of the columns these two days, induced Mac-

donald to march the whole remaining army over the next day, and so, ordering the whole army to advance, commenced, on the 5th of December, the perilous ascent. But fresh snow had fallen the night previous, filling up the entire track, so that it had all to be made over again. The guides, expecting a wind and avalanches after this fresh fall of snow, refused to go, till they were compelled to by Macdonald. Breast-deep, the army waded up the wild and desolate path, making in six hours but six miles, or *one mile an hour*. They had not advanced far, however, when they came upon a huge block of ice and a newly fallen avalanche, that entirely filled up the way. The guides halted before these new obstacles, and refused to proceed, and the head of the column wheeled about and began its march down the mountain. Macdonald immediately hastened forward, and, placing himself at the head of his men, walked on foot, with a long pole in his hand, to sound the treacherous mass he was treading upon, while he revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers with words of encouragement. "Soldiers," said he, "your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer, first the mountain and the snow, then the plains and the armies." Ashamed to see their general hazarding his life at every step, where they had refused to go, they returned cheerfully to their toil. But, before they could effect the passage, the voice of the hurricane was again heard on its march, and the next moment a cloud of driving snow obliterated everything from view. The path was filled up, and all

traces of it swept utterly away. Amid the screams of the guides, the confused commands of the officers, and the howling of the storm, came the rapid thunder-crash of avalanches.

Then commenced again the awful struggle of the army for life. The foe they had to contend with was not one of flesh and blood. To sword-cut, bayonet-thrust, and the blaze of artillery, the strong Alpine storm was alike invulnerable. On the serried column and straggling line, it thundered with the same reckless power, while, over all, the sifted snow lay like one vast winding-sheet. No one, who has not seen an Alpine storm, can imagine the fearful energy with which it rages through the mountains. The light snow, borne aloft on its bosom, is whirled and scattered like an ocean of mist over all things. Such a storm now piled around them the drifts, which seemed to form instantaneously, as by the touch of a magician's wand. All was mystery and darkness, gloom and terror. The storm had sounded its trumpet for the charge, but no note of defiance replied. The heroes of so many battle-fields stood in still terror before this new and mightier foe. Crowding together, as though proximity added to their safety, the disordered column crouched and shivered to the blast, that seemed to pierce their very bones with its chilling cold. But the piercing cold, and drifting snow, and raging storm, and concealed pitfalls, were not enough to complete this scene of terror. Avalanches fell in rapid succession from the top of the Splügen. Scaling the breast of the mountain with a single leap,



they came with a crash on the shivering column, bearing it away to the destruction that waited beneath. The extreme density of the atmosphere, filled as it was with snow, imparted infinite terror to these mysterious messengers of death, as they came down the mountain declivity. A low, rumbling sound would be heard amid the pauses of the storm, and, as the next shriek of the blast swept by, a rushing as of a counterblast smote the ear, and, before the thought had time to change, a rolling, leaping, broken mass of snow burst through the thick atmosphere, and the next moment rushed with the sound of thunder, far, far below, bearing away a whole company of soldiers to its deep, dark resting-place.

On the evening of the 6th of December, the greater part of the army had passed the mountains, and the van had pushed on as far as Lake Como. From the 26th of November to the 6th of December, or nearly two weeks, had Macdonald been engaged in this perilous pass. Nearly two hundred men had perished in the undertaking, and as many more mules and horses. We do not believe there was another general, except Ney, that could have succeeded in the face of such obstacles as Macdonald was compelled to struggle against. And we never in imagination see that long straggling line, winding itself like a huge anaconda over the lofty snow-peak of the Splugen, with the indomitable Macdonald feeling his way in front covered with snow, while ever and anon huge avalanches sweep by him, and the blinding storm covers his men and the path from his sight, and hear his stern, calm, clear

voice, directing the way, without feelings of supreme wonder. There is nothing like it in modern history, unless it be Suwarrow's passage of the Glarus in the midst of a superior enemy. Bonaparte's passage over the St. Bernard—so world-renowned—was mere child's play compared to it. That pass was made in pleasant weather, with nothing but the ruggedness of the ascent to obstruct the progress. Suwarrow, on the contrary, led his mighty army over the Schachenthal, breast-deep in snow, with the enemy on every side of him, mowing down his ranks without resistance. Macdonald had no enemy to contend with but nature—but it was nature alive and wild. The path by which he led his army over the Splugen was nearly as bad in summer, as the St. Bernard at the time Napoleon crossed it. But in midwinter to *make* a path, and lead an army of fifteen thousand men through hurricanes and avalanches, where the foot of the Chamois scarce dared to tread, was an undertaking from which even Bonaparte himself would have shrunk. And Napoleon never perpetrated a greater falsehood, or one more unworthy of him, than when he said, "The passage of the Splugen presented, without doubt, some difficulties, but winter is by no means the season of the year in which such operations are conducted with most difficulty; the snow is then firm, the weather settled, and there is nothing to fear from the avalanches, which constitute the true and only danger to be apprehended in the Alps." Bonaparte would have us suppose that no avalanches fall in December, and that the passage of the Splugen in the midst of hur-

ricanes of snow, was executed in "settled weather." What then must we think of *his* passage of the St. Bernard, in summer time, without a foe to molest him, or an avalanche to frighten him?

But Macdonald's difficulties did not end with the passage of the Splugen. To fulfill the orders of Napoleon, to penetrate into the valley of the Adige, he had no sooner arrived at Lake Como, than he began the ascent of the Col Apriga, which also was no sooner achieved, than the bleak peak of Mount Tonal arose before him. A mere sheep-path led over this steep mountain, and the army was compelled to toil up it in single file through the deep snow. And when he arrived at the summit, which was a small flat, about fifty rods across, he found the Austrians there, prepared to dispute the passage with him. This narrow flat lay between two enormous glaciers, that no human foot could scale, and across it the enemy had built three entrenchments, forming a triple line, and composed chiefly of huge blocks of ice, cut into regular shapes, and fitted to each other. Behind these walls of ice, the Austrians lay waiting the approach of the exhausted French. The grenadiers, clambering up the slippery path, formed in column, and advanced with firm step on the strong entrenchments. A sheet of fire ran along their sides, strewing the rocks with the dead. Pressing on, however, they carried the external palisades, but the fire here becoming so destructive they were compelled to retreat, and brought word to Macdonald that the entrenchments could not be forced. Eight days after, however, he ordered a

fresh column, under Vandamme, to attempt to carry them by assault. Under a terrible discharge, the intrepid column moved up to the icy wall, and though a devouring fire mowed down the men, so fierce was the onset, that the two external forts were carried. But the fire from the inner entrenchment, and from a block-house that commanded the position of the French, was too terrific to withstand, and after bravely struggling against such desperate odds they were compelled to retreat. On the snowy summit of the Tonal, among the glaciers, and scattered around on the huge blocks of ice, lay the brave dead, while the wintery sun flashed mournfully down on the bayonets of the retreating and wounded column. Nothing daunted, Macdonald, by a circuitous route over two other mountain ridges, at length reached the Adige, and fulfilled the extraordinary commands of Napoleon. This wonderful exploit Bonaparte took every pains to disparage, knowing, as he did, that it rivaled the most brilliant achievement *he* ever performed. But the world can now see clearly, and that passage of the brave Scotchman stands alone in modern warfare. A hired press and interested flatterers could echo the false statements of Napoleon, while he wielded the destinies of Europe, but Time, which

“Sets all things even,”

has reversed that falsehood. The passage of Napoleon over the St. Bernard was a magnificent feat, but the passage of the Splugen, by Macdonald, was a *desperate* one. One was attended with *difficulties*

alone, the other with danger; one was executed in safety, the other with the loss of whole companies. This latter fact alone is sufficient to prove which was the most difficult and dangerous feat. Suwarrow was driven up his pass by the cannon of the French, and led his bleeding thousands over the snow, while the enemy's muskets were continually thinning his defenceless ranks. Macdonald led *his* column through an awful gorge, and up a naked Alpine peak, when the tempest was raging, and the snow flying, and the avalanches falling in all the terror of a wintery hurricane. Bonaparte led *his* army over the St. Bernard, in the delightful month of summer, when the genial sun subdues the asperity of the Alps, and without an enemy to molest him. Which achievement of these three stands lowest in the scale, it is not difficult to determine.

But it is at Wagram that we are to look for Macdonald's greatest deed. We never think of that terrific battle without feelings of the profoundest wonder at his desperate charge, that then and there saved Napoleon and the empire. The battle of Aspern had proved disastrous to the French. The utmost efforts of Napoleon could not wring victory from the hands of the Austrians. Massena had stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with cannon-balls overhead, and fought as never even *he* fought before. The brave Lannes had been mangled by a cannon-shot, and died while the victorious guns of the enemy were still playing on his heroic, but flying column, and the

fragments of the magnificent army, that had in the morning moved from the banks of the Danube in all the confidence of victory, at nightfall were crowded and packed in the little island of Lobau. Rejecting the counsel of his officers, Bonaparte resolved to make a stand here, and wait for reinforcements to come up. Nowhere does his exhaustless genius show itself, as in this critical period of his life. He revived the drooping spirits of his soldiers by presents from his own hands; he visited in person the sick in the hospitals, while the most gigantic plans at the same time strung his vast energies to their utmost tension. From the latter part of May to the 1st of July, he had remained cooped up in this little island, but not inactive. He had done everything that could be done on the *spot*, while orders had been sent to the different armies to hasten to his relief. At two o'clock in the afternoon of July 2, the reinforcements began to pour in, and before the next night they had all arrived. Never before was there such an exhibition of the skill and promptitude with which orders had been issued and carried out. First, with music and streaming banners, appeared the columns of Bernadotte, hastening from the banks of the Elbe, carrying joy to the desponding hearts of Napoleon's army. They had hardly reached the field, before the stirring notes of the bugle, and the roll of drums in another quarter, announced the approach of Vandamme from the provinces on the Rhine. Wrede came next from the banks of the Lech, with his strong Bavarians, while the morning sun shone

on Macdonald's victorious troops, rushing down from Illyria and the Alpine summits, to save Bonaparte and the empire. As the bold Scotchman reined his steed up beside Napoleon, and pointed back to his advancing columns, he little thought that two days after the fate of Europe was to turn on his single will. Scarcely were his troops arranged in their appointed place, before the brave Marmont appeared with glistening bayonets and waving plumes, from the borders of Dalmatia. Like an exhaustless stream, the magnificent columns kept pouring into that little isle, while to crown the whole, Eugene came up with his veterans from the plains of Hungary. In two days they had all assembled, and on the evening of the 4th of July, Napoleon glanced with exultant eye over a hundred and eighty thousand warriors, crowded and packed into the small space of two miles and a half in breadth, and a mile and a half in length. Congratulations were exchanged by soldiers who last saw each other on some glorious battle-field, and universal joy and hope spread through the dense columns that almost touched each other.

Bridges had been constructed to fling across the channel, and, during the evening of the 5th, were brought out from their places of concealment, and dragged to the bank. In *ten minutes* one was across and fastened at both ends. In a little longer time two others were thrown over, and made firm on the opposite shore. Bonaparte was there, walking backwards and forwards in the mud, cheering on the men, and accelerating the work which was driven with

such wonderful rapidity that, by three o'clock in the morning, six bridges were finished, and filled with the marching columns. Bonaparte had constructed two bridges lower down the river, as if he intended to cross there, in order to distract the enemy from the *real* point of danger. On these, the Austrians kept up an incessant fire of artillery, which was answered by the French from the island, with a hundred cannon, lighting up the darkness of the night with their incessant blaze. The village of Enzerdorf was set on fire, and burned with terrific fierceness, for a tempest arose, as if in harmony with the scene, and blew the flames into tenfold fury. Dark clouds swept the midnight heavens, as if gathering for a contest among themselves—the artillery of heaven was heard above the roar of cannon, and the bright lightning, that ever and anon rent the gloom, blent in with the incessant flashes below; while blazing bombs, traversing the sky in every direction, wove their fiery network over the heavens, making the night wild and awful as the last day of time. In the midst of this scene of terror, Napoleon remained unmoved, heedless alike of the storm of the elements, and the storm of the artillery; and though the wind shrieked around him, and the dark Danube rolled its turbulent flood at his feet, his eye watched only the movements of his rapid columns over the bridges, while his sharp quick voice gave redoubled energy to every effort.

The time—the scene—the mighty result at stake—all harmonized with his stern and tempestuous nature. His perceptions became quicker—his will



firmer, and his confidence of success stronger. By six o'clock in the morning, a hundred and fifty thousand infantry and thirty thousand cavalry stood in battle array on the shores of the Danube, from whence, a month before, the Austrians had driven the army in affright. The clouds had vanished with the night, and when the glorious sun arose over the hill-tops, his beams glanced over a countless array of helmets, and nearly three hundred thousand bayonets glittered in his light. It was a glorious spectacle; those two mighty armies standing in the early sunlight amid the green fields, while the air fairly sparkled with the flashing steel that rose like a forest over their heads. Nothing could exceed the surprise of the Austrians, when they saw the French legions across the river, and ready for battle. That bright scene was to see the fate of Europe settled for the next four years, and that glorious summer's sun, as it rolled over the heavens, was to look down on one of the most terrific battles the world ever saw.

We do not design to describe the movements of the two armies, nor the varied success during the day. Bonaparte at the outset had his columns—converged to a point—resting at one end on the Danube, and radiating off into the field, like the spokes of a wheel. The Austrians, on the contrary, stood in a vast semi-circle, as if about to inclose and swallow up their enemy. Macdonald's division was among the first brought into the engagement, and bravely held its ground during the day. When night closed the scene of strife, the Austrians had gained on the

French. They nevertheless sounded a retreat, while the exhausted army of Napoleon lay down on the field of blood, to sleep. Early in the morning, the Austrians, taking advantage of their success the day before, commenced the attack, and the thunder of their guns at daylight brought Napoleon into his saddle. The field was again alive with charging squadrons, and covered with the smoke of battle. From daylight till nearly noon had the conflict raged without a moment's cessation. Everywhere except against the Austrians' left the French were defeated. From the steeples of Vienna, the multitude gazed on the progress of the doubtful fight, till they heard the cheers of their countrymen above the roar of battle, driving the flying enemy before them, when they shouted in joy, and believed the victory gained. But Napoleon galloped up, and restoring order in the disordered lines, ordered Davoust to make a circuit, and, ascending the plateau of Wagram, carry Neusiedel. While waiting the result of this movement, on the success of which depended all his future operations, the French lines under Napoleon's immediate charge were exposed to a most terrific fire from the enemy's artillery, which tore them into fragments. Unable to advance, and too distant to return the fire, they were compelled to stand as idle spectators, and see the cannon-shot plough through them. Whole battalions, driven frantic by this inaction in the midst of such a deadly fire, broke and fled. But everything depended on the infantry holding firmly their position till the effect of Davoust's assault was

seen. Yet, nothing but Napoleon's heroic bravery kept them steady. Mounted on his milk-white charger, Euphrates, given him by the King of Persia, he slowly rode backward and forward before the lines, while the cannon-balls whistled and rattled like hail-stones about him—casting ever and anon an anxious look towards the spot where Davoust was expected to appear with his fifty thousand brave followers. For a *whole hour* he thus rode in front of his men, and though they expected every moment to see him shattered by a cannon-ball, he moved unscathed amid the storm. At length, Davoust was seen charging like fire over the plateau of Wagram, and finally appear with his cannon on the farther side of Neusiedel. In a moment, the plateau was covered with smoke as he opened his cannon on the exposed ranks of the enemy. A smile lighted up Napoleon's countenance, and the brow that had been knit like iron during the terrific strife of the two hours before, as word was constantly brought him of his successive losses, and the steady progress of the Austrians—cleared up, and he ordered Macdonald, with eight battalions, to march straight on the enemy's centre, and pierce it. This formed the crisis of the battle, and no sooner did the archduke see the movement of this terrible column of eight battalions, composed of sixteen thousand men, upon his centre, than he knew that the hour of Europe's destiny and his own army had come. He immediately doubled the lines at the threatened point, and brought up the reserve cavalry, while two hundred cannon were wheeled around the

spot on which such destinies hung; and opened a terrific fire on the approaching column. Macdonald immediately ordered a hundred cannon to precede him, and answer the Austrian batteries, that swept every inch of ground like a storm of sleet. The cannoniers mounted their horses, and, starting on a rapid trot with their hundred pieces, approached to within a half cannon-shot, and opened a destructive fire on the enemy's ranks. With this battery at its head, belching forth fire like some huge monster, the mighty columns steadily advanced. The Austrians fell back, and closed in on each other, knowing that the final struggle had come. At this crisis of the battle, nothing could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the awful fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and, at the distance of a mile and a half from the spot where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and the centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his cannon, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field, and into the devouring cross fire of the Austrian artillery, he began to advance. The destruction then became awful. At every discharge, the head of that column disappeared, as if it sank into the earth, while the

outer ranks, on either side, melted away like snow-wreaths on the river's brink. No pen can describe the intense anxiety with which Napoleon watched its progress. On just such a charge rested his empire at Waterloo, and in its failure his doom was sealed. But all the lion in Macdonald's nature was roused, and he had fully resolved to execute the awful task given him, or fall on the field. Still he towered unhurt amid his falling guard, and, with his eye fixed steadily on the enemy's centre, continued to advance. At the close and fierce discharges of these cross batteries on its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back, like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment, the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the desperate valor that filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled column must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press on.

Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose, to conquer or die, to his devoted followers. There is no excitement, no enthusiasm, such as Murat was wont to infuse into his men when making one of his desperate charges of cavalry. No cries of "*Vive*

*l'Empereur,*" are heard along the lines; but in their place is an unalterable resolution that nothing but annihilation can shake. The eyes of the army and the world are on them, and they carry Napoleon's fate as they go. But human strength has its limits, and human effort the spot where it ceases for ever. No living man could have carried that column to where it stands but the iron-hearted hero at its head. But now he halts, and casts his eye over his little surviving band, that stands all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his path, and, as far as the eye can reach, he sees the course of his column by the black swath of dead men, that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. Out of the *sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen*, and here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. The heart of Bonaparte stops beating at the sight; and well it may, for his throne is where Macdonald stands. He bears the empire on his single brave heart—*he is the EMPIRE*. Shall he turn at last, and sound the retreat? The empire totters on the ensanguined field; for, like a speck in the distance, Macdonald is seen still to pause, while the cannon are piling the dead in heaps around him. "Will he turn at last?" is the secret and agonizing question Napoleon puts to himself—"Must my throne go down?" No! he is worthy of the mighty trust committed to him. The empire stands or falls with him, but shall stand while *he* stands. Looking away

to where his emperor sits, he sees a movement as if aid were at hand. "Onward!" breaks from his iron lips. The roll of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley that smites that exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won—the empire saved—and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat.

Such was the awful battle of Wagram, and such the charge of Macdonald. We know of nothing equal to it except Ney's charge at Waterloo, and that was not equal, because it failed.

On riding over the ensanguined field, Bonaparte came where Macdonald stood amid his troops. As his eye fell on the calm and collected hero, he stopped, and, holding out his hand, said, "Shake hands, Macdonald—no more hatred between us—we must henceforth be friends, and, as a pledge of my sincerity, I will send your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned." The frankness and kindness of Napoleon effected what all his neglect and coldness had failed to do—subdued him. Grasping his hand, and, with a voice choked with emotion, which the wildest uproar of battle could never agitate, replied, "Ah! sire, with us it is henceforth for life and death." Noble man! kindness could overcome him in a moment. It is no wonder that Bonaparte felt at last that he had not known Macdonald's true worth.

The last great conflict in which he was engaged was the disastrous battle of Leipsic. For two days he fought like a lion, and, when all hope was aban-

done, he was appointed by Napoleon to form, with Lannistau and Poniatowski, the rear-guard of the army while it passed over the only remaining bridge of Lindenau, across the Elster. Here he stood and kept the allies at bay, though they swarmed in countless multitudes into the city, making it fairly reel under their wild hurrahs, as they drove before them the scattered remnants of the rear of the French army. Carriages, and baggage-wagons, and chariots, and artillery, came thundering by, and Macdonald hurried them over the bridge, still maintaining his post against the headlong attacks of the victorious army. Slowly the confused and bleeding mass streamed over the crowded bridge, protected from the pursuing enemy by the steady resistance of Macdonald. The allies were struck with astonishment at this firm opposition in the midst of defeat. Half the disasters of that battle, so fatal to Napoleon, would have been saved, but for the rashness of a single corporal. Bonaparte had ordered a mine to be constructed under this bridge, which was to be fired the moment the French army had passed. The corporal to whom this duty had been intrusted, hearing the shouts of the allies as they rolled like the sea into Leipsic, and seeing the tirailleurs amid the gardens on the side near the river, thought the army had all passed, and fired the train. The bridge was lifted into the air with a sound of thunder, and fell in fragments into the river. It is said, the shriek of the French soldiers forming the rear-guard, when they saw their only communication with the army



cut off, was most appalling. They broke their ranks and rushed to the bank of the river, stretching out their arms towards the opposite shore, where were the retreating columns of their comrades. Thousands, in desperation, plunged into the stream, most of which perished, while the whole remaining fifteen thousand were made prisoners. But, amid the *melée* that succeeded the blowing up of the bridge, were seen two officers, spurring their horses through the dense multitude that obstructed their way. At length, after most desperate efforts, they reached the banks. As they galloped up the shore on their panting and blood-covered steeds, one was seen to be Macdonald, and the other the brave Poniatowski. Casting one look on the chaos of an army that struggled towards the chasm, they plunged in. Their strong chargers stemmed the torrent manfully, and struck the opposite shore. With one bold spring, Macdonald cleared the bank, and galloped away. But the brave and noble Pole reached the shore only to die. His exhausted steed struggled nobly to ascend the bank, but, failing, fell back on his wounded rider, and both perished together in the flood.

Of Macdonald's after career we have already spoken. He remained firm to Napoleon till his abdication, and then, like all his generals and marshals, gave in his allegiance to the Bourbon throne. His firmness of character, which rendered him in all emergencies so decided and invincible, prevented him also from joining Bonaparte's standard when he landed from Elba. The contagious enthusiasm which

bore away so many of the old companions in arms of Bonaparte, did not shake his constancy. He gave his adhesion to the Bourbons because it was in the compact with Napoleon, and because, under the circumstances, he considered it his duty to do so, and no after excitement could shake his fidelity. He was a thorough Scotchman in his fixedness of will. He possessed none of the flexibility of the French character, and but little of its enthusiasm. Bold, unwavering, and determined, he naturally held great sway over the French soldiers. Versatile themselves, they have greater confidence in a character the reverse of their own, and will follow farther an iron-willed commander than one possessing nothing but enthusiasm. In a sudden charge, you want the head-long excitement; but in the steady march into the very face of destruction, and the cool resistance in the midst of carnage, you need the cool, rock-fast man.

This trait in Macdonald's character was evinced in his conduct when sent to repel the invasion of Napoleon, who was drawing all hearts after him in his return from exile. He repaired to Lyons with his army, but, finding that his troops had caught the wild-fire enthusiasm that was carrying everything before it, he addressed them on their duty. It was to no purpose, however, for no sooner did they see the advanced guard of Bonaparte's small company, and hear the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur*," with which they rent the air, than they rushed forward, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur*" in return, and clasped their

old comrades to their bosoms. Ney, under similar circumstances, was also borne away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and, flinging his hat into the air, joined in the wild cry that shook Europe like an earthquake, and summoned a continent to arms again, and made kings tremble for their thrones. But Macdonald was not a being of such rapid impulses. His actions were the result of reflection rather than of feeling. True to his recent oath, he turned from his treacherous troops and fled, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by them.

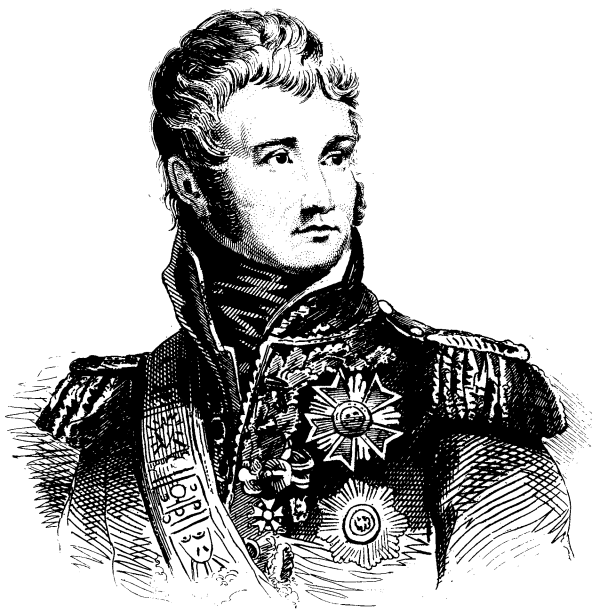
He was a conscientious soldier—kind in peace—sparing of his men in battle, unless sacrifice was imperiously demanded, and then spilling blood like water. Generous and open-hearted, he spoke his sentiments freely, and abhorred injustice and meanness. Dazzled as all the world was by the splendid talents and brilliant achievements of Bonaparte, he never seemed to have discovered his cold selfishness and towering ambition, which lay at the bottom of all his actions.

The Duke of Tarentum, as Macdonald was called in France, had no sons. He had three daughters, two of whom married nobles, and the third a rich banker.

## MARSHAL LANNES.

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BONAPARTE always chose his marshals on the eclectic principle. Wherever he found *one great* quality, he laid it under contribution. The great error, even with sensible men, is, they bring every one to a single standard, and judge him by a single rule. Forgetting the variety everywhere visible in nature, and that the beauty and harmony of the whole depend on the difference of each part, they want to find in every man that proportion and balance of all his qualities which would make him perfect. Disappointed in this, they seek the nearest approximation to it, and hence prefer an ordinary intellect if well balanced, to a great one if great only in some particular direction. Forgetting that such a character is unbalanced only because it has at least *one* striking quality, they reject its aid, or content themselves with more prudent mediocre minds. This may do for a merchant, but not for a government or military leader. The collection of twenty thousand common minds furnishes no addition of strength, while the union of one-twentieth of that number of men, each of which possesses force in only



LANNES.

*Lannes*



one direction, gives immense power. It is true one well-balanced intellect is needed to control these conflicting energies, and force them to act in harmony on one great plan, or they will only waste themselves on each other. Bonaparte was such a controlling mind, and he cared not how one-sided the spirits were he gathered about him, if they only had force: he was after *power*, acting in whatever direction. A combination of men, each of whom could do one thing well, must do all things well. Acting on this principle, he never allowed a man of any striking quality to escape him. Whether it was the cool and intrepid Ney, or the chivalric Murat—the rock-fast Macdonald, or the tempestuous Junot—the bold and careful Soult, or the impetuous Lannes it mattered not. He needed them all, and he thus concentrated around him the greatest elements of strength that man can wield. It is fearful to see the spirits Napoleon moulded into his ambitious plans, and the combined energy he let loose on the armies of Europe. Knowing the moral power of great and striking qualities, he would have no leader without them. In this, he showed his consummate knowledge of human nature, especially of Frenchmen. Enthusiasm, and the reliance on one they never trusted in vain, in battle, will carry an army farther than the severest discipline. A company of conscripts would follow Ney, as far as a body of veterans a common leader. So would a column charge with Lannes at their head, when with a less daring and resolute man they would break and fly. Moral power

is great as physical, even where everything depends on hard blows. Mind and will give to the body all its force—so do they also to an army. The truth of this was witnessed and proved in our struggle with the parent country.

Jean Lannes was born in Lectoure, a small town in Normandy, in April, 1769. His father was an humble mechanic, and, never dreaming his son would be anything more, bound him an apprentice to one in his own shere of life. In ordinary times, young Lannes would probably have remained in the humble station in which his birth had placed him, and become in time, perhaps, a passable shoemaker or carpenter. But France was awaking from a long sleep, and the terrible elements, that were to change the whole order of things, began already to move. A mighty future seemed beckoning the martial talent of France towards it, and a field was opening where genius and daring could win for themselves honor and renown. Young Lannes ran away from his master, and enlisted for a common soldier in the army. Soon after the Revolution was ushered in, he was sent with the army that operated on the Pyrenean frontier. He soon exhibited the two striking traits of his character,—traits which eminently fitted him for the scenes in which his life was to pass,—viz., reckless daring, and unconquerable resolution. These qualities shining out in the heat of battle, and in the most desperate straits, soon won for him the regard of his officers, and he was made chief of brigade. In this rank he fought under Lefebvre, but soon after, for some cause



known only to the Convention, which yet scarcely knew the cause of anything it did, he was deprived of his commission, and returned to Paris. Amid the conflicting elements that surrounded the young soldier in the French capital, he soon found work to do. An ardent republican, his bold politics and bolder manner could not long escape the notice of government, and he was sent to the army in Italy. As chief of a battalion at Milisimo, he conducted himself so gallantly, and fought with such desperate impetuosity, that he arrested Napoleon's attention in the hottest of the engagement, and he made him colonel on the spot. Crossing the Po, soon after, under the enemy's fire, he was the first to reach the opposite bank; and finally crowned his brilliant exploits at Lodi, where he was made general of brigade, and soon after of division. After the successive victories of Montebotte, Milisimo, and Dego, Napoleon resolved to push on to Milan. In his progress, he was forced to cross the Adda, at Lodi. Twelve thousand Austrian infantry, and four thousand cavalry, with a battery of thirty cannon, stood at the farther extremity of the bridge he was to pass, to dispute its passage. On the 1st of May, Napoleon arrived at Lodi with his army. The Austrian cannon and musketry began immediately to play on the bridge, so that it seemed impossible to reconnoitre the ground. But Napoleon, sheltering his men behind the houses of the town, sallied out into the midst of the deadly storm, and immediately arranged his plan. Forming a column of seven thousand picked men, he placed himself at

their head and rushed on the bridge; but the cannon-balls and grape-shot, and the bullets of the infantry, swept every inch of the narrow defile, and rattled like an incessant shower of hailstones against its stony sides. So incessant and furious was the discharge, that a cloud of smoke lay like a dense fog round the bridge; yet into its very bosom moved the intrepid column. The awful volley that smote their breasts made these bold men stop and stagger like a strong ship smitten by the wave. For a moment the column wavered and balanced on the pass, for a thousand had already fallen, and it was marching straight into a volcano of fire; but the next moment, seeing themselves supported by the tirailleurs that were fording the stream beneath the arches, they shouted, "*Vive la Republique!*" and, receiving the awful storm of cannon-balls and grape-shot on their unshrinking bosoms, rushed forward and bayoneted the artillery-men at their guns. Lannes was the *first man across, and Bonaparte the second*. Spurring his excited steed on the Austrian ranks, he snatched a banner from the enemy, and just as he was about to seize another, his brave horse sunk under him. In a moment, the swords of half a dozen cuirassiers glittered above him, and his destruction seemed inevitable. But extricating himself with incredible exertion from his dying steed, he arose amid the sabre-strokes that fell like lightning around him, and leaping on the horse of an Austrian officer behind him, slew him with a single stroke, and, hurling him from his saddle, seated himself in his place, and then, wheel-

ing on the enemy, charged the cuirassiers like a thunderbolt, and fought his way through them single-handed, back to his followers. It is said that Napoleon never forgot the bearing of Lannes on that occasion. The fury of a demon seemed to possess him, and the strength of ten men appeared to be concentrated in his single arm. No wonder Bonaparte promoted him on the spot. His own daring was reckless enough, but Lannes' was still more so, and it seems almost a miracle that he escaped death.

Napoleon, whom his soldiers here, for the first time, gave the title of "The little Corporal," in honor of his courage, was, ever after, accustomed to speak of this sanguinary struggle as "The terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi." It was by such acts of heroic valor that Lannes acquired the sobriquet among the army of "Orlando" and "Ajax." A few months after, he exhibited the same fearlessness of character and headlong courage, at the passage of the bridge of Arcola. After the battle had raged for some time, the Austrian general, Mitronski, advanced across the bridge, and charged the division under Augereau. The French, repulsing the assault, followed hard after the fugitives, and pressed on the bridge. The slaughter then became terrific. The Austrian artillery opened in their very faces, and they were driven back almost by the concussion of the discharge, and reeling a moment in their footsteps, broke and fled. At this critical juncture, Napoleon seized a standard, and, with his generals around him, advanced through a perfect hurricane of grape-shot, to the centre of the

bridge, and planted it there. The brave grenadiers pressed, with leveled bayonets and leaning forms, close after their intrepid leader; but unable to withstand the tempest of fire and of lead, which the hotly-worked battery hurled in their faces, seized Bonaparte in their arms, and trampling over the dead and dying hurried him back through the smoke of battle. But the Austrians pressed close after the disordered columns, and driving them into the marsh in the rear, Bonaparte was left to the middle in the water, and surrounded by the enemy. But the next moment, finding their beloved chieftain gone, the soldiers cried out over the roar of battle, "Forward, to save your general!" Pausing in their flight, they wheeled and charged the advancing enemy, and driving them back over the morass, bore off in triumph the helpless Napoleon. During all this bloody struggle, Lannes never left him; but, advancing when he advanced, charging like fire by his side, and covering his person with his own body from the bullets that mowed everything down around them, he received three wounds, which well-nigh relieved him of his life. He was suffering from a wound when he entered the battle, but it did not prevent him from doing deeds of incredible daring. Nothing shows the personal exposure and personal daring of the generals, who, one after another, rose to be marshals and dukes, more than the frequency with which they were wounded in their earlier career. Here, after three pitched battles, we find Murat, Ney, Macdonald, Berthier, and Lannes, all wounded.

We cannot follow him through all his after career, but must select out those particulars in which he exhibited his most striking qualities. Lannes was frank, even to bluntness, and so impatient of restraint that he sometimes became insubordinate, but was always brave, and firm as a rock in the hour of battle. Indeed, his very impatience of control, and frequent outbursts of passion, when crossed in his purpose, made him rise in excitement and increase in daring the greater the obstacles that opposed him. Always heading his columns in the desperate onset, and exposing his person where death reaped down the brave fastest, he so fastened himself in the affections of his soldiers, that they would follow him into any extremity. By the openness of his character and brilliancy of his exploits, he fixed himself deeply also in the heart of Napoleon, who always wished him by his side, and leaned on him in battle as he did on Ney. But the impetuosity of his character demanded constant action, and he grew irritable and unmanly when compelled to suffer without resistance. He could encounter any obstacle against which he was allowed to dash, and would enter any danger where he could swing the arm of defiance; but he had none of the martyr-spirit in him. Pinion him, and he would become frantic under suffering. He needed self-control, and the discipline of calm and collected thought. Trained in the camp, and educated in the roar of battle, he was all action and excitement. Yet his excitement made him steady. In the midst of falling thousands, and the shock of

mighty armies, his mind worked with singular clearness and power. It needed the roar of cannon and the tumult of a battle-field to balance the inward excitement which drove him on. Hence, in his earlier career, he could not be trusted alone with an army, and Bonaparte knew it best. But he learned the duties of a great leader fast, and Napoleon says himself of him, "I found him a dwarf, I lost him a giant."

In the campaign of Egypt, he appears the same great general, and fought at Aboukir and Acre as he had done before at Lodi and Arcola. At Acre, he nearly lost his life, and was carried from the field of battle desperately wounded. In the march from Alexandria to Cairo, across the desert, Lannes exhibited that impatience and irritability we have before mentioned. In the midst of a boundless plain of sand, without water, parched by the sun, and surrounded by troops of Bedouins, the army gave way to despair, and Murat and Lannes among the rest. Wherever there was a battery to be stormed, or an army of eighty thousand men to be annihilated, none spurred more joyously into the battle than they. But to bear up against the solitude and silence of the desert—against hunger and thirst, and a burning sun—foes that could not be routed or even assailed, required more self-control than either possessed. They became dispirited and desperate, and dashed their plumed hats to the ground and trampled them in the sand; and it is said even conspired to return to Alexandria

with the army. Ney and Macdonald never would have acted thus.

Selected by Bonaparte as one of the eight officers to return with him to Paris, he played an important part in that conspiracy by which the government of France was overthrown, and the commander-in-chief of the army became the First Consul of the empire.

Bonaparte, having resolved to overthrow the imbecile Directory, and take the power into his own hands, assembled around him the most determined spirits the army could furnish. On the morning that he mounted his steed and rode towards the Tuileries, resolved to stake everything on one bold move, and pass the power of France into his own hands, seven men, as yet only partially known to fame, were assembled in the palace, sworn to his interests and bound to his destiny. Those seven names afterwards made Europe tremble. They were Moreau, Murat, Marmont, Macdonald, Berthier, Lefebvre, and Lannes. Only one was wanting—the intrepid Ney. Napoleon felt the loss of him, and when about to present himself before the bar of the ancients, said, “I would give at this moment two hundred millions to have Ney by my side.”

Being employed awhile in France, he afterwards joined the army destined to Italy, and shared largely in the glory of that brilliant campaign. He accompanied Napoleon over the St. Bernard, or rather he went over five days before him. The van-guard, composed of six regiments, was placed under his command, and he set out at midnight for the top of the

pass. While Bonaparte was still at Martigny, Lannes was rushing down into Italy, and had already opened his musketry on the Austrians. When the whole army was stopped by the fort of Bard, Lannes was still sent on with the advance-guard by another path to take possession of the valley of Ivrea.

But one of the most remarkable actions of his life, illustrating best the iron will and almost unparalleled bravery of the man, was his battle with the Austrians at Montebello, which gave him the title of duke. Still leading the van-guard he had carried over the St. Bernard, he came upon the Po, and upon nearly eighteen thousand Austrians, admirably posted, with their right wing resting on the Apennines, and their left reaching off into the plain, while the whole field was swept by batteries that lined the hill-sides. When Lannes came upon this strong array and discovered their position, he saw at once that he must retreat or fight with no hope, except to maintain his ground till Victor, five or six miles in the rear, could come up. Independent of the superior position of the Austrians, they had between seventeen and eighteen thousand men,\* while Lannes could muster only about eight thousand, or less than half the number of his enemy.

\* Alison, in giving an account of this battle, makes the very slight mistake of putting the Austrian army at fifteen thousand, and the French under Lannes nine thousand. Victor's corps, which joined Lannes during the day, he puts at seven thousand, while Thiers makes it at the most but six thousand. Alison makes the armies equal after Victor came up, while Thiers states the Austrians to be superior by one-third.



But his rear rested on the Po, and fearing the effect of a retreat in such a disastrous position, he immediately resolved to withstand the shock of the whole army with his little band. The cheerfulness with which the soldiers advanced to this unequal combat shows the wonderful power he wielded over them. They were not only ready to march on the enemy, but advanced to the charge with shouts of enthusiasm. We scarcely know of a more striking instance of valor than the behavior of Lannes on this occasion. There was no concealment of the danger—no chance of sudden surprise, and no waiting the effect of some other movement on which his own would depend. It was to be downright hard fighting, and he knew it; fighting, too, against hopeless odds for the first few hours. But all the heroic in him was aroused, and his chivalric bearing before his army inspired them with the highest ardor. Especially after the battle was fairly set, and it was necessary to make one man equal to three, he seemed endowed with the spirit of ten men. He was everywhere present, now heading a column in a charge—now rallying a shattered division—and now fighting desperately, hand to hand, with the enemy. Without waiting the attack of the Austrians, he formed his troops *en échelon*, and advanced to the charge. Two battalions marched straight on the murderous artillery, which, stationed in the road, swept it as the cannon did the bridge of Lodi. The third battalion endeavored to carry the heights, while Watrin, with the remainder, marched full on the centre. The battle at once became terrific. Before the

furious onset of the French, the Austrians were driven back, and seemed about to break and fly, when a reserve of the imperialists came up, and six fresh regiments were hurled on the exhausted ranks of the French. The heights of Revetta had been carried, but the fresh onset was too heavy for the victorious troops, and they were driven in confusion down the hill. The centre staggered back before superior numbers and the awful fire of the artillery; but still Lannes rallied them to another and another effort. Under one of the most destructive fires to which a regiment was perhaps ever exposed, he supported his men by almost superhuman efforts. Standing himself where the shot ploughed up the ground in furrows about him, he not only coolly surveyed the danger, but by his commands and presence held his men for a long time in the very face of death. But it was impossible for any column, unless all composed of such men as Lannes, long to withstand such a fire; and they were on the point of turning and fleeing, when one of the divisions of Victor's corps arrived on the field and rushed with a shout into the combat. This restored for a time the fight. The Austrians were again repulsed, when, bringing up a fresh reserve, the French were forced to retire. Now advancing and now retreating, the two armies wavered to and fro, like mist when it first meets the rising blast. As division after division of Victor's corps came up, the French rallied, till at length, when they had all arrived, and the two armies stood twelve to eighteen thousand—the whole French force and the

whole Austrian reserve in the field—the combat became dreadful. Though pressed by such superior numbers, and wasted by such commanding and hotly-worked batteries, Lannes refused to yield one inch of the ensanguined field. It is said that his appearance in this battle was absolutely terrific. Besmeared with powder, and blood, and smoke, he rode from division to division, inspiring courage and daring in the exhausted ranks, rallying again and again the wasted columns to the desperate charge, and holding them by his personal daring and reckless exposure of his life, hour after hour, to the murderous fire. General Rivaud, battling for the heights, and the brave Stratrin, charging like fire on the centre, cheered at every repulse by the calm, stern voice of Lannes, fought as Frenchmen had not fought before during the war. The moral power which one man may wield, was never more visible than on this occasion. Lannes stood the rock of that battle-field, around which his men clung with a tenacity that nothing could shake. Had he fallen, in five minutes that battle would have been a rout. On his life hung victory, and yet it seemed not worth a hope, in the awful fire through which he constantly galloped. From eleven in the morning till eight at night, did he press with an army, first of six, then of twelve thousand on one of eighteen thousand, for nine long hours, without intermission or relief. It was one succession of onsets and repulses, till darkness began to gather over the scene. One-fourth of his army had sunk on the field where they fought. At length Rivaud, having carried the

heights, came down like an avalanche on the centre, while Watrin led his intrepid column for the last time on the artillery. Both were carried, and the Austrians were compelled to retreat. Bonaparte arrived just in time to see the battle won.\* He rode up to Lannes, surrounded by the remnants of his guard, and found him drenched with blood—his sword dripping in his exhausted hand—his face blackened with powder and smoke—and his uniform looking more as if it had been dragged under the wheels of the artillery during the day, than worn by a living man. But a smile of exultation passed over his features, as he saw his commander gazing with pride and affection upon him, while the soldiers, weary and exhausted as they were, could not restrain their joy at the victory they had won.

Such was the terrible battle of Montebello; and Lannes, in speaking of it afterwards, said, in referring to the deadly fire of the artillery, before which he held his men with such unflinching firmness, "*I could hear the bones crash in my division, like hailstones against windows.*" A more terrific description of the effect of cannon-shot on a close column of men, we never remember to have seen. We have heard of single-handed sea-fights of frigate with frigate, where the firing was so close and hot that the combatants could hear the splitting of the timbers in the enemy's ship

\* Alison, with his accustomed correctness, says: "At length the arrival of Napoleon, with the division of Gardanne, decided the victory." This reminds us of his account of the taking of the President by the Endymion.

at every broadside, but we never before heard of a battle where the bones could be heard breaking in the human body, as cannon-balls smote through them. Yet no one would ever have thought of that expression, had it not been suggested to him by what he actually heard. At all events, Lannes never fought a more desperate battle than this, and as evidence that Napoleon took the same view of it, he gave him the title of Duke of Montebello, which his family bear with just pride to this day.

Bonaparte did not forget the great qualities of a commander he exhibited on this occasion, and ever afterwards placed him in the post of danger. In the battle of Marengo, which took place a few days after, he performed prodigies of valor. Wandering over this renowned battle-field, Lannes was recalled to our mind at almost every step. The River Bormida crosses the plain between the little hamlet, of some half a dozen houses, of Marengo, and Alessandria, where the Austrians lay encamped. Coming out from the city in the morning, and crossing the Bormida under a severe fire of the French, they deployed into the open field, and marched straight on Victor, posted just before Marengo. He had stationed himself behind a deep and muddy stream—resembling, indeed, in its banks and channel, a narrow canal rather than a rivulet—and sustained the shock of the enemy with veteran firmness, for two hours; but overpowered by superior numbers, he was fast losing his strength, when Lannes came up and restored the combat. There, divided only by this narrow ditch—across which the

front ranks could almost touch bayonets—did the tirailleurs stand for two hours, and fire into each other's bosoms, while the cannon, brought to within pistol-shot, opened horrible gaps in the dense ranks at every discharge, which were immediately filled with fresh victims. It did not seem possible, as I stood beside this narrow stream, across which I could almost leap, that two armies had stood and fired into each other's bosoms, hour after hour, across it.

But we do not design to go into the particulars of this battle. Austrian numbers, and the two hundred Austrian cannon, were too much for Victor and Lannes both together. The little stream of Fontanone was carried, and these two heroes were compelled to fall back on the second line. This, after a desperate resistance, was also forced back. Victor's corps, exhausted by four hours' fighting, finally gave way, and broke and fled towards Lannes' division, which alone was left to stay the reversed tide of battle. Seeing that all now rested on him, he put forth one of those prodigious efforts for which he was remarkable in the hour of extreme danger. Forming his men into squares, he began slowly to retreat. The Austrian army moved *en masse* upon him, while eighty pieces of cannon sent an incessant shower of round and grape-shot through his dense ranks, mowing them down at every discharge like grass. Still he held the brave squares firm. Against the charge of cavalry, the onset of infantry, and the thunder of eighty cannon, he opposed the same adamant front. When pressed too hard by the infantry, he would stop and charge

bayonet; then commence again his slow and heroic retreat. Thus he fought for two hours—retreating only two miles in the whole time—leaving entire ranks of men on almost every foot of ground he traversed. But between the steady onset of the Hungarian infantry, which halted every ten rods and poured a deadly volley on his steady squares, and the headlong charge of the imperial cavalry, sweeping in a fierce gallop around them, and the awful havoc of those eighty cannons, incessantly playing on the retreating masses, no human endurance could longer withstand the trial. Square after square broke and fled, and the field was covered with fugitives, crying, “*Tout est perdu, sauve qui peut.*” Still Lannes, unconquered to the last, kept those immediately about him unshaken amid the storm and devastation. Scorning to fly, unable to stand, he allowed his men to melt away before the destructive fire of the enemy; while the blowing up of his own caissons, which he could not bring away, added tenfold terror to the thunder of cannon that shook the field. He and the Consular Guard, also in a square, moved like “living citadels” over the plain, and furnished a wall of iron, behind which Bonaparte was yet to rally his scattered army, and turn a defeat into a victory.

From early in the morning till three o’clock in the afternoon, the battle had raged with ceaseless fury, and now the head of Desaix’s column, with banners flying and trumpets sounding, was seen advancing with rapid step over the plain. Immediately at the commencement of the battle, Bonaparte dispatched

his aides-de-camp with urgent haste for Desaix. But as the report of the first cannon fired on Marengo, rose dull and heavy on the morning air, the hero of Egypt stood and listened; and as he heard the distant and heavy cannonading, like the roll of far-off thunder, come booming over the plain, he suspected the enemy he was after at Novi was on the plains of Marengo, and dispatched Savary in haste to the former place to see. Finding his suspicions true, he immediately put his army in motion, and was miles on his way, when the dust of fierce riders in the distance told him he was wanted. Sending forward his aides-de-camp on the fleetest horses to announce his approach, he urged his excited army to the top of its speed. At length, as he approached the field, and saw the French army in a broken mass, rolling back over the field, and the Austrians in full pursuit, he could restrain his impatience no longer, and dashing away from the head of his column, spurred his war-steed over the plain, and burst with a headlong gallop into the presence of Napoleon. A short council of the generals was immediately held, when most advised a retreat. "What think you of it?" said Napoleon to Desaix. Pulling out his watch he replied, "The battle is lost, but it is only three o'clock; there is time to gain another." Delighted with an answer corresponding so well with his own feelings, he ordered him to advance, and with his six thousand men hold the whole Austrian force in check, while he rallied the scattered army behind him. Riding among them, he exclaimed, "Soldiers, you have re-



treated far enough; you know it is always my custom to sleep on the field of battle." The charge was immediately beat, and the trumpets sounded along the lines. A masked battery of twelve cannon opened on the advancing column of the Austrians, and before they could recover their surprise, Desaix was upon them in a desperate charge. "Go," said he to his aide-de-camp, "tell the First Consul I am charging, and must be supported by the cavalry." A volley of musketry was poured in his advancing column, and Desaix fell pierced through the heart by a bullet. His fall, instead of disheartening his men, inspired them with redoubled fury, and they rushed on to avenge his death. Napoleon, spurring by where the fallen hero lay in death, exclaimed, "It is not permitted me to weep now." No, every thought and feeling was needed to wring victory from that defeat. The battle again raged with its wonted fury. But the tide was turned by a sudden charge of Kellerman at the head of his cavalry, which cutting a column of two thousand men in two, made fearful havoc on the right and left. Soon the whole Austrian army were in full retreat, and being without a commanding officer, broke and fled in wild confusion over the plain. "To the bridge! to the bridge!" rose in terrified shouts, as the turbulent mass rolled back towards the Bormida. Their own cavalry, also in full retreat, came thundering through the broken ranks, and trampling down the fugitives, added to the destruction that already desolated the field. All were hurrying to the bridge, which was soon choked by the crowds

that sought a passage; and horses, and riders, and artillery, and infantry, were rolled in wild confusion into the Bormida, that grew purple with the slain. Melas, the Austrian general, who at three o'clock, supposing the battle won, had retired to his tent, now rallied the remnants of his few hours before victorious, but now overthrown army, on the farther shores of the river. Twelve thousand had disappeared from his ranks since the morning sun shone upon them, flushed with hope and confident of victory. The combat had lasted for twelve hours, and now the sun went down on the field of blood. Over the heaps of the slain, and across the trampled field, Savary, the aide-de-camp and friend of Desaix, was seen wandering in search of the fallen chief. He soon discovered him by his long and flowing hair (he had already been stripped naked by those after the spoils), and carefully covering his body with the mantle of a hussar, had him brought to the head-quarters of the army. Desaix saved Bonaparte from a ruinous defeat at Marengo, and saved him, too, by not waiting for orders, but moving immediately towards where the cannonading told him the fate of the army and Italy was sealing. Had Grouchy acted thus, or had Desaix been in his place at Waterloo, the fate of that battle and the world would have been different.

Lannes wrought wonders on this day, and was selected by Napoleon in consideration of his service, to present to government the colors taken from the enemy. Soon after this, he was sent as ambassador to Portugal, and feeling too much the power Bona-

parte and France wielded, treated with that independent nation as if its king and ministers had been subordinates in the army. He was better at the head of a column than in the cabinet, and got no honor to himself from his office as ambassador.

This very bluntness and coarseness, which rendered him fit only for the camp and the battle-field, and which indeed was the cause of his receiving this appointment, were sufficient reasons for his not having it. Being commander of the Consular Guard, he administered its chest and disbursed the money intrusted to him with such prodigality and recklessness that there was a general complaint. It was done with the full knowledge and authority of Napoleon, yet he reproved him for it when the excitement became too great to be any longer disregarded. This exasperated Lannes so much that he indulged in the most abrupt language towards the First Consul, and resolved to replace the money that had been expended. But from all his victories he had little left, and Augereau was compelled to loan him the sum he needed, saying, "There, take this money; go to that ungrateful fellow for whom we have spilt our blood; give him back what is due to the chest, and let neither of us be any longer under obligations to him." But Napoleon could not afford to lose two of his best generals, and thinking it was better to keep such turbulent spirits apart, sent Augereau to the army and Lannes as ambassador to Portugal.

We shall not follow Lannes through his after engagements. He became one of the firmest props

of Napoleon, and fought at Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, and Friedland with his accustomed valor. In the campaign of Eylau, at the battle of Pultusk, he advanced with his corps of thirty-five thousand men in the midst of driving snow-squalls, and knee deep in mud, up to the very muzzles of a hundred and twenty cannon. In 1808, we find him on his way to join the army in Spain. In crossing the mountains near Mondragon, he came very near losing his life. His horse stumbled, and in the effort to rally fell back on him, crushing his body dreadfully by his weight. He who had stormed over so many battle-fields, and been hurled again and again from his seat amid trampling squadrons, as his horse sunk under him, and yet escaped death, was here on a quiet march well-nigh deprived of his life.

The surgeon, who had seen a similar operation performed by the Indians in Newfoundland, ordered a sheep to be skinned immediately, and the warm pelt sewed around the wounded marshal's body. His extremities in the mean time were wrapped in hot flannels, and warm drinks were given him. In ten minutes he was asleep, and shortly after broke into a profuse perspiration, when the dangerous symptoms passed away. Five days after he led his columns into battle at Tuedla, and completely routed an army of forty thousand men. During the next year we find him before Saragossa, taking the command of the siege which had been successively under the command of Moncey and Junot. The camp was filled with murmurs and complaints. For nearly

a month they had environed the town in vain. Assault after assault had been made; and from the 2d of January, when Junot took the command, till the arrival of Lannes in the latter part of the month, every night had been distinguished by some bloody fights, and yet the city remained unconquered. Lannes paid no heed to the complaints and murmurs around him, but immediately, by the promptitude and energy of his actions, infused courage into the hearts of the desponding soldiery. The decision he was always wont to carry into battle, was soon visible in the siege. The soldiers poured to the assault with firmer purpose, and fought with more resolute courage. The apathy which had settled down on the army was dispelled. New life was given to every movement; and on the 27th, amid the tolling of the tower bell, warning the people to the defence, a grand assault was made, and after a most desperate conflict the walls of the town were carried, and the French soldiers fortified themselves in the convent of St. Joseph.

Unyielding to the last, the brave Saragossans fought on; and, amid the pealing of the tocsin, rushed up to the very mouths of the cannon, and perished by hundreds and thousands in the streets of the city. Every house was a fortress, and around its walls were separate battle-fields, where deeds of frantic valor were done. Day after day did their single-handed fights continue, while famine and pestilence walked the city at noonday, and slew faster than the swords of the enemy. The dead lay

piled up in every street, and on the thick heaps of the slain the living mounted and fought with the energy of desperation for their homes and their liberty. In the midst of this incessant firing by night and by day, and hand-to-hand fights on the bodies of the slain, ever and anon a mine would explode, blowing the living and dead, friend and foe, together in the air. An awful silence would succeed for a moment, and then over the groans of the dying would ring again the rallying cry of the brave inhabitants. The streets ran torrents of blood, and the stench of putrefied bodies loaded the air. Thus for three weeks did the fight and butchery go on within the city walls, till the soldiers grew dispirited, and ready to give up the hope of spoils if they could escape the ruins that encompassed them. Yet theirs was a comfortable lot to that of the besieged. Shut up in the cellars with the dead—pinched with famine, while the pestilence rioted without mercy and without resistance—they heard around them the incessant bursting of bombs, and thunder of artillery, and explosions of mines, and crash of falling houses, till the city shook night and day, as if within the grasp of an earthquake. Thousands fell every day, and the town was in a mass of ruins. Yet unconquered, and apparently unconquerable, the inhabitants struggled on. Out of the dens they had made for themselves amid the ruins, and from the cellars where there were more dead than living, men would crawl to fight, who looked more like spectres than warriors. Women would man the guns, and, musket

in hand, advance fearlessly to the charge; and hundreds thus fell, fighting for their homes and their firesides. Amid this awful scene of devastation—against this prolonged and almost hopeless struggle of weeks—against the pestilence that had appeared in his own army, and was mowing down his own troops—and above all, against the increased murmurs and now open clamors of the soldiers, declaring that the siege must be abandoned till reinforcements could come up—Lannes remained unshaken and untiring. The incessant roar and crash around him—the fetid air—the exhausting toil, the carnage and the pestilence, could not change his iron will. He had decreed that Saragossa, which had heretofore baffled every attempt to take it, should fall. At length, by a vigorous attempt, he took the convent of St. Lazan, in the suburbs of the town, and planted his artillery there, which soon leveled the city around it with the ground. To finish this work of destruction by one grand blow, he caused six mines to be run under the main street of the city, each of which was charged with three thousand pounds of powder. But before the time appointed for their explosion arrived, the town capitulated. The historians of this siege describe the appearance of the city and its inhabitants after the surrender as inconceivably horrible. With only a single wall between them and the enemy's trenches, they had endured a siege of nearly two months by forty thousand men, and continued to resist after famine and pestilence began to slay faster than the enemy. Thirty thousand cannon-balls and sixty

thousand bombs had fallen in the city, and fifty-four thousand of the inhabitants had perished. Six thousand only had fallen in combat, while forty-eight thousand had been the prey of the pestilence. After the town had capitulated, but twelve thousand were found able to bear arms, and they looked more like spectres issuing from the tombs than living warriors. Saragossa was taken; but what a capture! As Lannes rode through the streets at the head of his victorious army, he looked only on a heap of ruins, while six thousand bodies still lay unburied in his path. Sixteen thousand lay sick, while on the living famine had written more dreadful characters than death had traced on the fallen. Infants lay on the breast of their dead mothers, striving in vain to draw life from the bosoms that never would throb again. Attenuated forms, with haggard faces and sunken eyes and cheeks, wandered around among the dead to search for their friends—corpses bloated with famine lay stretched across the threshold of their dwellings, and strong-limbed men went staggering over the pavements, weak from want of food, or struck with the pestilence. Woe was in every street, and the silence in the dwellings was more eloquent than the loudest cries and groans. Death, and famine, and the pestilence had been there in every variety of form and suffering. But the divine form of Liberty had been there too, walking amid those mountains of corpses and ruins of homes, shedding her light through the subterranean apartments of the wretched, and with her cheering voice animating the



thrice-conquered, yet unconquered, still to another effort, and blessing the dying as they prayed for their beloved city.

But she was at last compelled to take her departure, and the bravest city of modern Europe sunk in bondage. Still, her example lives, and shall live to the end of time, nerving the patriot to strike and suffer for his home and freedom, and learning man everywhere how to die in defending the right. A wreath of glory surrounds the brow of Saragossa, fadeless as the memory of her brave defenders. Before their achievements—the moral grandeur of their firm struggle, and the depth and intensity of their sufferings—the bravery and perseverance of the French and Lannes sink into forgetfulness. Yet, it was no ordinary task that Lannes had given him, and it was by no ordinary means that he executed it. It required all the iron in his nature to overcome the obstacles that encompassed him on every side.

The glory which belongs to him from the manner in which he conducted this siege to issue, has been somewhat dimmed by his after conduct. He is charged with having, three days after the siege, dragged the tutor and friend of Palafox from his bedside, where he was relieving his wants and administering to him the consolations of religion, and bayoneting him and another innocent chaplain on the banks of the Ebro. He is charged, also, with levying a contribution of fifty thousand pairs of shoes and eight thousand pairs of boots, and medicines, &c., necessary for a hospital, on the beggared population. He is

accused of rifling a church of jewels to the amount of four million six hundred and eighty-seven thousand francs, and appropriating them all to himself; and worst of all, of having ordered monks to be enveloped in sacks and thrown into the river, so that, when their bodies were thrown ashore in the morning, they would strike terror into others. He is also accused of violating the terms of capitulation, by sending the sick Palafox, the commander-in-chief, a close prisoner to France, when he had promised to let him retire wherever he chose. These are Mr. Alison's allegations; but as Madame d'Abrantes is his only authority, we doubt them all, in the *way* they are stated, while some of them carry their falsehood in their very inconsistency; and we hardly know which to wonder at most, the short-sighted pique of Madame Junot (alias d'Abrantes), which could originate them, or the credulity or national prejudice of Mr. Alison, which could indorse them.

Junot had been unsuccessful in conducting the siege, and had been superseded in the command by Lannes, who had won the admiration of Europe by his success. That Junot's wife should feel this, was natural; and that her envy should cause her to believe any story that might meet her ear, tending to disparage her husband's rival, was womanly. Besides, Junot received less of the spoils than he would have done had he been commander-in-chief. This also warped the fair historian's judgment, especially the loss of the jewels of our Lady of the Pillar, which she declares Lannes appropriated to himself. All

this was natural in *her*, but how Mr. Alison could suppose any would believe that Lannes wreaked his entire vengeance against the city of Saragossa and its brave inhabitants, by spearing two harmless priests on the banks of the Ebro, is passing strange. He must find some other reason for the act before any one will believe it. But the accusation that he drowned a few monks to frighten the rest, is still more laughable. One would think that Lannes considered himself in danger from monkish conspiracies, that he resorted to this desperate method of inspiring terror. If we were to believe the story at all, we should incline to think that he did it for mere amusement, to while away the tedious hours, in a deserted, ruined, famine-struck, and pestilence-struck city. To inspire a sepulchre and hospital with terror, by drowning a few monks, was certainly a very original idea of Lannes.

In the storming of Ratisbon, Lannes exhibited one of those impulsive deeds which characterized him. Seeing a house leaning against the ramparts, he immediately ordered the artillery against it, which soon broke down the walls, and left them as a sort of stepping-stones to the tops of the walls of the city. But such a destructive fire was kept up by the Austrians on the space between the French and it, that they could not be induced to cross it. At length, Lannes seized a scaling ladder, and rushing into and through the tempest of balls that swept every foot of the ground, planted it against the ruined house, and summoned his men to follow. Rushing through the fire,

they rallied around him, scaled the walls, and poured into the city, and opened the gates to the army.

But now we come to the close of Lannes' career. He had passed through three hundred combats, and proved himself a hero in fifty-three pitched battles. Sometimes the storm swept over him, leaving him unscathed; sometimes, desperately wounded, he was borne from the field of his fame, but always rallied again to lead his host to victory. But his last battle-field was at hand, and one of the strongest pillars of Napoleon's throne was to fall amid clouds and darkness.

In the summer of 1809, after Vienna had fallen into his hands, Napoleon determined to pass the Danube and give the Archduke Charles battle on the farther shore. The Danube, near Vienna, flows in a wide stream, embracing many islands in its slow and majestic movement over the plain. Bonaparte resolved to pass it at two points at the same time, at Nussdorf, about a mile above Vienna, and against the island of Lobau, farther down the river. Lannes took charge of the upper pass, and Massena of the lower—the two heroes of the coming battle of Aspern. Lannes failing in his attempt, the whole army was concentrated at Lobau. On the evening of the 19th of May, Bonaparte surprised the Austrians on the island, and, taking possession of it and the other islands around it, had nothing to do but throw bridges from Lobau to the northern bank of the Danube, in order to march his army over to the extended plains of Marchfeld, that stretched away from

the bank to the heights of Bisomberg, where lay the archduke with a hundred thousand men. Through unwearied efforts Bonaparte was able to assemble on the farther shore, on the morning of the 21st, forty thousand men. The archduke saw, from the heights he occupied, every movement of the French army, which seemed, by its rashness and folly, to be rushing into the very jaws of destruction.

It was a cloudless summer morning, and as the glorious sun came flashing over the hill-tops, a forest of glittering bayonets sent back its beams. The grass and the flowers looked up smilingly to the blue heavens, both of which seemed unconscious of the carnage that was to end the day. Just as the sun had reached its meridian, the command to advance was heard along the heights, answered by shouts that shook the earth, and the roll of drums and thousands of trumpets, and wild choruses of the soldiers. While Bonaparte was still struggling to get his army over the bridge, while Lannes' corps was on the farther side, and Davoust in Vienna, the Austrian army of eighty thousand men, came rolling down the mountain-side and over the plain, like a resistless flood. Fourteen thousand cavalry accompanied this magnificent host, while nearly three hundred cannon came trundling, with the sound of thunder, over the ground. The army advanced in five awful columns, with a curtain of cavalry in front to conceal their movements and direction. Bonaparte looked with an unquiet eye on this advancing host, while his own army was still separated by the Danube. In a moment, the field was

in an uproar. Lannes, who had crossed, took possession of Essling, a little village that stood half a mile from the Danube; and Massena of Aspern, another village, standing at the same distance from the Danube, and a mile and a half from Essling. These two villages were the chief points of defence between which the French army was drawn up in line. Around these two villages, in which were entrenched these two renowned leaders, were to be the heat and strength of the battle. Three mighty columns were seen marching with firm and rapid steps towards Aspern, while towards Essling, where the brave Lannes lay, a countless host seemed moving. Between, thundered the two hundred and ninety pieces of cannon, as they slowly advanced, enveloping the field in a cloud of smoke, blotting out the noonday sun, and sending death and havoc amid the French ranks. As night drew on, the conflict became awful. Bursting shells, explosions of artillery, and volleys of musketry, were mingled with shouts of victory and cries of terror; while over all, as if to drown all, was heard at intervals the braying of trumpets and strains of martial music. The villages in which Massena and Lannes maintained their ground with such unconquerable firmness, took fire, and burned with a red flame over the nightly battle-field, adding tenfold horror to the work of death. But we do not intend to describe the first day's battle. We shall refer to it again when we speak of Massena and Bessières, who fought with a desperation and unconquerable firmness, that astonished even Napoleon. At eleven

o'clock at night the uproar of battle ceased, and through the slowly retiring cloud of war that rolled away towards the Danube, the stars came out, one by one, to look on the dead and the dying. Groans and cries loaded the midnight blast, while the sleeping host lay almost in each other's embrace. Bonaparte, wrapped in his military cloak, lay stretched beside the Danube, not half a mile from the enemy's cannon. The sentinels could almost shake hands across the space that intervened; and thus the living and the dead lay down together on the hard-fought field, while the silent cannon, loaded with death, were pointing over the slumbering hosts. Lulled by the Danube, that rolled its turbulent flood by his side, and canopied by the stars, Napoleon rested his exhausted frame, while he revolved the disastrous events of the day, and pondered how he might redeem his error. Massena had lost most of Aspern; but Lannes still held Essling, and had held it during one of the most sanguinary struggles of that fiercely fought battle. Early in the morning, as soon as the light broke over the eastern hills, the two armies were again on their feet, and the cannon opened anew on the walls of living men. The French troops were dispirited, for the previous day had been one of defeat; while the Austrians were full of hope. But the rest of Lannes' corps had crossed the Danube during the night, while Davoust, with nearly thirty thousand more, was marching with flying colors over the bridge. The archduke had also received reinforcements, so that two armies, of about a hundred thousand each, stood

ready to contest the field on the second day. At the commencement of the onset, Lannes was driven for the first time from Essling; but St. Hiliare coming up to his aid, he rallied his defeated troops and led them back to the charge, retook the place, and held it, though artillery, infantry, and cavalry thundered upon it with shocks that threatened to sweep the village itself from the plain.

At length, Bonaparte, tired of acting on the defensive, began to prepare for his great and decisive movement on the centre. Massena was to hold Aspern, Davoust to march on Essling, while Lannes, the brave Lannes, who had fought with almost superhuman energy and courage for two days, was sent with Oudinot to force the centre and cut the Austrian army in two. Bonaparte called him to his side, and from his station behind the lines which overlooked the field, pointed out to him the course he wished him to take. Lannes spurred to his post, and when all was ready Bonaparte came riding along the lines to animate the soldiers in the decisive onset that was about to be made. The shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" with which they received him, was heard above the roar of battle, and fell with an ominous sound upon the Austrian lines. Apprised by the shouts where the emperor was passing, they immediately turned their cannon in that direction, hoping by a chance shot to strike him down. General Monthier was killed by his side, but the mightiest man of blood of all was not to fall by the sword. In a few minutes, Lannes' awful columns were on the march, and moved with rapid step over



the field. Two hundred cannon were placed in front, and advanced like a rapidly moving wall of fire over the cumbered ground. Behind was the cavalry, the irresistible cuirassiers, that had swept so many battle-fields for Napoleon, and before the onset of which the best infantry of Europe had gone down.

The Imperial Guard formed the reserve. Thus arrayed and sustained, the terrible columns entered the close fire of the Austrian batteries and the deadly volleys of the infantry. Lannes knew that the fate of the battle was placed in his hands, and that the eye of Napoleon was fixed with the deepest anxiety upon him. He felt the weight of Europe on his shoulders, and determined to sustain it. In front, clearing a path for his strong legions, went the artillery, sending death and havoc over the field. Around the threatened point the whole interest of the battle gathered, and the most wasting and destructive fire opened on Lannes' steady ranks. But nothing could resist the weight and terror of their shock. Through and through the Austrian lines they went, with the strength of the inrolling tide of the sea. Into the wide battle-gorge thus made by their advance, the cavalry plunged at headlong gallop, shaking their sabres above their heads and sending their victorious shouts over the roar of the artillery. They dashed on the ranks with such fury that whole battalions broke and fled, crying, "All is lost." Amid this confusion and terror the awful column of Lannes still advanced. On, on it moved, with the strength of fate itself, and Bonaparte saw, with

delight, his favorite marshal wringing the crown from Germany and placing it on his head. At length, the enveloped host pierced to the reserve grenadiers of the Austrian army, and the last fatal blow seemed about to be given. In this dreadful crisis the archduke showed the power and heroism of Napoleon himself. Seeing that all was lost without a desperate effort, and apparently not caring for his life if defeat must be endured, he spurred his steed among the shaking ranks, rallying them by his voice and bearing to the charge, and seizing the standard of Zach's corps, which was already yielding to the onset, charged at their head like a storm. His generals, roused by his example, dashed into the thickest of the fight, and at the head of their respective divisions fell like so many rocks upon the head of Lannes' column. Those brave officers, almost to a man, sunk before the destructive fire that opened upon them, but that dreadful column was checked for the first time in its advance, and stood like a living rock amid its foes. The Austrians were thrown into squares, and stood like so many checkers on the field. Into the very heart of these Lannes had penetrated and stopped. The empire stopped with him, and Napoleon saw at once the peril of his chief. The brave cuirassiers, that had broken the best infantry of the world, were immediately ordered to the rescue. Shaking the ground over which they galloped—their glittering armor rattling as they came—they burst into the midst of the enemy and charged the now steady battalions with appalling fury. Round and round the

firm squares they rode, spurring their steeds against the very points of the bayonets, but in vain. Not a square broke, not a column fled; and, charged in turn by the Austrian cavalry, they were compelled to fall back on their own infantry. Still Lannes stood amid the wreck and carnage of the battle-field around him. Unable to deploy, so as to return the terrific fire that wasted him, and disdaining to fly, he let his column melt away beside him. Being in squares, the Austrians could fire to advantage, while Lannes could only return it from the edges of his column. Seeing that he dare not deploy his men, the archduke had the cannon wheeled to within five rods of them, and there played on the dense masses.

Every discharge opened huge gaps, and men seemed like mist before the destructive storm. Still the shivering column stood as if rooted to the ground, while Lannes surveyed with a flashing eye the disastrous field from which he saw there was no relief. Added to this, the ammunition began to fail, and his own cannon were less hotly worked. This completed the disaster; while, to render his situation still more desperate, a regiment had dashed in between his lines, which, being immediately followed by others, cut them in twain. Added to all, the news began to fly over the field that the bridges over the Danube had been carried away by the heavy boats that had been floated down against them. Still, Lannes and his column disdained to fly, and seemed to resolve to perish in their footsteps. The brave marshal knew he could not win the battle, but he knew also he could die on

the spot where he struggled for a continent. Bonaparte, as he looked over the disordered field from his position, saw at once that the battle was lost. Still, in this dreadful crisis, he showed no agitation or excitement. Calm and collected as if on a mere review, he surveyed the ruin about him, and by his firm bearing steadied the soldiers and officers amid whom he moved. Seeing that no time was to be lost, if he would save the remnant of his army, for the bridges were fast yielding to the swollen stream, he ordered a general retreat. Lannes and his column then began to retire over the field. In a moment the retreat became general, and the whole army rolled heavily towards the bridge that crossed to the island of Lobau. As they concentrated on the shore it became one mighty mass, where not a shot could fall amiss.

The archduke, wishing to complete his victory by a total rout, immediately advanced with his whole army upon them. His entire artillery was brought up and arranged in a semicircle around this dense mass crowding on to the bridges, and poured their awful storm into a perfect mountain of flesh. It seemed as if nothing could prevent an utter overthrow; but Lannes, cool and resolute as his emperor, rallied his best men in the rear, and covered the retreating and bleeding army. With Massena by his side, now steadying their troops by his words and actions, now charging like fire on the advancing lines, he saved the army from burial in the Danube.

Lannes never appeared to better advantage than

on this occasion. His impetuosity was tempered by the most serious and thoughtful actions, and he seemed to feel the importance of the awful mission with which he had been intrusted. At length, dismounting from his horse to escape the tempest of cannon-balls which swept down everything over the soldiers' heads, he was struck by a shot as he touched the ground, which carried away the whole of the right leg, and the foot and ankle of the left. Placed on a litter, he was immediately carried over the bridge into the island, where Bonaparte was superintending some batteries with which to protect the passage. Seeing a litter approach him, Napoleon turned, and lo, there lay the bleeding and dying Lannes. The fainting marshal seized him by the hand, and in a tremulous voice, exclaimed, "Farewell, sire. Live for the world, but bestow a passing thought on one of your best friends, who in two hours will be no more."

The roar of battle was forgotten, and reckless alike of his defeat and the peril of his army, of all, save the dying friend by his side, Napoleon knelt over the rude couch, and wept like a child. The lip that had seemed made of iron during the day, now quivered with emotion, and the eye that had never blenched in the wildest of the battle, now flowed with tears. The voice of affection spoke louder than the thunder of artillery, and the marble-hearted monarch wept. And well he might. For there before him, mangled and torn, lay the friend of his youth, and the companion of his early career—he who

charged by his side at Lodi and Arcola—saved his army at Montebello, and Italy at Marengo—who opened Ratisbon to his victorious army—nay, the right hand of his power—broken and fallen for ever.

“Lannes,” said he, in his overpowering emotion, “Do you not know me? it is the emperor, it is Bonaparte, your friend; you will yet live.” “I would that I might,” replied the dying hero, “for you and my country, but, in an hour, I shall be no more.” Soon after he fainted away, and then became delirious. He lingered thus for nine days, now charging in his frantic dreams at the head of his column, now calling wildly on the emperor to come to him, and now raving about his cruel fate. He would not hear of death, and when told that he must die, that nothing could save him—“Not save a marshal of France!” he exclaimed, “and a duke of Montebello! Then the emperor shall hang you.” No, death spares neither marshals nor dukes, and the hero of so many combats had fought his last battle.

Lannes was prodigal of money, notwithstanding the attempt of Mr. Alison to make him covetous; frank even to bluntness, and unconscious of fear. In the midst of battle, his penetrating eye detected every movement with precision. Napoleon himself says of him: “Lannes was wise, prudent, and withal bold; gifted with imperturbable *sang froid* in presence of the enemy.” There was not a general in the French army that could manœuvre thirty thousand infantry on the field of battle so well as he. He was but forty years of age when he died. His

soldiers loved him like children, and a poor officer never was forgotten by him. His wife, whom he married in poverty, and from the lower ranks of life, partook of his generosity and kindness.

The eldest son of Lannes, the present Duke of Montebello, married not many years ago, in Paris, a daughter of Charles Jenkinson, an English gentleman.

## MARSHAL MASSENA.

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No one can be long in Genoa without becoming acquainted with the striking characteristics of Massena. The heights around the city in which he struggled—the crippled and deformed beings that meet one at every turn, pointed to by the inhabitants as the results of that awful famine Massena brought on the inhabitants when, besieged by sea and land, he obstinately refused to surrender—are constant mementos of that iron-hearted man.

Andrea Massena's birthplace was only a hundred miles from Genoa. He was born at Nice, on the 6th of May, 1758, and, while still an infant, was left an orphan in the world. Growing up without parental care, his education was neglected, and he was left to the mercy of almost any impulse that might strike him. An uncle, captain of an ordinary merchant vessel, took him to sea with him while he was a mere boy. But after having made two voyages, the young Andrea, then only seventeen years of age, enlisted as a private soldier in the royal Italian regiment, in which another uncle ranked as captain. This service





MASSÉNA.

*Masséna*



seemed more fitted to his tastes, and he performed its duties with such regularity and care that he was made corporal. Long after, when scarred with his many battles, and standing on the highest pinnacle of military fame—marshal of France and duke of Rivoli—he frequently spoke of this first promotion as affording him more happiness than all the after honors that were heaped upon him. From this he went up (gradually enough, it is true) to sergeant, and, finally, adjutant, where he stopped. Unable, by the most strenuous exertions and unimpeachable fidelity, to reach the rank of under-lieutenant, he at length, after fourteen years' service, left the army in indignation, and, marrying the daughter of a shop-keeper, settled down as a common man in Nice. Here he doubtless would have remained and died a common man, but for the outbreak of the Revolution. Massena, like those other stern-hearted men who afterwards shook Europe so, heard the call for brave and daring spirits, and immediately re-entered the army. At the age of thirty-five he found himself general of division, and had acquired in the army of Italy, where he served, the reputation of a man of great courage and skill. He was present at Montenotte, Millesimo, Arcole, Lodi, and through all that brilliant campaign of Napoleon in 1796, in Italy. He did not long escape the eye of the young Corsican, who was astonishing Europe by his victories, and he soon began to look upon him as he did upon Ney, Lannes, and Murat. He once said to him during this campaign, "Your corps is stronger than that of any other

general—you, yourself, are equivalent to six thousand men." When peace was concluded with Austria, he was chosen to convey the ratification of it to the Directory, which received him in the most flattering manner.

While Bonaparte was in Egypt, Massena commanded the army on the eastern frontiers of France. On his return, Massena was intrusted with the defence of Genoa, invested by the Austrians and blockaded by the English. The next two or three years were passed at Paris or Ruel in comparative idleness. He bought the magnificent chateau of Richelieu at the latter place, and scarce ever appeared at court. He was a strong republican, and disliked the pomp and show the First Consul began to gather around him. Bonaparte was aware of this, but still he felt he could not do without him; and so, when made emperor in 1804, he made him Marshal of France. The next year the defence of Italy was intrusted to him, and at Verona, and afterwards at Caldiero, he beat and completely routed the Archduke Charles and drove him out of the country. The year following this he commanded the army that accompanied Joseph Bonaparte to Naples, and, by the successful siege of Gaeta, fixed the new king firmly on his throne. These were the years of his glory; and we find him the next year, 1807, commanding the right wing of the Grand Army in Poland. At the close of this campaign he was created Duke of Rivoli, and presented by Bonaparte with a

large sum of money, with which to support his new title.

In 1810, Napoleon placed him over the army in Portugal. Reducing Ciudad Rodrigo, after three months' siege, and taking Almeida, he advanced on Wellington, who retreated to the Torres Vedras. Here the English commander intrenched himself, and bid defiance to Massena, who, finding himself unable to dislodge him, and famine and sickness wasting his army, was compelled to commence a disastrous and barbarous retreat into Spain. He was shortly after recalled, and, from his infirm health and shattered constitution, was left behind in the fatal Russian expedition, though he earnestly besought it. This ended his military career. He was at Toulon when Bonaparte landed from Elba. He could not at first believe the report, but he was soon convinced of its truth by a letter from Napoleon himself. "Prince," said he, "hoist the banner of Essling on the walls of Toulon, and follow me." But the old marshal refused to break his new allegiance, till the surrounding cities had gone over, and the Bourbon cause was evidently lost. He took no part in the military preparations of Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and, after the overthrow of the emperor at Waterloo, he was appointed by Louis commander of the National Guard, and was one of the council appointed to try Ney. But the old marshal declared the court incompetent to perform such a task, and would have nothing to do with the dishonor and murder of his old comrade in arms.

I have thus given a brief outline of Massena's career, in order to furnish a kind of reference to the reader, when I come to speak of the battles in which this intrepid leader exhibited his great strength.

Massena possessed scarcely a trait either of the Italian or French character, though, from his birth-place, he might be supposed to exhibit something of both. He was not an impulsive man, like Junot or Murat, nor an impetuous creature like Lannes. He was not easily excited, but, when once aroused, he was one of the most terrible men in Bonaparte's army. He was like an enormous wheel that requires a great deal of force to set it in motion, but, when it does move, it crushes everything in its passage. Perhaps the prominent trait in his character was fixedness of purpose. He was more like Ney in this respect than any other of Napoleon's marshals. His tenacity was like death itself. A battle with him never seemed over, unless he gained it. This obstinacy of resolution never forsook him. I do not know an instance, in his whole career, where he appeared the least affected by the panic of others. The cry of *sauve qui peut* never hastened his footsteps, or disturbed the regular movement of his thoughts. His own iron will was sufficient for any emergency. He wished no aid or sympathy from others to steady him. He fell back on himself, in the most desperate straits, with a confidence that was sublime. Amid the wildest hurricane of cavalry—face to face with a hotly-worked battery, while his dead and dying guard lay in heaps around him, or retreating before an

overwhelming force—he was the same self-collected and self-poised man. Amid the disordered ranks, he stood like a rock amid the waves, and hurled back from his firm breast the chaos that threatened to sweep him away. His stubbornness of will, however, was not mere mulish obstinacy, which is simply averse to change of purpose, but was based on decisions which evinced the soundest judgment, and a most active and vigorous mind. It is true that his hatred of defeat, combined with his stubborn resolution, sometimes caused him to err in exposing his men to useless slaughter. He was brave as courage itself, and constitutionally so. It required no excitement to bring him up. He did not seem to be aware of danger, and acted, not so much like a man who has made up his mind to meet the perils that environ him heroically, as like one who is perfectly unconscious of their existence. His frame corresponded with his character, and seemed made of iron; his endurance was wonderful. He had one peculiar trait—he grew clear-headed amid the disorder of battle. It is said that, on ordinary occasions, he appeared dull and heavy, and his remarks were of the most ordinary kind; but the thunder of cannon cleared up his ideas, and set his mind in motion. The effect of the first report of cannon, as it rolled heavily away over the field, shaking the plain with its sullen jar, was almost instantaneous, and his mind not only became active, but cheerful. It was the kind of music he liked, and his strong, ambitious nature beat time to it. Neither was this a momentary excite-

ment, but a steady effect, continuing throughout the contest. Amid the wildest uproar of conflicting thousands—buried in the smoke and tumult of a headlong charge—his thoughts were not only clear and forcible, but indicated the man of genius. Great emergencies often call out great mental and physical efforts; but there are few men whose minds the roar of artillery, the shock of cavalry, and all the confusion and disorder of a fierce-fought battle-field, brighten up into its clearest moods. Such a man must have within him the most terrible elements of our nature. This singular characteristic gave wonderful collectedness to his manner in the midst of the fight. In front of the deadliest fire, struggling against the most desperate odds, he gave his orders and performed his evolutions without the least frustration or alarm. He never seemed disheartened by any reverses, and fought after a defeat with the same energy he did after a victory.

This self-control—this wonderful power of will—rendering a man equal in himself to any emergency—is one of the rarest qualities in man. Those who judge of Massena's ability as a general, seem to overlook this characteristic entirely, or place it on a par with mere animal courage. But blind, dogged resistance is one thing—the same tenacity of will, combined with the powerful action of a clear and vigorous mind, is quite another. The former, the most common man may possess, but the latter is found only in great men. It is mind alone that imparts that prodigious power. Mere obstinacy secures



about as many disasters as successes, but Massena acquired the title in the French army of "The Favored Child of Victory." No man could have won that title without genius. Nothing is more common than the absurd echo of Bonaparte's statements, that his generals could do nothing of themselves, and were mere engines—terrible, it is true—which *he* brought to act on the enemy's ranks. Men talk as if those conquerors of Europe—the marshals of Napoleon—were mere senseless avalanches, which he hurled where he wished. Such splendid achievements as were wrought in the wars with Bonaparte, are the results of military genius, not animal courage. But even Napoleon, when on St. Helena, was inclined to praise Massena. "Massena," said he, "was a superior man; he was eminently noble and brilliant when surrounded by the fire and disorder of battle. The sound of guns cleared his ideas, and gave him understanding, penetration, and cheerfulness. He was endowed with extraordinary courage and firmness, which seemed to increase in excess of danger. When defeated, he was always ready to fight the battle again, as though he had been the conqueror."

This is as true as any criticism Bonaparte ever passed on any of his marshals. The remark respecting his courage increasing "in excess of danger," is especially so. There seemed an exhaustless reserve force in him, which came forth as the storm gathered darker and the dangers thickened around him. That force his will could not summon up—perilous crises alone could do it, and then his very look and voice

were terrible. Towering in front of his shattered column, he moved like the God of War amid the tempest that beat upon him. Sometimes, when moving into the very teeth of destruction, he would encourage his shrinking men by putting his hat on his sword and lifting it over his head, and thus, like a pillar of fire to his men, he marched straight on death. There cannot be a more touching eulogy than that passed on Massena and others by Napoleon, when, sad and disheartened, he wrote from before Mantua to the Directory, informing it of his perilous position. Said he, "I despair of preventing the raising of the blockade of Mantua; should that disaster arise, we shall soon be behind the Adda, and perhaps over the Alps. The wounded are few, but they are the *élite* of the army. Our best officers are struck down; the army of Italy, reduced to a handful of heroes, is exhausted. The heroes of Lodi, of Millesimo, of Castiglione, of Bassano, are dead or in hospitals. Joubert, Lanusse, Victor, Murat, and Charlot, are wounded; we are abandoned in the extremity of Italy. Perhaps the hour of the brave Augereau, of the intrepid Massena, of Berthier, is about to strike; what, then, will become of these brave soldiers?" In his moments of despondency, he confesses how he leans on such men as Massena. Well he might, for, a short time after, in the terrible fight in the dikes of Reno, and the passage of Arcole, another of his props went down in Lannes, and Massena escaped almost by a miracle. In the wasting fire to which he was exposed, Massena could not

bring his men to charge, except by placing himself at the head of the column, and lifting his chapeau on the point of his sword above his head, and thus moving to the onset. It is said that his bearing on this occasion was magnificent. While his column moved along the dike, he was seen in front, bare-headed, with his glittering sword stretched high over his head, on the point of which swung his hat, as a banner to the ranks that pressed after; while his hair streamed in the storm of battle, and his piercing eye flashed fire, as it surveyed the dangers that encompassed him. Thus, again and again did he advance to the charge, through the tempest of shot that swept everything down around him; and by this course alone was enabled to maintain his ground during the day.

But, with all Massena's bravery, and firmness, and genius, he had some traits of character that stained his reputation and dimmed his glory. He was rapacious, it cannot be denied—though not to the extent his enemies assert—and at times cruel. He seemed almost entirely wanting in human sympathy, and cared no more for the lives of others than for his own, which was apparently not at all.

In the battle of Rivoli, which took place the winter after that of Arcole, Massena exhibited that insensibility to fatigue which always characterized him, and which he, by constant, unwearied discipline, imparted to his soldiers. In this engagement, Bonaparte opposed thirty thousand men to forty thousand. He arrived on the elevated plain of Rivoli at two

o'clock in the morning of the 14th of January. The heights around were illuminated by the innumerable fires of the bivouac of the enemy, revealing the immense force he was about to struggle against. Nothing daunted, however, he formed his army under the light of the silver moon that was sailing through the midnight heavens, shedding its quiet light on the snow-covered Alps, and casting in deeper shadow the dark fir-trees that clasped their precipitous sides; and by nine in the morning was ready for action. The Austrian columns, moving down from the heights of the Montebaldo, which lay in a semicircle around the French army, fell on the left with such power that it was forced back and overthrown. While the Austrians were following up this success, and the position of the French was every moment becoming more critical, the village of Rivoli, near by, suddenly rang with the clatter of horses' hoofs. Bonaparte, with his guard, was plunging through on a fierce gallop to the head-quarters of Massena. This indomitable chief had marched the whole night, and was now resting his troops, before leading them into action. In a moment Massena was on horseback, and, forming his wearied troops into column, charged the Austrians in front with such desperation that they were forced to fall back, and the combat was restored. Bonaparte never called on the intrepid Massena in vain. The doubtful and bloody contest was at length, at nightfall, decided in favor of the French. But there was another Austrian army farther down on the Lower Adige, where Augereau's

position was every hour becoming more critical. With a part of Massena's division, which had marched all the previous night, and fought with unconquerable resolution the whole day, he started for Mantua. These indomitable troops moved off as if fresh from their bivouacs, rather than wearied with a whole night's rapid march, and a succeeding day of hard fighting, and marched all that night and the following day, and arrived after dark in the neighborhood of Mantua. At day-break, the battle was again raging, and, before night, Bonaparte was a second time victorious.

The next year found Berthier governor of Rome, and practicing the most extensive system of pillage on the poor pope and his Ecclesiastical States. The soldiers at length became exasperated with the excesses of their commander, and, to check the insubordination, Massena was appointed to supersede him. All the officers, from the captains down, had assembled and drawn up a protest against the conduct of Berthier. Massena, as soon as he assumed the command, ordered the insubordinate troops, except three thousand, to leave the capital. But they refused to march, and, assembling again, drew up another remonstrance—complained of Massena—accused him of pillaging the Venetian States, and practicing extortion and immoralities of every kind. Even his iron hand was not strong enough to reduce the soldiers to allegiance, and, throwing up the command, he retired to Arena.

While Bonaparte was in Egypt, Massena, after

suffering various losses, and being finally driven from Zurich by the Archduke Charles, at length retrieved his fame by a masterly movement around the city; and evinced not only his unconquerable tenacity by fighting his lost battles over again, but also his consummate skill as a general, in arranging his plan of attack.

But perhaps there is no greater illustration of Massena's firmness, courage, and force, than the manner in which he sustained

#### THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

After Bonaparte's return from Egypt, he appointed Massena over the army of Italy. Moreau, at the head of a hundred and thirty thousand men, was to advance on Swabia, while Napoleon himself, at the head of forty thousand, was to march over the Alps.

The sixty thousand soldiers given to Massena had dwindled down, through fever and famine, to about thirty-six thousand fighting men, which were required to defend both Genoa and Nice, though a hundred and twenty miles apart. Melas, with one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers in good condition, was the enemy he had to oppose. Leaving fifty thousand in Piedmont, to watch the passes of the Alps, Melas bore down with seventy thousand on the gorges of the Apeninnes, for the purpose of cutting the French army in two, and shutting one half up in Nice, and the other half in Genoa. This he succeeded in doing; and though Suchet and Soult

fought with unexampled bravery, the French line was divided, and Suchet and Massena separated from each other. The latter was now compelled to fall back on Genoa, with only eighteen thousand men. On the evening of the 6th of April, the Austrian flag was flying on the heights that overlooked the city; while at the same time, a British squadron was seen slowly moving up the gulf to shut it in seaward. Without the speedy appearance of a French army over the Alps, the army of Massena was evidently a doomed one. He knew that he could hold the place against all the force that could be brought against it; but the convoys of provisions, which had been kept back by adverse winds, were now effectually shut out by the English blockading squadron; while the Austrian army sweeping in an entire line round the walls of the city, cut off all supplies from the country, so that famine would soon waste his army. But it was in the midst of difficulties like this, that Massena's spirit rose in its strength. He seemed to multiply with exigencies, and there commenced, with the siege of Genoa, one of the most heroic struggles witnessed during the war.

Genoa is defended, both by nature and art, as I have never seen any other seaport. The Liguria Gulf strikes its head deep into the Apennines, so that the ground slopes from the very verge of the water up to the mountain. Two moles, running from the opposite shores, almost cross each other, cutting off the extreme point of the gulf for the port of the city. Perpendicular walls rise from the water, form-

ing the base of the houses that line the shore. Around these, cannon are planted, while forts are on every commanding point above the city. Added to this, a double wall surrounds the town, one six miles in circumference, the other thirteen. The outer walls, corresponding to the shape of the hill, ascend it somewhat in the form of a triangle. Two forts, the Spur and the Diamond, stood at the top of this triangle, protecting the fortified walls down on either side by their commanding fire. There were three other forts on the east side of the city, protecting commanding eminences that rose from the river Bisagno. On the west, or towards Nice, there were no forts, and the Poleevera comes pouring its waters into the gulf without affording any strong positions.

Thus defended, Massena saw the immense Austrian army slowly contracting its lines around the city, like a huge anaconda tightening its folds about its victim. Massena immediately resolved to attempt two desperate projects—one, to sally out on the east with his handful of men, and drive the Austrians over the Apennines—the other, to sally out on the west, and endeavor to cut the Austrian army in two, and restore his junction with Suchet. Following out his daring plans, on the 7th of April, he took General Miollis's division, strengthened by some of the reserve, and, dividing it into two columns, marched forth at their head to storm the heights of Monte Ratti. The Austrians were driven from every position by the desperate charges of the French columns, and forced over the Apennines; and Massena re-



turned at evening, marching before him fifteen hundred prisoners, and among others the Baron D'Aspres, who had incited the peasants to a revolt. The inhabitants were crazy with excitement, rending the air with acclamations and shouts of joy—bringing litters for the wounded, and soup for the brave soldiers, and urging them into their houses—proud of the honor of sheltering one of the defenders of the city. Allowing only one day to intervene, Massena, on the 9th of April, sallied forth on the west side of the city, in order to cut the Austrian army in two, and effect a junction with Suchet. Word had been sent to the latter general of the premeditated attack, with orders to rush on the Austrian forces on the opposite side, and cut his way through. Massena took ten thousand men with him, leaving the remainder to protect the city. Gazan's division he put under Soult, with orders to keep along the ridge of the Apennines, while he, at the head of Gardanne's division, kept along the sea-coast below, the junction to take place at Sassello. Ten thousand French were on the march to meet forty thousand Austrians, under Melas. Soult, reaching Aqua Santa, made a brilliant charge on a superior body of Austrians, which threatened to cut off the retreat to Genoa. But this fierce battle prevented him from being at Sassello when Massena expected him, which would have proved the ruin of almost any other man but Massena. Marching unmolested along the beautiful riviera, or sea-coast, the first day, he came, the second day, upon the enemy. His force was divided into

two columns, one of which he led in person. Supposing Soult to be at Sassello, and wishing to establish a communication with him, he had pushed on with only twelve hundred men, relying on his right column, now far in the rear, and Soult, to sustain him.

In this position, nearly ten thousand Austrians moved down upon him, and endeavored to inclose and crush him. Then commenced one of those desperate struggles for which Massena was so remarkable. With his twelve hundred men he kept the whole ten thousand at bay, while he slowly retreated in search of his lost column. Charge after charge of the overwhelming force of the Austrians was made on his little band; but he held them by his presence to the shock, with a firmness that perfectly surprised the enemy. Now, it would be perfectly enveloped and lost in the cloud of the enemy that curtained it in, and the next moment it would emerge from the thick masses of infantry, and appear unbroken, with its indomitable chief still at its head. Unable to find the column, which had lagged far behind, on account of the tardy distribution of provisions, he scaled, with his little band, precipices, plunged into ravines, and cast himself among bands of hostile peasantry, fighting all the while like a lion. Having at length found it, he rallied his troops, and determined to scale the Apennines and reach Soult, also. But his men were worn out with the desperate fighting of the day, and could not be rallied soon enough to make the attempt successful. So, sending

off all that were ready to march, as a reinforcement to Soult, who was struggling in the mountains against the most desperate odds, he fell back along the sea-coast, to protect the entrance to the city. His company now being dwindled to a mere handful, it seemed as if every charge of the mighty force that rushed on it must sweep it away. But still Massena, a host in himself, towered unhurt at its head. At length, however, his overthrow seemed inevitable. A sudden charge of Austrian hussars had surprised one of the battalions, and it was just laying down its arms, when Massena, seeing the danger, rallied, with incredible rapidity, thirty horsemen about him, and fell like a thunderbolt on the entire company. Stunned and driven back, they lost their advantage, and the battalion was saved. At length, Soult, after proving himself fifty times a hero, joined him; and together, cutting their way through the enemy, they re-entered Genoa, with *four thousand prisoners*—more than half the number of the whole army that led them captive. When the Genoese saw him return with his handful of men, preceded by such a column of prisoners, their admiration and wonder knew no bounds, and Massena's power at once became supreme.

But now he was fairly shut in. His army of eighteen thousand had become reduced to about twelve thousand fighting men. These, and over five thousand prisoners and the population, were to be fed from the scanty provisions which the city contained. In the midst of the darkness that now hung

over his prospects, Massena walked with a calm and resolute demeanor, looking the sufferings that awaited him and his army full in the face, without one thought of surrendering. At length, one morning, about a fortnight after this last sally, a general cannonading was heard all around the city, even from the gunboats on the sea, telling of some decisive movement of the enemy. A general assault was making on Fort Diamond, which, if taken, would shut up Massena in the inner wall of the city. The plateau in front of the fort was carried by them, and the fort itself summoned to surrender. The Austrians were gaining ground every moment, and threatened to carry the position of the Madonna del Monte, from which the city could be cannonaded. Fort Quezzi had been taken, and Fort Richelieu was now threatened. The French were driven back on all sides, when Massena, at noon, hastened to the spot. He ordered Soult, with two demi-brigades, to retake the plateau in front of Fort Diamond, while he himself advanced on Fort Quezzi. Around the latter place the struggle became desperate. Colonel Mouton, after performing almost incredible deeds of daring, fell, pierced by a musket ball. The combatants had advanced so close to each other, that they could not fire, and fought with stones and clubbed muskets. But superior numbers were fast telling on the French, and they were on the point of breaking, when Massena hurled his reserve, composed of only half a battalion, on the enemy. He himself was at its head, cheering it by his presence and voice, and,

dividing the enemy before him as the rock flings aside the stream, swept the dense masses of the enemy, over their own dead and wounded, from the field.

Soult was equally successful, and Massena returned at evening with sixteen hundred prisoners, having slain and wounded twenty-four hundred more. For three weeks he had fought an army of about forty thousand men with one of twelve thousand, in the open country, and had slain and taken prisoners in all nearly fifteen thousand men, or almost the entire number of the whole army he had led into Genoa. Nearly every man had killed or taken his man, and yet there were twelve thousand left to struggle on.

On the 10th of May, Massena made another successful sally with his diminished army. General Ott, of the Austrians, had sent a boast to him that he had gained a victory over Suchet, which was a falsehood. The only reply the marshal made to it was to fall on the enemy with his brave columns. The Austrians were hurled back by his irresistible onset, and he returned at evening with fifteen hundred more prisoners. Nothing shows the indomitable resolution and power of the man more than these desperate assaults.

But nothing could much longer withstand such superiority of numbers. Three days after this last victory another assault was made on Monte Creto. Massena was opposed to this movement, for he saw that his exhausted army was not equal to storming a position so strongly defended as this. But he yielded to the

urgent solicitation of his under-officers; and the iron-souled Soult was allowed, at his own urgent request, to make the attempt. He ascended with a firm step the mountain, and fought, as he never had done, with a valor that threatened to overleap every obstacle, when suddenly, amid the uproar of battle, a thunder-cloud was seen to sweep over the mountain. The lightning mingled in with the flash of musketry, while the rapid thunder-peals rolled over the struggling hosts, presenting to the spectators a scene of indescribable sublimity. In the midst of this war of the elements and war of men, Soult fell on the field. This decided the contest, and the French were driven for the first time before the enemy. Soult, with a broken leg, was taken prisoner.

This ended the fighting with the enemy, and now the whole struggle was to be with famine. Bonaparte knew the distress of his brave general, and he wrote to Moreau to accelerate his movements on the Rhine, so that Massena could be assisted. "That general," said he, in his letter to Moreau, "wants provisions. For fifteen days he has been enduring with his debilitated soldiers the struggle of despair." And, indeed, it was the struggle of despair. Napoleon was doing, but too late, what could be done. His magnificent army was hanging along the Alpine cliffs of St. Bernard, while Lannes was pouring his victorious columns into the plains of Italy. But famine was advancing as fast as they. The women ran furiously through the city ringing bells and calling out for food. Loaded cannon were arranged in the streets

to restrain the maddened populace. The corn was all gone—even the beans and oats had failed them. The meat was consumed, and the starving soldiers fell on their horses. These, too, were at length consumed, and then the most loathsome animals were brought out and slain for food. Massena, still unyielding and unsubdued, collected all the starch, linseed, and cacao in the city, and had them made into bread, which even many of the hardy soldiers could not digest. But they submitted to their sufferings without a murmur. On its being suggested to them that their general would now surrender—“*He surrender!*” they exclaimed; “he would sooner make us eat our very boots.” They knew the character of the chieftain who had so often led them into battle, and he held over them the sway of a great and lofty mind. But the distress increased every day. Wan and wretched beings strolled about the streets, and, wasted with famine, fell dead beside the walls of the palaces. Emaciated women, no longer able to nourish their infants, roamed about with piteous cries, reaching out their starving offspring for help. The brave soldiers, who had struggled for the past month so heroically against the foe, now went staggering through the streets faint for want of food. The sentinels could no longer stand at their posts, and were allowed to mount guard seated. The most desolate cries and lamentations loaded the midnight air; while at intervals came the thunder of cannon and the light of the blazing bomb as it hung like a messenger of death over the city. Added to all,

rumors were abroad that the inhabitants were about to revolt and fall on the exhausted army. Still, Massena remained unshaken. Amid the dying and the dead, he moved with the same calm and resolute mien that he was wont to do amid the storm of battle. He who could stand unmoved amid the shock of armies, could also meet without fear the slow terrors of famine. His *moral* power was more controlling than the command he held. He disdained to reserve any food for himself, but fared like the most common soldier. Though burdened with the cares and responsibilities that now pressed him down, he ate the miserable soup and more disgusting bread of the starving soldier, sharing cheerfully with him his dangers and his sufferings. He, too, felt the power of famine on his own nature. Day by day he felt the blood course more sluggishly through his veins, and night by night he lay down gnawed by the pangs of hunger. His iron frame grew thin, and his bronze cheek emaciated, yet his brave heart beat calm and resolute as ever. The eye that never blenched, even at the cannon's mouth, now surveyed the distress and woe about him with the composure of one who is above the power of fate. But now a new cause of alarm arose. The seven or eight thousand prisoners, grown desperate with famine, threatened every day to break out in open revolt. Massena had furnished them the same supplies he did his own soldiers, and sent first to the Austrian commander and then to Lord Kieth to supply them with provisions, giving his word of honor that none of them should go to the



garrison. They refusing to obey his request, he was compelled, in self-defence, to shut up the miserable prisoners in some old hulks of vessels which he anchored out in the port, and then directed a whole park of artillery to be trained on them to sink them the moment the sufferers should break loose. The cries and howls of these wretched thousands struck terror to the boldest heart; and the muffled sound rising night and day over the city, drew tears of pity even from those who themselves were slowly perishing with famine. Still, Massena would not yield. A courier sent from Bonaparte had passed by night through the English fleet in an open boat, and though discovered in the morning, and pursued, had boldly leaped into the sea with his sword in his mouth, and, amid the bullets that hailed around him, swam safely to shore. Massena thus knew that Bonaparte was on the Alps, and determined to hold out till the last. But several days had now passed, and no farther tidings were heard of him. Many of the soldiers in despair broke their arms, and others plotted a revolt. In this desperate strait, Massena issued a proclamation to them, appealing to their bravery and honor, and pointing to the example of their officers enduring the same privations with themselves. He told them Bonaparte was marching towards the city, and would soon deliver them. But the weary days seemed ages, and when nearly a fortnight had passed without tidings, the last gleam of hope seemed about to expire. But suddenly one morning a heavy rumbling sound was heard rolling over the Apen-

nines, like the dull report of distant cannon. The joy of the soldiers and populace knew no bounds. "Bonaparte is come!" ran like wild-fire through the city. "We hear his cannon towards Bochetta!" they exclaimed in transport, and rushed into each others arms, and ran in crowds towards the ramparts to catch more distinctly the joyful sound. Massena himself hurried to the heights of Tanailles. Hope quickened his steps as the heavy sound broke over the city, and a gleam of joy shot over his countenance as he thought he should be saved the mortification of a surrender. But as he stood on the ramparts, and gazed off in the direction of the sound that had awakened such extravagant joy in the hearts of the besieged, he saw only the edge of a thunder-cloud on the distant horizon; and what had been taken for the thunder of Bonaparte's cannon was only the hoarse "mutterings of the storm in the gorges of the Apennines." The reaction on the soldiers and people was dreadful. Blank melancholy and utter despair settled on every face, and Massena felt that he must at last yield; for even of the loathsome bread on which they had been kept alive there remained only two ounces to each man, and if they subsisted any longer it must be on each other. But the indomitable veteran did not yield until even these two ounces were gone, and even then he delayed. "Give me," said he to the Genoese, in the anguish of his great heart, "give me only two days' provisions, or even one, and I will save you from the Austrian yoke, and my army the pain of a surrender."

But it could not be done, and he who deserved to be crowned thrice conqueror, was compelled to treat with the enemy he had so often vanquished.

The Austrian general, knowing his desperate condition, demanded that he should surrender at discretion. Massena, in reply, told him that his army must be allowed to march out with colors flying, with all their arms and baggage, and not as prisoners of war, but with liberty to fight when and where they pleased, the moment they were outside of the Austrian lines. "If you do not grant me this," said the iron-willed Massena, "*I will sally forth from Genoa, sword in hand. With eight thousand famished men, I will attack your camp, and I will fight till I cut my way through it*"—and he would have done it, too. General Ott, fearing the action of such a leader the moment he should join Suchet, agreed to the terms, if Massena would surrender himself prisoner of war. This the old soldier indignantly refused. It was then proposed that the troops should depart by sea, so as not to join Suchet's corps in time to render any assistance in the open campaign of Bonaparte. To all these propositions Massena had but one reply: "Take my terms, or I will cut my way through your army." General Ott knew the character of the man he had to deal with too well to allow things to come to such an issue, and so granted him his own terms. When leaving, Massena said to the Austrian general, "I give you notice that, ere fifteen days are passed, I shall be once more in Genoa"—and he was.

Thus fell Genoa, defended by one of the bravest men that ever trod a battle-field. Nine days after, the battle of Marengo was fought, and Italy was once more in the hands of France.

I have thus gone over the particulars of this siege, because it exhibits all the great traits of Massena's character. His talents as a commander are seen in the skill with which he planned his repeatedly successful attacks, and the subordination in which he kept his soldiers and the populace amid all the horrors of famine—his bravery, in the courage with which he resisted forces outnumbering his own ten to one, and the personal exposure he was compelled to make to save himself from defeat—and his invincible firmness, in the tenacity with which he fought every battle, and the calmness with which he endured the privations and horrors of famine. His fixed resolution to cut his way through the Austrian host with his famished band, rather than yield himself prisoner of war, shows the unconquerable nature of the man. With such leaders, no wonder Bonaparte swept Europe with his victorious army. Neither is it surprising that, five years after, we find Napoleon intrusting him with the entire command of the army in Italy, although the Archduke Charles was his antagonist. He conducted himself worthy of his former glory in this short but brilliant campaign; and, after forcing the Adige at Verona, he assailed the whole Austrian lines at Caldiero. After two days' hard fighting—repeatedly charging at the head of his column, and exposing himself to the deadly

fire of the enemy like the meanest soldier—he at length, with fifty thousand, gained the victory over seventy thousand, and drove the archduke out of Italy. After the campaign of Eylau, in 1807, Massena returned to Paris, and appeared at court. But his blunt, stern nature could not bend to its etiquette and idle ceremonies, and he grew restless and irritable. It was no place for a man like him. But this peaceful spot proved more dangerous than the field of battle; for, hunting one day with a party of officers at St. Cloud, a shot from the grand huntsman's gun pierced his left eye, and destroyed it for ever. He had gone through fifty pitched battles, stormed batteries, and walked unhurt amid the most wasting fire, and received his first wound in a hunting excursion.

In 1809, in the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, Massena added to his former renown, and was one of the firm props of Napoleon's empire on those fiercely fought battle-fields. Previous to the battle of Aspern, after the battle of Eckmuhl, while Bonaparte was on the march for Vienna, chasing the Archduke Charles before him, Massena had command of the advance-guard. Following hard after the retreating army of the archduke, as he had done before in Italy, he came at length to the river Traun, at Ebersberg, or Ebersdorf, a small village on its banks, just above where it falls into the Danube. Here, for awhile, an effectual stop seemed put to his victorious career, for this stream, opposite Ebersberg, was crossed by a single, long, narrow wooden bridge. From shore

to shore, across the sand-banks, islands, &c., it was nearly half a mile, and a single narrow causeway traversed the entire distance to the bridge, which itself was about sixty rods long. Over this half-mile of narrow path the whole army was to pass, and the columns to charge; for the deep, impetuous torrent could not be forded. But a gate closed the farther end of the bridge, while the houses, filled with soldiers, enfiladed the entire opening, and the artillery planted on the heights over it commanded every inch of the narrow way. The high-rolling ground along the river was black with the masses of infantry, sustained by terrific batteries of cannon, all trained on that devoted bridge, apparently enough in themselves to tear it into fragments. To crown the whole, an old castle frowned over the stream, on whose crumbling battlements cannon were planted so as also to command the bridge. As if this were not enough to deter any man from attempting the passage, another row of heights, over which the road passed, rose behind the first, covered with pine-trees, affording a strong position for the enemy to retire to if driven from their first. Thus defended, thirty-five thousand men, supported by eighty cannon, waited to see if the French would attempt to pass the bridge. Even the genius and boldness of Massena might have been staggered at the spectacle before him. It seemed like marching his army into the mouth of the volcano, to advance on the awful batteries that commanded that long, narrow bridge. It was not to be a sudden charge over a short causeway, but a

steady march along a narrow defile, through a perfect tempest of balls. But this was the key to Vienna, and the marshal resolved to make the attempt—hoping that Lannes, who was to cross some distance farther up, would aid him by a movement on the enemy's flank. The Austrians had foolishly left four battalions on the side from which the French approached. These were first attacked, and, being driven from their positions, were forced along the causeway at the point of the bayonet, and on the bridge, followed by the pursuing French. But the moment the French column touched the bridge, those hitherto silent batteries opened their dreadful fire on its head. It sank like a sand-bank that caves under the torrent. To advance seemed impossible; but the heroic Cohorn, flinging himself in front, cheered them on, and they returned to the charge, driving like an impetuous torrent over the bridge.

Amid the confusion and chaos of the fight between these flying battalions and their pursuers, the Austrians on the shore saw the French colors flying, and, fearing the irruption of the enemy with their friends, closed the gate, and poured their tempest of cannonballs on friend and foe alike. The carnage then became awful. Smitten in front by the deadly fire of their friends, and pressed with the bayonets behind by their foes, those battalions threw themselves into the torrent below, or were trampled under foot by the steadily advancing column. Amid the explosion of ammunition-wagons in the midst, blowing men into the air, and the crashing fire of the enemy's

cannon, the French beat down the gate and palisades, and rushed with headlong speed into the streets of the village. But here, met by fresh battalions in front, and swept by a destructive cross-fire from the houses, while the old castle hurled its storm of lead on their heads, these brave soldiers were compelled to retire, leaving two-thirds of their number stretched on the pavement. But Massena ordered up fresh battalions, which, marching through the tempest that swept the bridge, joined their companions, and, regaining the village, stormed the castle itself. Along the narrow lanes that led to it, the dead lay in swathes, and no sooner did the mangled head of the column reach the castle walls, than it disappeared before the dreadful fire from the battlements as if it sunk into the earth. Strengthened by a new reinforcement, the dauntless French returned to the assault, and, battering down the doors, compelled the garrison to surrender. The Austrian army, however, made good their position on the pine-covered ridge behind the village, and disputed every inch of ground with the most stubborn resolution. The French cavalry, now across, came on a plunging gallop through the streets of the village, trampling on the dead and dying, and amid the flames of the burning houses, and through the smoke that rolled over their pathway, hurried on, with exulting shouts and rattling armor, to the charge. Still, the Austrians held out, till, threatened with a flank attack, they were compelled to retreat.

There was not a more desperate passage in the



whole war than this. Massena was compelled to throw his brave soldiers, whether dead or wounded, into the stream, to clear a passage for the columns. Whole companies falling at a time, they choked up the way and increased the obstacles to be overcome. These must be sacrificed, or the whole shattered column, that was maintaining their desperate position on the farther side, be annihilated. It was an awful spectacle to see the advancing soldiers, amid the most destructive fire, themselves pitch their wounded comrades, while calling out most piteously to be spared, by scores and hundreds into the torrent. Le Grand fought nobly that day. Amid the choked-up defile and the deadly fire of the batteries, he fiercely pressed on, and, in answer to the advice of his superior officer, deigned only the stern reply, "*Room for the head of my columns—none of your advice!*" and rushed up to the very walls of the castle. The nature of the contest, and the narrow bridge and streets in which it raged, gave to the field of battle a most horrid aspect. The dead lay in heaps and ridges, piled one across the other, mangled and torn in the most dreadful manner by the hoofs of the cavalry and the wheels of the artillery, which were compelled to pass over them. *Twelve thousand* men thus lay heaped, packed, and trampled together, while across them were stretched burning rafters and timbers, which wrung still more terrible cries and shrieks from the dying mass. Even Bonaparte, when he arrived, shuddered at the appalling sight, and turned with horror from the scene. The streets were one

mass of mangled, bleeding, trampled men, overlaid with burning ruins. Napoleon blamed Massena for this act, saying that he should have waited for the flank movement of Lannes; but I suspect this was done simply as a salvo to his own conscience as he looked at the spectacle before him. If Massena had *not* made the attempt, he would, undoubtedly, have been blamed still more.

This opened Vienna to the French army, and, eighteen days after, the battle of Aspern was fought. I have already, when speaking of Marshal Lannes, described this engagement. It will be seen by referring to that description that Massena and Lannes were the two heroes of that disastrous battle. They occupied the two villages of Aspern and Essling, which formed the two extremities of the French lines. Could Bonaparte have had another such point of defence in the centre as Wellington had at Waterloo, the fate of the battle might have been different. At the commencement of the fight, Massena's position was in the cemetery of Aspern. Here he stood, under the trees that overshadowed the church, and directed the attack. Calm and collected as he ever was in the heat of the conflict, he surveyed without alarm the dangers that environed him. The onset of the Austrian battalions was terrific, as they came on with shouts that rang over the roar of cannon. But Massena calmly stood, and, watching every assailed point, supported it in the moment of need, while the huge branches above his head were constantly rending with the storm of cannon-balls that

swept through them, and the steeple and roof of the church rattled with the hailstorm of bullets that the close batteries hurled upon it. The conflict here became desperate and murderous, but never did he exhibit greater courage or more heroic firmness. He was everywhere present, steadying his men by his calm, clear voice, and reckless exposure of his person, and again and again wringing victory out of the very grasp of the enemy. Thus, hour after hour, he fought, until night closed over the scene—and then, by the light of blazing bombs and burning houses, and flash of Austrian batteries, he continued the contest with the desperation of one who would not be beat. When an advancing column recoiled before the deadly fire to which it was exposed, he would rush to its head, and, crying “Forward!” to his men, with his hat on the point of his sword over his head for a banner, carry them into the very jaws of death. In the midst of one most desperate charge, every one of his guard fell around him dead or wounded, and he stood all alone amid the storm that wasted so fearfully where he passed; yet, strange to say, he was not even wounded. But, at length, after the most superhuman efforts, he was forced from the village, amid the victorious shouts of the Austrians. But he would not be driven off, and returned to the assault with unbroken courage, and succeeded in wringing some of the houses from the victors, which he retained through the night. The next morning, being always ready to fight a lost battle over again, he made a desperate assault on Aspern,

and carried it. Again he stood in the churchyard where he so calmly commenced the battle; but it was now literally loaded with the dead, which outnumbered those above whose tombs they lay. But, after the most heroic defence, he was again driven out, and the repulse of Lannes' column on the centre, soon after, completed the disaster. In the awful retreat of the French army across the Danube in the midst of the battle, Massena exhibited his unconquerable tenacity of will, which disputed every inch of ground as if his life were there. When the victorious Austrians pressed on the retreating army, crowded on the banks of the Danube, he and Lannes alone prevented an utter rout. They fought side by side with a heroism that astonished even Napoleon. Lannes fell, but this only increased Massena's almost superhuman exertions to save the army. Now on horseback, while the artillery swept down everything around him, and now on foot, to steady the shaking ranks, or head a desperate charge, he multiplied with the dangers that encompassed him. He acted as if he bore a charmed life, and rode and charged through the tempest of balls with a daring that filled the soldiers with astonishment, and animated them with tenfold courage. His eye burned like fire, and his countenance, lit up by the terrible excitement that mastered him, gave him the most heroic appearance as he stormed through the battle. No wonder that Bonaparte, as he leaned on his shoulder afterwards, exclaimed, "Behold my right arm!" For his heroic

courage in this engagement, he received the title of "Prince of Essling."

Massena was with Bonaparte while he lay cooped up in the island of Lobau waiting for reinforcements, so that he could retrieve his heavy losses. Here again he was the victim of an accident that well-nigh deprived him of life. Though he had moved unharmed amid so many conflicts, and bore a charmed life when death was abroad on the battle-field, mowing down men by thousands, and exposed his person with a recklessness that seemed downright madness, with perfect impunity; yet here, while superintending some works on the Danube, his horse stumbling, he fell to the ground, and was so injured that he was unable for a long time to sit on horseback. There seems a fatality about some men. Massena had more than once fallen from his dying steed in the headlong fight, and moved in front of his column into a perfect storm of musketry, without receiving a scratch; and yet, in a peaceful hunt, where there was no apparent danger, he lost an eye, and riding leisurely along the shores of the Danube, was well-nigh killed by a fall from his horse. But this last accident did not keep him out of battle. He was too important a leader to be missed from the field. Lannes was gone, and to lose two such men was like losing thirty thousand soldiers.

At the terrible fight at Wagram, which took place soon after, he went into the field at the head of his corps in a calash. Being still an invalid, one of the surgeons belonging to the medical staff accompanied

him, as he did in several other battles. It is said that Massena was exceedingly amused by the agitation of the timorous doctor the moment the carriage came within range of the enemy's batteries. He would start at every explosion of the artillery, and then address some careless remark to the old marshal, as much as to say, "You see I am not frightened at all;" and then, as a cannon-ball went whizzing by, or ploughed up the ground near the wheels, he would grow pale, and turn and twist in the greatest agitation, asking of the probabilities and chances of being hit. The old veteran enjoyed his alarm exceedingly, and would laugh and joke at his fears in great delight. But when the storm grew thick, and the battle hot, his face would take its stern aspect, and, forgetful of the poor doctor by his side, he would drive hither and thither amid the falling ranks, giving his orders in a tone that startled this son of Esculapius almost as much as the explosion of cannon.

On the second day of the fight at Wagram, Massena's troops, after having carried the village of Aderklaa, were repulsed by a terrible discharge of grape-shot and musketry, and a charge of Austrian cavalry, followed up by an onset from the Archduke Charles himself with his grenadiers, so that they fell back in confusion on the German soldiers, who also breaking and fleeing, overturned Massena in his carriage. He was so enraged at the panic of his soldiers, that he ordered the dragoons about his person to charge them as enemies. But it seemed

impossible to arrest the disorder. Spreading every moment, this part of the field appeared about to be lost. Massena, unable to mount his horse or head his columns, chafed like a lion in the toils. Disdaining to fly, he strove with his wonted bravery to rally his fugitive army. It was all in vain, and the disabled veteran was left almost alone in his chariot in the midst of the plain. Bonaparte, in the distance, saw the distress of his marshal, and came at a headlong gallop over the field, pressed hard after by his brave cuirassiers and the horse artillery of the guard, which made the plain smoke and tremble in their passage.

Reining up his steed beside Massena's carriage, Bonaparte dismounted, and springing into the seat beside the marshal, began to discourse, in his rapid way, of his plans. With his finger pointing now towards the steeples of Wagram, and now towards the tower of Neufriedel, he explained in a few seconds the grand movement he was about to make. Remounting his milk-white charger, he restored order by his presence and personal exposure, so that the designed movements were successfully made. Massena commanded the advance guard after this battle, and pursued the Archduke to Znaym, where the Austrians made a stand. The position was an admirable one for defence, and there was evidently to be a desperate struggle before it could be carried. But Massena advanced boldly to the assault. After various successes and defeats amid the most dreadful carnage, enraged at the obstinacy of the resistance

and the frequent recoil of his own troops, he declared his resolution, disabled as he was, to mount on horseback and charge at the head of his columns in person. His staff strove in vain to prevent him. With a single glance at his recoiling columns, he leaped from his carriage and sprung to his saddle. His feet had scarcely touched the earth, before a cannon ball crashed through the centre of the vehicle, tearing it into fragments. If he had remained a moment longer he would have been killed instantaneously. Fate seemed to have a peculiar watch over him in battle, leaving him quite at the mercy of the most ordinary chance when out of it.

In 1810, this "favored child of victory" was appointed to the command of the army in Portugal. With a force of between seventy and eighty thousand men, he was directed to drive Wellington out of the kingdom. The French army was superior in numbers to that of the English, which, after the siege and fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, commenced a retreat. The charge of cruelty and dishonesty against Massena is based chiefly on his conduct in this invasion of Portugal, and subsequent retreat. I do not design to follow him through this disastrous campaign; neither shall I enter here into a defence or palliation of his conduct. That there are grounds for this accusation, there can be no doubt—the palliations of his conduct are to be found in his position; still, there can be no excuse for his breach of faith towards the inhabitants of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida.



Probably Massena, in no part of his military career, exhibited the qualities of a great commander so strikingly as in this campaign. Like the headlong *avalanchè* in a charge—firm as a rock in the hour of disaster—possessed with a power of endurance seldom equaled by any man—he here demonstrated also his great abilities when left alone to plan and execute a protracted war.

It would be uninteresting to go over the details of this memorable pursuit and retreat. From the 1st of June to the middle of October, he chased Wellington through Portugal, and for four months and a half crowded the ablest general in Europe backwards until he came to the lines of the Torres Vedras. The English had been engaged on these lines for a year, and they now rose before Massena, an impregnable barrier from which the tide of success must at last recoil. This monument of human skill and enterprise consisted of three lines of intrenchments—one within another—extending for nearly thirty miles. On these lines were a hundred and fifty redoubts and six hundred mounted cannon. This impregnable defence received Wellington and his exhausted army into its bosom, and Massena saw his foe retire from his grasp, and take up his position where his utmost exertions to dislodge him must prove abortive. To add to the security of Wellington, he here received reinforcements that swelled his army to a hundred and thirty thousand men, or more than double that of the French marshal. To march his weary and diminished army on these stupendous fortifications,

defended by such a host, Massena saw would be utter madness. His experienced eye could sometimes see the way to success through the most overwhelming obstacles, but here there was none. Besides the defences which here protected Wellington, there were twenty British ships of the line, and a hundred transports ready to receive the army if forced to retire. Unwilling to retreat, Massena sat down before the Torres Vedras, hoping first to draw Wellington forth with his superior force to a pitched battle in the open field. But the British commander was too wary to do this, and chose rather to provoke an assault on his intrenchments, or starve his enemy into a retreat. Massena sent off to the Emperor for instructions, and then began to look about for means to provision his army. For a month the scenes of Genoa were acted over again. The army was reduced to starvation, but still Massena, with his wonted tenacity, refused to retreat. Wellington, in speaking of the position of the French army at this time, declared that Massena provisioned his sixty thousand men and twenty thousand horses for two months where he could not have maintained a single division of English soldiers. But at length, driven to the last extremity, and seeing that he must either commence a retreat at once, or his famine-stricken army would be too weak to march, he broke up his position, and began slowly to retrace his victorious steps. Arranging his army into a compact mass, he covered it with a rear-guard under the command of Ney, and, without confusion or disorder, deliberately

retired from the Torres Vedras. Wellington immediately commenced the pursuit, and hovered like a destroying angel over his flight. But it was here that the extraordinary abilities of Massena shone forth in their greatest splendor. Not at Aspern, where he fought with a heroism that made him a host in himself, nor at Wagram, nor at Znaym, did he display such qualities as a great military leader as in this retreat. It will ever stand as a model in military history. He showed no haste or perturbation in his movements, but retired in such order and with such skill, that Wellington found it impossible to assail him with success. Taking advantage of every position offered by the country, the French marshal would make a stand till the main body of the army and the military wagons passed on.

Thus for more than four months in the dead of winter—from the middle of November to the 1st of May—did Massena slowly retreat towards the frontier of Portugal. At Almeida he made a stand, and the two armies prepared for battle. Wellington was posted along the heights opposite the town. Massena commenced the assault, and fell with such vehemence on the British that they were driven from their position in the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. A counter-charge by the English retrieved a part of the village, and night closed the conflict. Early next morning Massena again commenced the attack, and in a short time the battle became general. So severely was Wellington handled, that he was compelled to abandon his position and take up another on a row

of heights in rear of the first. In his retreat he was compelled to cross a plateau four miles in breadth, which was perfectly curtained in with French cavalry. Making his left wing a pivot, he swung his entire right in admirable order across the plateau to the heights he wished to occupy. None but English infantry could have performed this perilous movement. Formed into squares, they moved steadily forward while the artillery of Ney was thundering in their rear, and his strong columns rolled like a resistless torrent against them. Those brave squares would at times be lost to view in the cloud of the enemy that enveloped them, and then emerge from the disorder and smoke of battle without a square broken, steadily executing the required movement on which the contest hung. Had they given way, Wellington would have been lost. The English infantry, as heavy troops, are the best in the world, and the English commander knew he could trust them.

It was during this day that three regiments of English soldiery met the Imperial Guard in full shock, and both disdaining to yield, for the first time during the war bayonets crossed, and the forest of steel of those two formidable masses of infantry lay leveled against each other's bosoms. The onset was made by the British, and so terrible was the shock that many of the steadfast Guard were lifted from the ground, and sent as if hurled from a catapult through the air. The clatter of the crossing steel and the intermingling in such wild conflict of two such bodies of men, is described as being terrible in the extreme.

At night the English were forced back from all their positions; but the new stand Wellington had made was too formidable to be assailed, and after remaining three days before it Massena again commenced his retreat. This ended the pursuit, and Massena fell back to Salamanca, having lost since his invasion of Portugal more than a third of his army.

The cruelties practiced during this retreat have given rise to severe accusations on the part of the British. But it remains to be shown, before they can be made good, that these were not necessary in order to harass the enemy. All war is cruel; and the desolation and barrenness that followed in the track of the French army, wasting the inhabitants with famine, were a powerful check on Wellington in his pursuit. The sympathy of the inhabitants with the English doubtless made Massena less careful of their wants and sufferings; but his barbarity has been greatly exaggerated by Walter Scott, and other English historians. The track of a retreating and starving army must always be covered with woe; and one might as well complain of the cruelty of a besieging army, because the innocent women and children of the invested town die by thousands with hunger.

We have already spoken of Massena during the Russian campaign, and the three hundred days that preceded the campaign of Waterloo.

In 1816 the old marshal was accused in the Chamber of Deputies of plotting a conspiracy to bring back Napoleon. He indignantly and successfully repelled

the charge, but the blow it gave his feelings hastened, it is thought, his death; and he died the next year at the age of fifty-nine.

Massena had two sons and one daughter. The daughter married his favorite aide-de-camp, Count Reille. The eldest son having died, the second succeeded to the father's estates and titles.

## MY FIRST AND LAST CHAMOIS HUNT.

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“Es ist Zeit zu aufstehen—es ist drei viertel auf eins,” said a voice in reply to my question, “Wer ist da?” as I was awakened by a low knock at my door. I had just composed myself to sleep for the second time, as this “It is time to get up, it wants a quarter of one,” aroused me. I was in the mountain valley of Grindelwald in the very heart of the Oberland. I had been wandering for weeks amid the glorious scenery of the Alps, which had gone on changing from grand to awful till I had become as familiar with precipices, and gorges, and glaciers, and snow-peaks, and avalanches, as with the meadow-spots and hill-sides of my native valley. I had stood in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and seen the sun go down on his bosom of snow, until from the base to the heaven-reaching summit, it was all one transparent rose color, blushing and glowing in bright and wondrous beauty in the evening atmosphere. I had stood and gazed on him and his mountain guard, tinted with the same deep rose-hue, till their glory departed, and Mont Blanc rose, white, and cold, and awful, like a

mighty model in the pale moonlight. I had wandered over its sea of ice, and climbed its break-neck precipices, and trod the difficult passes that surround it, but never yet had seen a wild chamois on its native hills. I had roamed through the Oberland with no better success. All that I had heard and dreamed of the Alps had been more than realized. Down the bosom of the Jungfrau I had seen the reckless avalanche stream, and listened all night to its thunder-crash in the deep gulfs, sending its solemn monotone through the Alpine solitudes, till my heart stood still in my bosom. From the highest peak of the Wetterhorn (peak of tempests) I had seen one of those "thunderbolts of snow" launch itself in terror and might into the very path I was treading—crushed by its own weight into a mere mist that rose up the face of the precipice, like spray from the foot of a waterfall. With its precipices leaning over me, I had walked along with silent lips and subdued feelings, as one who trod near the margin of Jehovah's mantle. I had never been so humbled in the presence of nature before, and a whole world of new emotions and new thoughts had been opened within me. Along the horizon of my memory some of those wondrous peaks were now drawn as distinctly as they lay along the Alpine heavens. Now and then, a sweet pasturage had burst on me from amid this savage scenery, like a sudden smile on the brow of wrath, while the wild strain of the Alp-horn, ringing through the rare atmosphere, and the clear voices of the mountaineers singing their "*ranz de vaches*," as they



led their herds along the mountain path to their eagle-nested huts, had turned it all into poetry. If a man wishes to have remembrances that never grow old, and never lose their power to excite the deepest wonder, let him roam through the Oberland.

But I like to have forgotten the hunt I started to describe, in the wonderful scenery its remembrance called up. Grindelwald is a green valley lying between the passes of the Wengern Alp and the Grand Scheideck, which are between three and four thousand feet above it, and are in turn, surrounded by mountains six or seven thousand feet loftier still, although the valley itself is higher than the tops of the Catskill range. There, rise in solemn majesty, as if to wall in forever the little valley, the Eigher, or Giant—the Schreckhorn, or terrible peak—the Wetterhorn, or peak of tempests—the Faulhorn, or foul peak—the Grand Scheideck, and a little farther away the Jungfrau, or virgin. Thus surrounded, and overlooked, and guarded forever, the green valley sleeps on as if unconscious of the presence of such awful forms. Here and there, by the stream that wanders through it, and over the green slopes that go modestly up to the mountain on either side, are scattered wooden cottages, as if thrown there by some careless hand, presenting from the heights around one of the most picturesque views one meets in Switzerland. When the sun has left his last baptism on the high snow-peaks, and deep shadow is settling down on Grindelwald, there is a perfect storm of sound through the valley from the thousands of bells that are at-

tached to the nearly six thousand of cattle the inhabitants keep in the pasturage during the day. The clamor of these bells in a still Alpine valley, made louder by the mountains that shut in the sound, is singularly wild and pleasing.

But the two most remarkable objects in this valley are two enormous glaciers which, born far up amid the mountains—grown there among the gulfs into seas—come streaming down into these green pasturages, plunging their foreheads into the flat ground which lies even lower than the village. Rocks are thrown up, and even small hills, by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent mass. Miles of ice, from sixty to six hundred feet thick, push against the mass in front which meets the valley. One immense rock, which seems a mere projection from the primeval base of the mountains, has resisted the pressure of one of these immense glaciers, which, consequently, has forced itself over, leaving a huge cave from its foot up to where the rock lies imbedded. I went into this cavern, the roof of which was blue as heaven and polished like a mirror, while a still pool at the bottom acted as a mirror to this mirror, till it stood confined as in a magic circle. These two glaciers push themselves boldly almost into the very heart of the village, chilling its air and acting like huge refrigerators, especially at evening. The day previous to the one appointed for the chamois hunt had been one of extreme toil to me. I had traveled from morning till night, and most of the time on foot in deep snow, although a July sun pretended to be

shining overhead. Unable to sleep, I had risen about midnight and opened my window, when I was startled as though I had seen an apparition; for there before me, and apparently within reach of my hand, and whiter than the moonlight that was poured in a perfect flood upon it, stood one of those immense glaciers. The night had lessened even the little distance that intervened between the hamlet and it during the day, and it looked like some awful white monster—some sudden and terrific creation of the gods, moved there on purpose to congeal men's hearts with terror. But as my eye grew more familiar to it, and I remembered it was but an Alpine glacier, I gazed on it with indescribable feelings. From the contemplation of this white and silent form I had just returned to my couch and to my slumbers, when the exclamation at the head of this sketch awoke me. It was one o'clock in the morning, and I must up if I would fulfil my engagement with the chamois hunters.

In coming down the slope of the Grand Scheideck into the Grindelwald, you see on the opposite mountain a huge mass of rock rising out of the centre of a green pasturage which rises at the base of an immense snow region. Flats and hollows, no matter how high up among the Alps, become pasturages in the summer. The debris of the mountains above, washed down by the torrents, form a slight soil, on which grass will grow, while the snows melted by the summer sun flow down upon it, keeping it constantly moist and green. These pasturages, though at an

elevation of eight thousand feet, will keep green, while the slopes and peaks around are covered with perpetual snow; and furnish not only grazing for the goats which the mountaineer leads thither with the first break of day, but food for the wild chamois, which descend from the snow fields around at early dawn to take their morning repast. With the first sound of the shepherd's horn winding up the cliffs with his flocks, they hie them away again to their inaccessible paths. The eye of the chamois is wonderfully keen, and it is almost impossible to approach him when he is thus feeding. The only way the hunter can get a shot at him is to arrive at the pasturage first, and find some place of concealment near by, in which he can wait his approach. The pile of rocks I alluded to, standing in the midst of the elevated pasturage, furnished such a place of concealment, and seemed made on purpose for the hunters' benefit.

It is two or three good hours' tramp to reach these rocks from Grindelwald, and it may be imagined with how much enthusiasm I turned out of my bed, where I had obtained scarcely two hours' sleep, on such a cold expedition as this. It is astonishing how differently a man views things at night and in the morning. The evening before I was all excitement in anticipation of the morning hunt, but now I would willingly have given all I had promised the three hunters who were to accompany me, if I could only have lain still and taken another nap. I looked out of the window, hoping to see some indications of a

storm which would furnish an excuse for not turning out in the cold midnight to climb an Alpine mountain. But for once the heavens were provokingly clear, and the stars twinkled over the distant snow summits as if they enjoyed the clear frosty air of that high region; while the full-orbed moon, just stooping behind the western horizon (which by the way, was much nearer the zenith than the horizon proper), looked the Eigher (a giant) full in his lordly face, till his brow of ice and snow shone like silver in the light. With our rifles in our hands we emerged from the inn and passed through the sleeping hamlet. Not a sound broke the stillness save the monotonous roar of the turbulent little streamlet that went hurrying onward, or now and then the cracking and crushing sound of the ice amid the glaciers.

I had hunted deer in the forests of America, both at evening and morning, but never with teeth chattering so loudly as they did before I had fairly begun to ascend the mountain. Ugh! I can remember it as if it were but yesterday—how my bones ached and my fingers closed like so many sticks around my rifle. Imagine the effect of two heaps of red-hot coals, about a hundred feet thick and several miles long, lifted to an angle of forty-five degrees, in a small and confined valley, and then by contrast you may get some idea of the cold generated by these two enormous glaciers. Yes, I say *generated*; for I gave up that morning all my old notions about cold being the absence of heat, &c., and became perfectly convinced that heat was the *absence of cold*, for if

*cold* did not radiate from those masses of ice, then there is no reliance to be placed on one's sensations.

Now crawling over the rocks, now picking our way over the snow-crust, which bore us or not, just as the whim took it, I at length slipped and fell and rolled over in the snow, by way of a cold bath. This completed my discomfort, and I fairly groaned aloud in vexation at my stupidity in taking this freezing tramp for the sake of a chamois, which, after all, we might not get. But the continuous straining effort demanded by the steepness of the ascent finally got my blood in full circulation, and I began to think there might be a worse expedition even than this undertaken by a sensible man.

At length we reached the massive pile of rocks, which covered at least an acre and a half of ground, and began to bestow ourselves away in the most advantageous places of concealment, of which there was an abundance. But a half-hour's sitting on the rocks in this high region, surrounded by everlasting snow, brought my blood from its barely comfortable temperature back to zero again, and I shook like a man in an ague. I knew that a chamois would be perfectly safe at any distance greater than two feet from the muzzle of my rifle, with such shaking limbs; so I began to leap about, and rub my legs, and stamp, to the no small annoyance of my fellow-hunters, who were afraid the chamois might see me before we should see them. Wearied with waiting for the dawn, I climbed up among the rocks, and, resting myself in a cavity secure from notice, gazed

around me on the wondrous scene. Strangely white forms arose on every side, while deep down in the valley the darkness lay like a cloud. Not a sound broke the deep hush that lay on everything, and I forgot for the time my chilliness, chamois hunters and all, in the impressive scene that surrounded me. As I sat in mute silence, gazing on the awful peaks that tore up the heavens in every direction, suddenly there came a dull heavy sound like the booming of heavy cannon through the jarred atmosphere. An avalanche had fallen all alone into some deep abyss, and this was the voice it sent back as it crushed below. As that low thundersound died away over the peaks, a feeling of awe and mystery crept over me, and it seemed dangerous to speak in the presence of such majesty and power.

“Hist! hist!” broke from my companions below; and I turned to where their eyes were straining through the dim twilight. It was a long time before I could discover anything but snow-fields and precipices; but at length I discerned several moving black objects, that in the distance appeared like so many insects on the white slope that stretched away towards the summit of the mountain. Bringing my pocket spy-glass to bear upon them, I saw they were chamois moving down towards the pasturage. Now carefully crawling down some ledge, now leaping over a crevice and jumping a few steps forward, and now gently trotting down the inclined plane of snow, they made their way down the mountain. As the daylight grew broader over the peaks, and they approached

nearer, their movements and course became more distinct and evident. They were making for the upper end of the pasturage, and it might be two hours before they would work down to our ambuscade; indeed, they might get their fill without coming near us at all. I watched them through my spy-glass as they fed without fear on the green herbage, and almost wished they *would* keep out of the range of our rifles. They were the perfect impersonation of wildness and timidity. The lifting of the head, the springy tread and the quick movement in every limb, told how little it would take to send them with the speed of the wind to their mountain homes. The chamois is built something like the tame goat, only slighter, while his fore legs are longer than his hinder ones, so that he slants downward from his head to his tail. His horns are beautiful, being a jet black, and rising in parallel line from his head even to the point where they curve over. They neither incline backward nor outward, but, rising straight out of the head, seem to project forward, while their parallel position almost to the tips of the curvatures gives them a very crank appearance. They are as black as ebony, and some of them bend in as true a curve as if turned by the most skillful hand.

I watched every movement of these wild creatures till my attention was arrested by a more attractive sight. The sun had touched the topmost peaks of the loftiest mountains that hemmed in the sweet valley of Grindelwald, turning the snow into fire, till the lordly summits seemed to waver to and fro in the red



light that bathed them. A deep shadow still lay on the vale, through which the cottages of the inhabitants could scarcely be distinguished. At length they grew clearer and clearer in the increasing light, and column after column of smoke rose in the morning air, striving in vain to reach half way up the mountains that stood in silent reverence before the uprising sun. The ruddy light had descended down the Alps, turning them all into a deep rose color. There stood the Giant, robed like an angel; and there the Schreckhorn, beautiful as the morning; and there the Faulhorn, with the same glorious appareling on; and farther away the Jungfrau, looking indeed like a virgin, with all her snowy vestments about her, tinged with the hue of the rose. All around and heaven-high rose these glorious forms, looking as if the Deity had thrown the mantle of his majesty over them on purpose to see how they became their glorious appareling.

It was a scene of enchantment. At length the mighty orb which had wrought all this magnificent change on the Alpine peaks, rose slowly into view. How majestic he came up from behind that peak, as if conscious of the glory he was shedding on creation. The dim glaciers that before lay in shadow flashed out like seas of silver—the mountains paled away into their virgin white, and it was broad sunrise in the Alps.

I had forgotten the chamois in this sudden unrolling of so much magnificence before me, and lay absorbed in the overpowering emotions they naturally

awakened, when the faint and far-off strain of the shepherd's horn came floating by. The mellow notes lingered among the rocks, and were prolonged in softer cadences through the deep valleys, and finally died away on the distant summits. A shepherd was on his way to this pasturage with his goats. He wears a horn, which he now and then winds to keep his flock in the path; and also during the day, when he sees any one of the number straying too near pitfalls and crevices, he blows his horn, and the straggler turns back to the pasturage.

A second low exclamation from my Swiss hunters again drew my attention to the chamois. They also had heard the sound of the horn, and had pricked up their ears, and stood listening. A second strain sounding nearer and clearer, they started for the snow fields. As good luck would have it, they came trotting in a diagonal line across the pasturage which would bring them in close range of our rifles. We lay all prepared, and when they came opposite us, one of the hunters made a low sound which caused them all to stop. At a given signal we all fired. One gave a convulsive spring into the air, ran a few rods, and fell mortally wounded. The rest, winged with fear and terror, made for the heights. I watched their rapid flight for some distance, when I noticed that one began to flag, and finally dropped entirely behind. Poor fellow, thought I to myself, you are struck. His leap grew slower and slower till at length he stopped, then gave a few faint springs forward, then stopped again, and seemed to look wist-

fully towards his flying companions that vanished like shadows over the snow fields that sloped up to the inaccessible peaks. I could not but pity him as I saw him limp painfully on. In imagination I could already see the life-blood oozing drop by drop from his side, bring faintness over his heart and exhaustion to his fleet limbs.

Losing sight of him for the moment, we hastened to the one that lay struggling in his last dying efforts upon the grass. I have seen deer die that my bullet had brought down, and as I gazed on the wild yet gentle eye, expressing no anger even in death, but only fear and terror, my heart has smitten me for the deed I had done. The excitement of the chase is one thing—to be in at the death is quite another. But not even the eye of a deer, with its beseeching, imploring look, just before the green film closes over it, is half so pitiful as was the expression of this dying chamois. Such a wild eye I never saw in an animal's head, nor such helpless terror depicted in the look of any creature. It was absolutely distressing, to see such agonizing fear, and I was glad when the knife passed over his throat, and he gave his last struggle. As soon as he was dispatched, we started off after the wounded one. We had no sooner reached the snow than the blood spots told where the sufferer had gone. It was easy enough to trace him by the life he left with every step, and we soon came upon him stretched upon his side. As he heard us approach the poor fellow made a desperate effort to rise, but he only half erected himself before he rolled

back with a faint bleat and lay panting on the snow. He was soon dispatched; and, with the two bodies strung on poles, we turned our steps homeward. Who of the four had been the successful marksmen it was impossible to tell, though I had a secret conviction I was not one of them—still, my fellow-hunters insisted that I was. Not only the position itself made it probable, but the bullet-hole corresponded in size to the bore of my rifle. The evidences, however, were not so clear to my own mind; and I could not but think they would not have been to theirs, but for the *silver bullet* I was expected to shoot with when we returned to the valley. The size of *that* had more to do with their judgment than the rent in the side of the poor chamois.

Part of one was dressed for my breakfast, and for once it possessed quite a relish. This was owing to two things—first, my appetite, which several hours on the mountain had made ravenous, and second, to the simple way in which I had ordered it to be dressed. The flesh of the chamois is very black, and possesses nothing of the flavor of our venison. Added to this, the mountaineers cook it in oil, or stew it up in some barbarous manner, till it becomes anything but a palatable dish.

The two most peculiar things about a chamois are its hoofs and its horns. The former are hollow, and hard as flint. The edges are sharp, and will catch on a rock where a claw would give way. It is the peculiar sharpness and hardness of the hoof that give it security in its reckless climbing along the clefts of

precipices. It will leap over chasms on to a narrow ledge where you would think it could not stand, even if carefully placed there. It flings itself from rock to rock in the most reckless manner, relying alone on its sharp hoof for safety. Its horns seem to answer no purpose at all, being utterly useless both from their position and shape as an instrument of defence. They may add solidity to the head, and thus assist in its butting conflicts with its fellows. Some of the Swiss told me, however, that the animal struck on them when it missed its hold and fell over a precipice—thus breaking the force of the fall. It may be so, but it looked rather apocryphal to me. It would not be an easy matter, in the rapidity of a headlong fall, to adjust the body so that its whole force would come directly on the curvature of the horns, especially when the landing spot may be smooth earth, a rock lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, or a block of ice.

The evening after my expedition I spent with some hunters, who entertained me with stories of the chase, some of which would make a Texas frontier man open his eyes. One of these I designed to relate, but find I have not room. At some future time I may give it.

## THE MUSIC OF ITALY.

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ITALY has long enjoyed, *par excellence*, the title of “*the land of song;*” and it richly merits it. It stands alone in this respect among the nations of the earth, civilized and uncivilized, and we venture to say no one thinks of it as the home of the arts, without thinking of it at the same time as the home of song. From our childhood its blue heavens and its gay-hearted music have been blended together in our fancy. That beautiful peninsula has seemed a sort of embodied opera in the bosom of the Mediterranean. Men have attempted to account for both its taste and talent for music on philosophical principles. One tells us that the fine arts are a bright sisterhood, growing up together. But the fine arts flourished in Greece without making it, even in a limited sense, a “land of song.” Another points us to its warm and beautiful climate, softening and refining the character, so that it naturally loves and appreciates the “concord of sweet sounds.” But we have as mild a climate, and as voluptuous an atmosphere on our side of the water, yet they produce no such effect. Beings as

dark-eyed and passionate as the Italian maid, dwell in our Mexican States, but the power, if not the spirit, of song is absent. *We* think it is owing in part to the language itself; flowing with vowels, and in its very movement suggestive of melody, nay, melody itself. A stronger and more matter-of-fact reason is found in *habit*. One nation becomes commercial, another military, and a third scientific and philosophical. Accidental circumstances, or the influence of a single man may have set the current of national feeling and taste in a particular direction, so strong as to wear a deep channel, in which they must for ever flow, unless some violent upheaving change the bed of the stream. This national habit changes the very conformation of the body from childhood. The organs of music are moulded into shape at the outset. This is the reason that a "musical talent," as it is called, is usually found running through an entire family. The first efforts of the child are to utter melody, and he will succeed, of course, just as he would if attempting to learn a foreign language.

Nowhere is music so spontaneous and voluntary as in Italy, and nowhere is it studied with such untiring and protracted effort. We might except the Germans here, who, perhaps, are as great composers as the Italians. But there is no *song* in the stern old Saxon heart. The sudden and exciting transitions of music are not found in their character. The free and fountain-like gushings forth of feeling in an Italian render him peculiarly fitted to enjoy and utter music, though we think this very trait in his character was

formed in the first place by music. They have reacted on each other, making both the Italian and his music what they are.

It is a singular fact that the best singers of Italy come from the northern provinces. The people of the south are more fiery and passionate, yet less distinguished for music, than those of the north. Nothing strikes the traveler in Italy with more force, or lives in his memory longer, than the gay street-singing of the lower classes, yet one hears little of this in Rome or Naples. There is a sombre aspect on old Rome, taken from its silent, haughty ruins, giving apparently a coloring to the feelings of the people. The gay, light-hearted Neapolitan seems *too* gay for music—like the French, his spirits burst out in action. The Piedmontese are for ever singing, while Genoa is the only Italian city over which our memory lingers ever fresh and ever delighted. There is not a moonlight night in which its old palaces do not ring with the song of the strolling sailor-boy or idle loungeur. The rattling of wheels seldom disturbs the quietness of the streets, while the lofty walls of the palaces confine and prolong the sound like the roof of a cavern. The narrow winding passages now shut in the song till only a faint and distant echo is caught, and now let it forth in a full volume of sound, ever changing like the hues of feeling. Hours and hours have we lain awake, listening to these thoughtless serenaders, who seemed singing solely because the night was beautiful. You will often hear voices of such singular power and melody ringing through



the clear atmosphere that you imagine some professional musicians are out on a serenade to a "fayre ladye." But when the group emerges into the moonlight, you see only three or four coarse-clad creatures, evidently from the very lowest class, sauntering along, arm in arm, singing solely because they prefer it to talking. And, what is still more singular, you never see three persons, not even *boys*, thus singing together without carrying along three parts. The common and favorite mode is for two to take two different parts, while the third, at the close of every strain, throws in a deep bass chorus. You will often hear snatches from the most beautiful operas chanted along the streets by those from whom you would expect nothing but obscene songs. This spontaneous street-singing charms us more than the stirring music of a full orchestra. It is the *poetry* of the land—one of its characteristic features—living in the memory years after everything else has faded. We like, also, those much-abused hand-organs, of every description, greeting you at every turn. They are out of place in our thronged and noisy streets, but in Italy you could not do without them. They are the operas of the *lazzaroni* and children, and help to fill up the picture. Passing once through a principal business street of Genoa, we heard at a distance a fine, yet clear and powerful voice, that at once attracted our attention. On approaching, we found it proceeded from a little blind boy not over eight years of age. He sat on the stone pavement, with his back against an old palace, pouring forth song after song with astonishing

strength and melody. As we threw him his penny, we could not help fancying how he would look sitting in Broadway, with his back to the Astor House, and attempting to throw his clear, sweet voice over the rattling of omnibuses and carriages that keep even the earth in a constant tremor.

I will say nothing of the Italian opera, with its well-trained and powerful orchestra, and wonderful cantatrice, for it is impossible to describe its effect on the people. But no one has heard a Grisi, or Albertazzi, or Clara Novello, with their clear and thrilling voices riding high and serene over an orchestra in full blast, pouring strain after strain of maddening melody on the excited throng, till it trembled like a smitten nerve, without feeling that music had a power unknown to them before.

But to know the full *effect* of song and scenery together, one must hear the chanting of the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel of St. Peter's. That the pope should select the best singers of the world for this service is not strange, but that he should with these be able to produce the effect he does, is singular. The night on which our Saviour is supposed to have died is selected for this service. The Sistine Chapel is divided into two parts by a high railing, one-half being given to the spectators, and the other half reserved for the pope, his cardinals, and the choir. The whole is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the scene shadowed forth. This dim twilight, falling over the motionless forms of priest, and monk, and cardinal, and the lofty frescoed arches,

together with the awful silence that seemed hanging like a pall over all the scene, heightened inconceivably the effect to us.

The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing *Christ*, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great, seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest woe. Stunned and stupefied, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the frequent half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, "Christ is gone, we are orphans—all orphans!"

The silence at length became too painful. I

thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away, as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away, as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended—when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and the broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet, melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection.

There is a story told of this *Miserere*, for the truth of which we can only refer to rumor. It is said that the Emperor of Austria sent to the pope for a copy of the music, so that he could have it performed in his own cathedral. It was sent, as requested, but the effect of the performance was so indifferent that

the emperor suspected a spurious copy had been imposed on him, and he wrote to His Holiness, intimating as much, and hinting also that he would find it for his interest to send him a *true* copy. The pope wrote back that the music he had sent him was a genuine copy of the original, but that the little effect produced by it was owing to the want of the scenery, circumstances, &c., under which it was performed in St. Peter's. It may be so. The singer, too, is doubtless more than half. The power of a single voice is often wonderful. We remember an instance of this on Easter Sunday, as the procession was moving up and down the ample nave of St. Peter's, carrying the pope on their shoulders as they moved. In the procession was a fat, stout monk, from the north of Italy, who sung the bass to the chant with which the choir heralded the approach of His Holiness. A band of performers, stationed in a balcony at the farther end of the church, was in full blast at the time, yet over it, and over the choir, and up through the heaven-seeking dome, that single voice swelled clear and distinct, as if singing alone. It filled that immense building, through which were scattered nearly thirty thousand people, as easily as a common voice would fill an ordinary room.

*Improvising* is not what it formerly was in Italy, or else Madame de Staël has most grievously drawn on her imagination in her delineation of Corinna. I heard an improvisatrice sing in Rome to a small audience in the theatre Argentina. An urn had been left at the door, in which any one who wished drop-

ped a slip of paper, with the subject he wished improvised written upon it. I sat all on the *qui vive*, waiting her appearance, expecting to see enter a tall, queenly beauty, with the speaking lip and flashing eye, uttering poetry even in their repose. I expected more, from the fact that these inspired birds are getting rare even in Italy, and this was the second opportunity there had been to hear one in Rome during the winter. At length she appeared; a large, gross-looking woman, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty, and as plain as prose. She ascended the platform, somewhat embarrassed, and sat down. The urn was handed her, from which she drew by chance seven or eight papers, and read the subjects written upon them. They were a motley mass enough to turn into poetry in the full tide of song. However, she started off boldly, and threw off verse after verse with astonishing rapidity. After she had finished one topic, she would sit down and wipe the perspiration from her forehead, while a man, looking more like Bacchus than Ganymede, would hand her a cup of nectar, in the shape of coffee, which she coolly sipped in presence of the audience. Having taken breath, she would read the next topic and start off again. Between each effort came the coffee. Some of the subjects staggered her prodigiously. The "spavined dactyls" would not budge an inch, and she would stop—smite her forehead—go back—take a new start, and try to spur over the chasm with a boldness which half redeemed her failures. Sometimes it required three or four distinct efforts before

she could clear it. I will do her the justice to say, however, that her powers of versification were in some instances almost miraculous. She would glide on without a pause, minding the difficulties of rhyme and rythm no more than Apollo himself. Columbus was one of the topics given her, and she burst forth (I give the sentiment only), "Who is he that with pallid countenance and neglected beard enters, sad and thoughtful, through the city gates? The crowd gaze on him, as, travel-worn and weary, he passes along, and ask, 'Who is he?' 'Christopher Columbus' is the answer. They turn away, for it is a name unknown to fame." Then with a sudden fling she changed the measure; and, standing on the bow of his boat, flag in hand, the bold adventurer strikes the beach of a New World. The change from the slow, mournful strain she first pursued, to the triumphant, bounding measure on which the boat of the bold Italian met the shore, was like an electric shock, and the house rung with "*Brava! brava!*" But, alas! there was no Corinna there.

Italy is the land of song, and it flows from the people like the wine from their vineyards; but there is one constant drawback to one's feelings—it is made an article of *merchandise*. The thought that half the time *money* is the inspiration, kills the sentiment, and we turn away but half gratified. On this account, I love the less musical, but more spontaneous songs of the peasantry amid their vineyards.

## A SKETCH.

### A MAN BUILT IN A WALL.

FLORENCE, *May*, 1843.

THE day I entered this city was one of the festive days of the church. Leaving Arezzo the previous afternoon later than we ought, we were compelled to stop for the night at a country inn entirely removed from any settlement, and with no house in sight of it. It was growing dusk as we drove up, and the lonely inn, though not particularly inviting, seemed preferable to the uninhabited road that stretched away on the farther side. Everything was in primitive style; the stables were on the first floor, at the foot of the stairs leading to the second story, and the horses slept below while we slept above. As we went down we saw them standing by the manger, just where the bar-room should have been, quietly put away for the night.

Having obtained some honey, my invariable resort in wretched inns in Italy, I made my simple meal and strolled out into the moonlight to breathe the fresh air. On the hills, in the distance, a bonfire suddenly blazed up, before which dusky figures were



rapidly passing and repassing. On inquiry, I found that it was kindled in honor of the approaching festivity, and that music and dancing would be in the peasant's cottage that night. I do not know why it is, but a mirthful scene in a strange country among the peasantry brings back the memory of home sooner than anything else. There is a freshness, a sincerity about it that reminds one of his childhood years and makes the heart sad. It was so with me that night. Everything was quiet as the moonlight on the hills, and the stillness of nature seemed filled with sad memories. I retired to my bed, but not to sleep; the busy brain and busier heart drove slumber away. At length there grew a sense of pleasure in my bosom, and I rose and opened the window and leaned out into the cool air for relief. All was quiet, within and without. The stars were burning on in the deep heavens, and the moon was hanging her crescent far away over the hills. The distant bonfire burned low and feebly, for the revelers had left it. The heavy breathing of my companion, in the next room, spoke of oblivion and rest, while my own loud pulses told how little sleep would be mine that night. Memories came thronging back like forgotten music, and the sternness of the man and the indifference of the traveler melted away before the feelings of the child, the son, and the early dreamer. As I stood, looking off on the sparkling light and deep shadows of the uneven surface before me, suddenly from out a *grotto* of trees, whose tops alone the moonbeams could find, came the clear voice of a nightingale. It was like

the voice of a spirit to me—so strange and mysterious. Unconscious of any listener, it looked out from its thick curtain of leaves and sang on to the moon. Its wild warble was like the murmur in one's dreams, and the music seemed half repressed in its trembling throat. I listened as it rose and died away and rose again, till I felt that the sweet bird was singing in its happy dreams. How long I listened I know not, and what the strange fancies that spellbound me were I cannot tell.

\* \* \* \* \* The morning came, and we started for Florence. While the driver was harnessing his team, I set off on foot and walked on for miles, while the quietness around was disturbed only by the mournful cry of the cuckoo. We at length entered upon the Val d'Arno, and wound along its beautiful banks. In the distance, on the right, was the Vallambrosa, immortalized by Milton, and the convent in which he dwelt. The scenery changed with every turn of the river, yet it was ever *from* beautiful to beautiful.

At length we entered the little town of San Giovanni (St. John), and, after strolling over the cathedral, sent for the woman who keeps the key of the door that shuts over the withered form of a man cased in the church wall of San Lorenzo.

As the door swung open I recoiled a step in horror, for there stood, upright, a human skeleton, perfect in all its parts, staring upon me with its dead eye-sockets. No coffin inclosed it, no mason-work surrounded it,

but among the naked, jagged stones it stood erect and motionless.

This church had been built centuries ago, and had remained untouched till within a few years, when in making some repairs the workmen had occasion to pierce the wall, and struck upon this skeleton. They uncovered it, and the priests have let it stand unmolested. A narrow door has been made to swing over it, to protect it from injury and shield it from the eyes of those who worship in the church. The frame indicates a powerful man, and though it is but a skeleton, the whole attitude and aspect give one the impression of a death of agony. The arms are folded across the breast in forced resignation, the head is slightly bowed, and the shoulders elevated, as if in the effort to breathe, while the very face—bereft of muscle as it is—seemed full of suffering. An English physician was with me, and, inured to skeletons as he was, his countenance changed as he gazed on it. His eyes seemed riveted to it, and he made no reply to the repeated questions I put him, but kept gazing, as if in a trance. It was not till after we left that he would speak of it, and then his voice was low and solemn, as if he himself had seen the living burial. Said he, "*That man died by suffocation*, and he was built up alive in that wall. In the first place, it is evident it was a case of murder, for there are no grave-clothes, no coffin, and no mason-work around the body. The poor civility of a savage was not shown here, in knocking off the points of the stones, to give even the appearance of regularity to the inclosure.

He was packed into the rough wall, and built over, beginning at the feet. It is extremely difficult to tell anything of the manner of death, whether painful or pleasant, by any skeleton, for the face always has the appearance of suffering; but there are certain indications about this which show that the death was a painful one, and caused, doubtless, by suffocation. In the first place, the arms are not crossed gently and quietly in the decent composure of death, but *far over*, as with a *painful* effort or by force. In the second place, the shoulders are elevated, as if the last, strong effort of the man was for breath. In the third place, the bones of the toes are curled over the edge of the stone on which he stands, as if contracted in agony when life parted. And," continued the doctor, with true professional detail, "he died hard, for he was a powerful man. He was full six feet high, with broad chest and shoulders, and strongly limbed." I knew all this before, for I *felt* it. There was no mistaking the manner of that man's death. I could tell every step of the process. Doubtless there was originally some hanging or church furniture in this part of the church, to conceal the displacement of the wall. In a dark night the unfortunate man was entrapped, bound, and brought into this temple, where he first could be tortured to death, and then the crime concealed. Men of rank were engaged in it, for none other could have got the control of a church, and none but a distinguished victim would have caused such great precaution in the murderers. By the dim light of lamps, whose rays scarcely reached the lofty

ceiling, the stones were removed before the eyes of the doomed man, and measurement after measurement taken, to see if the aperture were sufficiently large. A bound and helpless victim, he lay on the cold pavement, with the high altar and cross before him, but no priest to shrive him. Stifling in pride the emotions that checked his very sighs, he strung every nerve for the slow death he must meet. At length the opening was declared large enough, and he was lifted into it. The workman began at the feet, and with his mortar and trowel built up with the same carelessness he would exhibit in filling any broken wall. The successful enemy stood leaning on his sword—a smile of scorn and revenge on his features—and watched the face of the man he hated, but no longer feared. Ah, it was a wild effort that undertook to return glance for glance and scorn for scorn, when one was the conquered and helpless victim and the other the proud and victorious foe! It was slow work fitting the pieces nicely, so as to close up the aperture with precision. The tinkling of the trowel on the edges of the stones, as it broke off here and there a particle to make them match, was like the blow of a hammer on the excited nerves of the half-buried wretch. At length the solid wall rose over his chest, repressing its effort to lift with the breath, when a stifled groan for the first time escaped the sufferer's lips, and a shudder ran through his frame that threatened to shake the solid mass which inclosed it to pieces. Yet up went the mason-work till it reached the mouth, and the rough fragment was jammed into the

teeth and fastened there with the mortar—and still rose, till nothing but the pale, white forehead was visible in the opening. With care and precision the last stone was fitted in the narrow space—the trowel passed smoothly over it—a stifled groan, as if from the centre of a rock, broke the stillness—one strong shiver, and all was over. The agony had passed—revenge was satisfied, and a secret locked up for the great revelation day. Years rolled by; one after another of the murderers dropped into his grave, and the memory of the missing man passed from the earth. Years will still roll by, till this strong frame shall step out from its narrow enclosure upon the marble pavement, a living man.

Absorbed in the reflections such a sight naturally awakens, I rode on, for a long time unconscious of the scenery around me, and of the murmur of the Arno on its way through the valley. But other objects at length crowded off the shadow on the spirit; the day wore away, and at last, after ascending a long and weary mountain, Florence, with its glorious dome, and the whole vale of the Arno, rich as a garden, lay below us. Past smiling peasants and vine-covered walls, we trotted down into the valley and entered the city.

## ITALIAN PAINTINGS.

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It is amusing to see Americans and Englishmen buy paintings in Italy. People seem to have about the same idea of its pictures, that they have of its sky. Those who have spent their lives in the United States, without even an exclamation as they looked up through our spiritually clear atmosphere to the bright heavens that overarch them, never tire of praising the blue skies of Italy. The sky *must* be blue, and the atmosphere pure, because it is Italy. So a painting must be good, because it is an old Italian one. Cheese and wine are better for being old, but a painting *not*, unless it was good at the outset. Brokers in paintings meet you at every turn, and there are more Salvator Rosas, and Claudes, and Titians, and Raphaels, and Correggios, and Domenichinos, and Murillos, etc., in these shops (that is, if you will take the word of the broker for it), than in all the galleries of Italy put together. A countryman shows you a painting, and asks your opinion; perhaps you say "it is a so-so sort of a thing." "Why," he replies, "it is an old Italian painting!"

“Exactly, and the older the worse.” There are some tens of thousands of pictures in the United States, that, two hundred years hence, will be quite *old* and—quite poor. Still, we imagine some valuable pictures now and then turn up, but they are snatched up almost immediately by Englishmen, or the government of the province in which they are found. Some galleries are broken up and sold by the descendant of a noble house for the sake of the ready cash, and advertised for auction; but before the day of public sale arrives, every valuable painting has been disposed of to private purchasers. We saw a gallery of a Roman duke thus advertised all over the south of Italy, and having reached Rome a short time before the day of public auction, went to it with a catalogue in our hand which we had marked to guide us in our examination of the pictures, and not one of those we had drawn our pencil around, remained unsold. I said that sometimes a valuable picture turned up. I have no doubt there are many covered with rubbish in different parts of Italy, that will yet see the light. The best statuary of Rome has thus been dug up from the earth, where it has lain buried for years. The whole country round Rome is the grave of art, and much more would be done to retrieve its lost forms of beauty, were it not for the niggardly spirit of the government. For twenty-four dollars, one can purchase the right to dig over a certain space in the outskirts of Rome, and have all he finds. But if he should be so fortunate as to uncover a really valuable statue, the gov-



ernment quietly takes it from him and puts it in one of the public galleries. A man is a fool who will spend his time and money in digging up beautiful things for the Pope of Rome.

A large painting is now hanging in the Pitti gallery, of Florence, said to be the work of Salvator Rosa, simply because it is just as easy to give a child of doubtful parentage a distinguished father, as a disreputable one. It was found amid some old rubbish and sold for ten dollars. After being brushed up and varnished, it was sold again for a hundred dollars. Having by this time attracted the notice of a connoisseur, he gave a thousand for it, and now at last it has found its way to the gallery of the duke, who gave, I have been told, ten thousand dollars for it. I will not vouch for the truth of this last statement, but I do not think ten thousand would buy it. But this is one prize in a lottery among a hundred thousand blanks. The best thing a traveler can do, who wishes to carry back with him a choice collection of paintings, is to purchase fine copies of the old masters. The rage of some men for old paintings, forces them to purchase old things so faded and obscure, that it needs a first-rate magnifying glass to bring out the figures. Having obtained a little smattering of the arts, and having a profound admiration for the "Chiaro Oscuro," they think the darker and more indistinct a painting is, the greater the merit. The beauty of the figures is in proportion to the difficulty in making them out. They seem wholly ignorant that figures poorly col-

ored always retire from the canvas with time, till they become "oscuro" enough, though it is not so easy to tell where the "chiaro" lies.

The prices a traveler is made to pay for these old daubs must furnish a vast deal of amusement to the shrewd dealer. I once met an American in Italy with a perfect mania of this kind. Every room in his house was covered with paintings, of the age of which there cannot be the least doubt, which we would not absolutely pay the duty on in New York, if given us and shipped for nothing. Being once in his room when a regular sharper, that had been Jewing him for a month, came in with a picture, I took the liberty of telling him he was outrageously cheated. The painting the fellow had brought was arranged in the best possible light, and its virtues descanted on in the most beautiful Italian. At length, he wound up his long eulogy by saying, that he was willing to sacrifice this valuable painting, as he was in great need of ready money. He designed to keep it for his own use, but he had been unfortunate, and must "per forsa" part with it, and would take the small sum of two hundred francs for it (about forty dollars). The gentleman asked me, in English, what I thought of it. I told him that, if he really wished it, though it was hardly worth the buying, perhaps he would be safe in offering twenty francs, or about five dollars. He did so. Oh, you should have seen the astonished, indignant look of the Italian. He drew himself up haughtily, and remarked very emphatically that he did not come there to be insulted,

and, taking up his picture, walked off. We had hardly finished our laugh over his dignified take-off before the servant opened the door, and there stood the picture-dealer, bowing and scraping, all smiles and civility, saying that, as he was very much pressed just then for money, he had concluded to take the sum signore had offered. But the signore, having got his eyes a little opened to the deception practiced on him, very coolly replied that he had concluded not to take it even at that price. This sent the rascal away in a perfect fury, and he went off making the r's roll and rattle in his Italian, till everything rung again, like a true Roman. You must know that when an Italian swears in anger, he rolls his r's three times as much as usual, and it is "per-r-r-r sacr-r-r-r-mento," till the tongue seems as if it would fly to pieces in its rapid motion. This reminds us, by the way, of a very good story we have been told of a rich, yet ignorant, New York merchant, who, having suddenly acquired an immense fortune by speculation, determined to make the continental tour. Visiting Powers' studio one day, and looking round on the different works of art, he asked, pointing to the Greek slave, "What do you call that ere naked boy there?"

"It is a Greek slave," replied Mr. Powers.

"And what might be the price of it?" continued our New York traveler.

"Three thousand dollars is the price I have put upon it."

"Is it possible? Why I had thought of buying

something of the kind, but I had no *idée* they cost so much. *Stateara is ris*, hasn't it?"

I have seen paintings sold in New York at auction, for Salvator Rosas, at seventy dollars a-piece, that I actually would not allow to be hung up in my parlor unless as mere substitutes for plain panels. Of the hundreds of old Italian paintings sold every year in New York, there are scarcely a dozen that are good for anything. But if a man will buy these "chiaro oscuros" in Italy, let him learn to beat down the seller till he gets them for a mere bagatelle, their true value.

The purchase of a miserable unbound copy of an Italian translation of Virgil, by my friend in Genoa, is a fair example to follow by those who would buy paintings. Taking up the Virgil from a stall in the streets, he asked the man what he wanted for it. "Twenty-two francs," said he promptly, and with the utmost gravity. My friend smiled, and asked him if he thought he could find anybody so big a fool as to give that price for it. "Certe," was the reply. My friend lay down the book, and was about walking away, when the man quietly asked him what he was willing to give for it? "Well," said he, "two francs, possibly." "La prende, la prende—take it, take it," said he. Something of a falling off.

# ASSOCIATION DISCUSSED:

OR, THE SOCIALISM OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE  
EXAMINED.

THIS is the title of a pamphlet just issued by Harper & Brothers, containing the correspondence recently carried on in the New York Courier and Enquirer and the Tribune, relative to Fourierism.

This discussion has been of great service to the country in more ways than one, and but for the exciting events which have occurred in Mexico, and occupied so much of the public mind, would have been of vastly more. Dr. Hawkes has written on this subject, and the New York Observer sifted it with ability, but the letters of Mr. Raymond are superior to anything which has yet been attempted or in our opinion will be attempted. But we have never seen a controversy so unequally sustained. Mr. Greely evidently knew nothing of his subject. The *fact* that the present organization of society worked incalculable evil, that everything seemed arranged to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, he understood. Fourierism was planted in his mind by officious friends, who had other objects to gain besides the welfare of the human race. Feeling the *need* of reformation, he leaped at once to

the remedy proposed, without at all understanding its nature or appropriateness. It is evident from this correspondence, that he had not even the *theory* clearly developed in his own mind. Hence, Mr. Raymond has had a heavy task laid upon him—first, to instruct his adversary in the knowledge of his own foggy plans, then build up his edifice for him, and finally, go to work and demolish it. He has been kinder than Dr. Johnson, who doggedly refused to find a man understanding and arguments both. Mr. Greely complains of the length of Mr. R.'s letters, but when he had this double work to perform, how could it be otherwise? It is seldom one sees a controversy so feebly sustained by a man, however weak his cause, as this is by the Tribune, and we wonder how Mr. Raymond could get along at all. Mr. Greely advances hardly a step from his first statement—that the poor are needy and something ought to be done for them. This is owing partly to his ignorance of his own theory, and partly to the fact that, the moment he ventured out on debatable ground, he received such a blow that he was compelled to take to his cover again. Sometimes, in a melo-dramatic tone, "*the Tribune strikes in:*" in the midst of an assembly of English peers it has in imagination created, and sometimes assumes, the air of a professor, or talks about the human race in general. But when we come to look for the grand framework of socialism, the clearly defined plan, boldly and ably defended, they are not to be found. Whether it is owing to the weakness of his cause, or, as we stated, to want of proper in-

formation, or his badly disciplined mind, his letters at all events, as controversial articles, are unworthy the name of argument. How Mr. Raymond could keep his temper, in dealing with such twaddle and disingenuousness, is a marvel. Yet he has, and what is still better, has not allowed his adversary to skulk away by declaring he is not responsible for the views of Fourier or Brisbane, or any other socialist, only for his own, which he does not understand, or is afraid to give, but drags him forth into the light and makes the world see him. He first demolishes the *theory* itself, shows its folly and wickedness from its own propositions, then follows it on to its effects upon society, where it receives a death-blow. By this discussion and other articles connected with it, he has effected a great good—torn the mask from this false humanity—exposed the jacobinism, thorough radicalism, of the whole thing. He has shown that property is unsafe, law a nullity, and religion a farce, in the hands of these men. Robespierre-like, under the guise of being the people's friends, they strike at those principles on which the happiness of society is based. The whole theory of Fourierism is false—false in its plan, false in its promises, false in its declarations of superior philanthropy, and utterly ruinous in its effects. A distinguished divine said, at the late anniversaries, that there was no occasion to fear these new-fangled notions, because the welfare of the race was their object. Shallow philosophy this! Will he tell us what curse ever befell a republic, or can befall it, except it springs from this hypocri-

tical cant? Where the people rule, the most fiendish projects must be covered by that falsehood which is everywhere uttered by political demagogues, that the interest of the *people* lies at the bottom of them, if they would succeed. Mr. Raymond has proved this conclusively. He has traced the poisonous stream both ways back to its fountain head, and shown the source itself to be corrupt, and then followed it on to the gulf into which it falls.

We recommend this discussion to all who wish to understand the true character of Fourierism, and see on what a hollow basis it is established. It does credit to Mr. Raymond, and exhibits the vast difference between a well-balanced, well-disciplined, and strong intellect, and an ill-furnished, ill-regulated one.

THE END.





